★Nov. 16, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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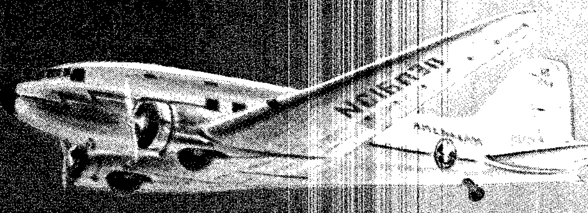

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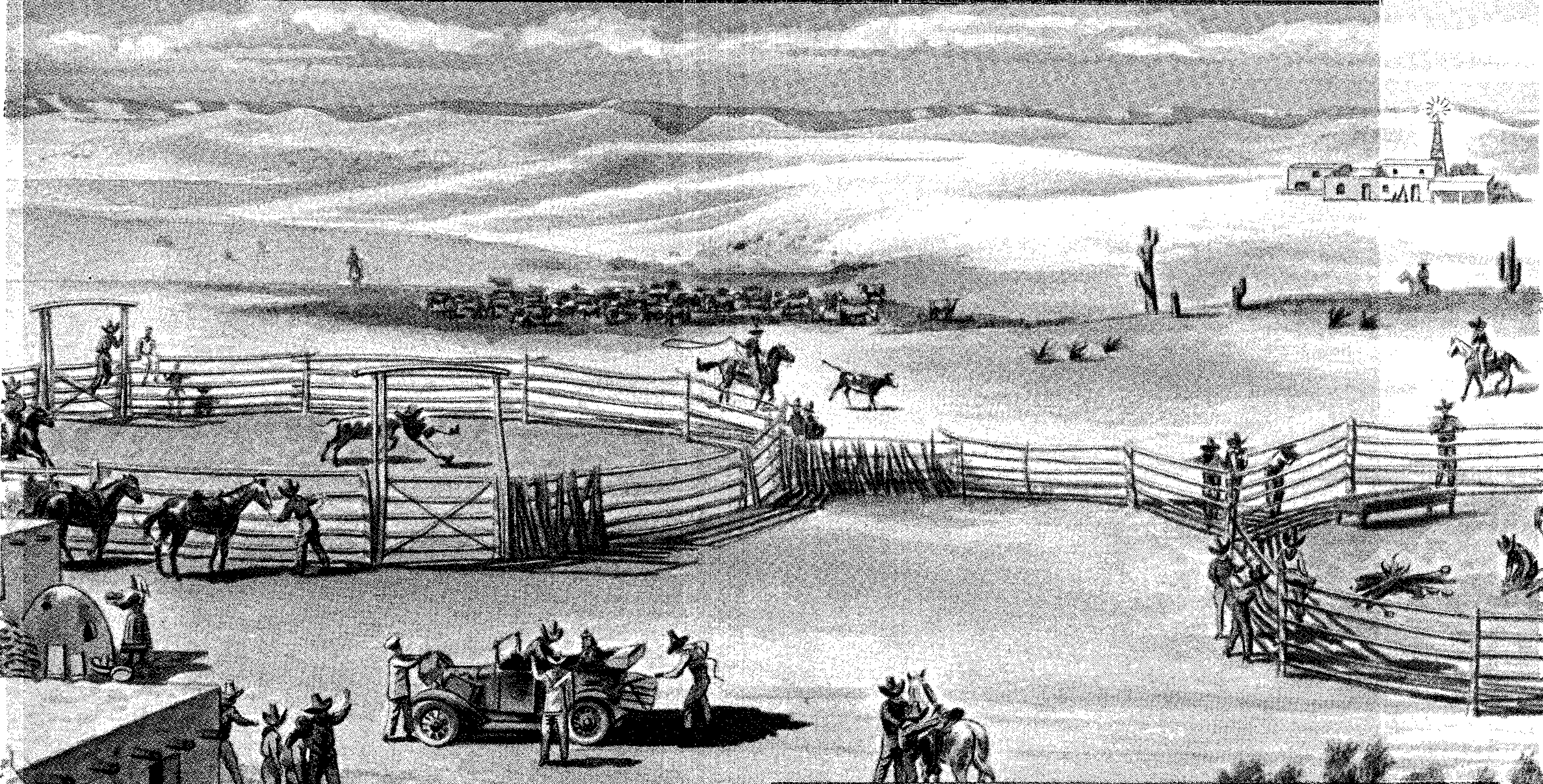

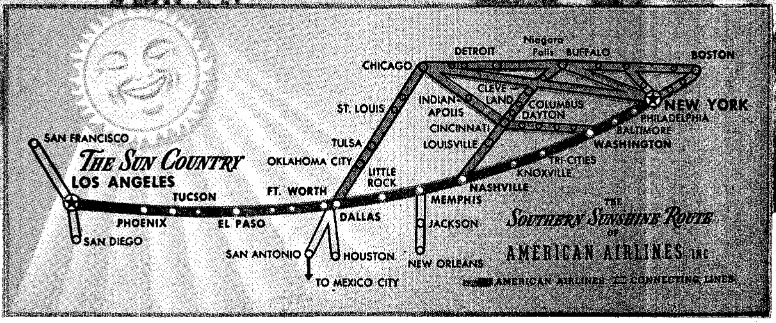
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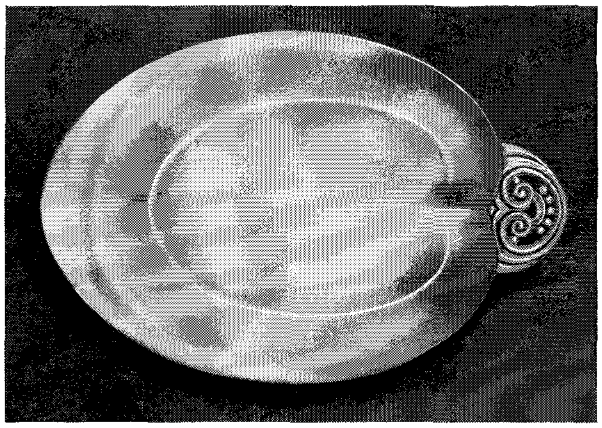

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

OPENS TONIGHT

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Next week, as noted below, there will be some shifts in midweek matinées to accommodate Thanksgiving Day audiences. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, check with the newspapers.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—A revival of the 1935 melodrama about a gangster who is driven to suicide by psychoanalysis. Roy Hargrave is good and tough in the principal rôle, but the play itself may seem a bit dated. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Charley's Aunt—Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance make this old chestnut one of the pleasantest things around town. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

George Washington Slept Here—Life in the country discussed by Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart in a way to make your blood run cold. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Kind Lady—Miss Mary Herries lets an artist into her house and lives to regret it. Grace George is splendid in this revival of English melodrama at its best. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Her strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but, at the same time, pretty funny. With Betty Allen, Bert Lahr, and Cole Porter music. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21. Closes Sat., Nov. 23.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people do their share to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, sponsored this skating show, which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 20, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, for the Actors' Fund.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 21.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Glamour Preferred—A comedy by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, with Flora Campbell. Produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Fri., Nov. 15. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Twelfth Night—Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in the Shakespeare comedy. Produced by the Theatre Guild and Gilbert Miller. Opens Tues., Nov. 19. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Opening night at 8:30; thereafter at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Pinocchio," Sat. Aft., Nov. 16, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up. Bob Knight's orchestra plays at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here now. Zebra stripes! They have Jack Towne's orchestra, too, and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come. Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The dine-and-dance crowd likes this place, and so should you. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour, the De Marcos are there at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra stays around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill, as usual.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and some other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room. Hal Saunders' orchestra is perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is in the Café Lounge, singing those songs. Emile Petti's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Jane Froman and John Buckmaster are there, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—A couple of sprightly Spanish dancers called Los Chavalillos Sevillanos have moved into the Sert Room, and it was a good move. Lanny Ross comes in at supper, and Eddy Duchin's orchestra and a rumba band are around practically all the time. Formal dress required. . . . Kay Kyser's orchestra is in the informal Empire Room, and Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Laurence, and a new little stage over in one corner. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the entertainment here includes old-fashioned movies and, of course, songs by Spivy. . . . **algonquin**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller singing charming songs and Cy Walter playing the piano. . . . **brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): the Virginia Morley-Livingston Gearhart piano team, and some others. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At the **copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a new tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Pancho's orchestra plays for the customers as well as for the show. . . . **montparnasse**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. Two orchestras play for dancing. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Val Ernie's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57

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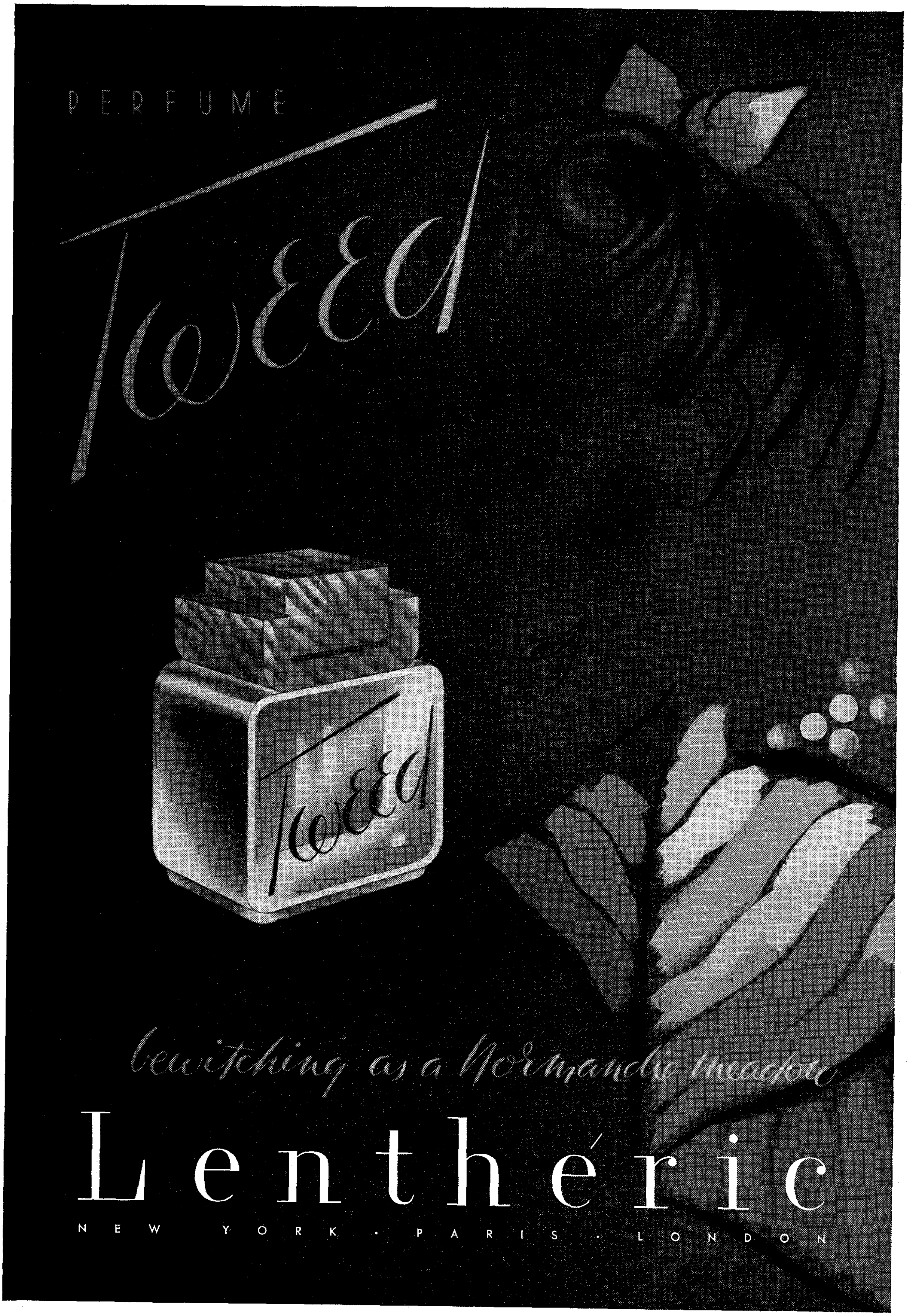
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. Closed Mon.... **CLUB CUBA,** 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of lively young people trying out their conga ideas. Charlie Wright's orchestra.... **PAGO PAGO,** 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): palm leaves, wicker chairs, and other approved South Sea fixtures, all where the old American Music Hall used to be.... **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs one, with South American entertainment. ... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): new, and with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, and Teddy Wilson's band.... **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. ... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show.... **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): Maxine Sullivan and, except Tues., John Kirby's band, all mixed up in South Sea atmosphere.... **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.... **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): broad humor is traditional here, and Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers help to keep it so.

Mostly for Music—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there with her harp, and so are the Spirits of Rhythm.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon. ... **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Ambrose Quartet.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Americans—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Ryder, Homer, Eakins, Costigan, and Wilson: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

British Benefits—*Loan exhibitions of Paris and London* scenes from the seventeenth century to the present, arranged, with the help of museums and private collectors, to aid the British War Relief Society. Views of London at the Knoedler Gallery, 14 E. 57; of Paris at Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... An exhibition of prints by British artists now in military service, also for the British War Relief Society: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Campuzano—Brightly colorful South American landscapes by a Colombian painter: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Cikovsky—Recent portraits, still lifes, and landscapes by one of the more talented younger artists: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Contemporary French—Gouaches by Utrillo, Dufy, Rouault, and other members of the modern School of Paris: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Courbet—Twenty-five paintings by this nineteenth-century French master—the most comprehensive showing of his work we've had in twenty years: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Di Chirico—Seventeen paintings, from 1908 to *1918, representing just about the pick of this* artist's best period: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

Drawings—The Durlacher Gallery's annual exhibition. This year it ranges from the Renaissance to 1900 and from Bellini to Renoir: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Europeans and Americans—At the **NEW ART CIRCLE,** 543 Madison, at 55: oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.... **NIERENDORF,** 18 E. 57: an exhibition called "Color in Art," with paintings by Kandinsky, Klee, Hofer, Chagall, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

French Romantics—A well-selected show of works by Delacroix, Fantin-Latour, Corot, and other early-nineteenth-century painters: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: big housewarming exhibition, ranging from early American folk art to such moderns as Levi, Kuniyoshi, and Sheeler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: paintings by Feininger, Drewes, Mommer, Nordfeldt, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Ivy—Pleasantly reportorial water colors, mostly of the Southwest: Morton, 130 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

Jones—New paintings by one of the most vigorous members of the social-protest school: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Kantor—Paintings that are higher keyed and more fluid in design than his earlier works: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; *through Nov. 23.*

Marc—First comprehensive exhibition in this country of paintings by an early and very talented German abstractionist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

Martin—Paintings by the new head of the art department of the University of Iowa: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Martino—First one-man show here of a Philadelphian already well known in group exhibitions. The landscapes are especially good: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Museum for Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A showing of paintings in oil and tempera by I. Rice Pereira, Dwinell Grant, and others. Daily, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of ninety-odd paintings by the important Brazilian painter Cândido Portinari (through Nov. 17); also, selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection (through Dec. 31). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Sculptures—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: Chaim Gross, Warren Wheelock, Robert Cronbach, and others, exhibiting pieces based on their observations of city life. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... **ROBINSON,** 126 E. 57: first one-man show of sculptures by John Hovannes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Sixteenth-Century Europeans—Twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Smith—Surrealist sculptures in bas-relief, all of them antiwar and some of them extremely effective: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Works in several media by members of the National Society of Mural Painters. Sketches, working drawings, and cartoons are shown along with completed murals. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 19.

Here and There—*At the* **UPTOWN,** *249* West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Baylinson, Harsanyi, Maurer, and other present-day Americans. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 15.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings of Mexico and France by Valetta Swann. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: group show of portraits by Marjorie Ryerson, Henriette Wyeth, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.... **BONESTELL,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Ione Robinson. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16.... **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Jean François Raffaëlli. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23. ... **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB,** 16 E. 10: fall exhibition of oils and sculptures by club members. Tues. and Thurs., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 24.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings and water colors by Walt Dehner. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: prints from the sixteenth century to the present. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30. ... **VALENTINE,** 16 E. 57: paintings by Francesco Cristofanetti. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: water colors by Harold Weston. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.... **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: paintings by Ruth Livingston. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 25.... **JULIEN LEVY,** 15 E. 57: abstract sculpture by Theodore J. Roszak and paintings by other artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 7. ... **WALKER,** 108 E. 57: paintings, water colors, and drawings by John E. Heliker. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 17, at 3. (Soloists: Kreisler, Nov. 14-15; Rubinstein, Nov. 16-17.)

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30.... Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:30.

N.B.C. Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 10.

Chicago Symphony—Stock conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 20, at 8:45, and Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

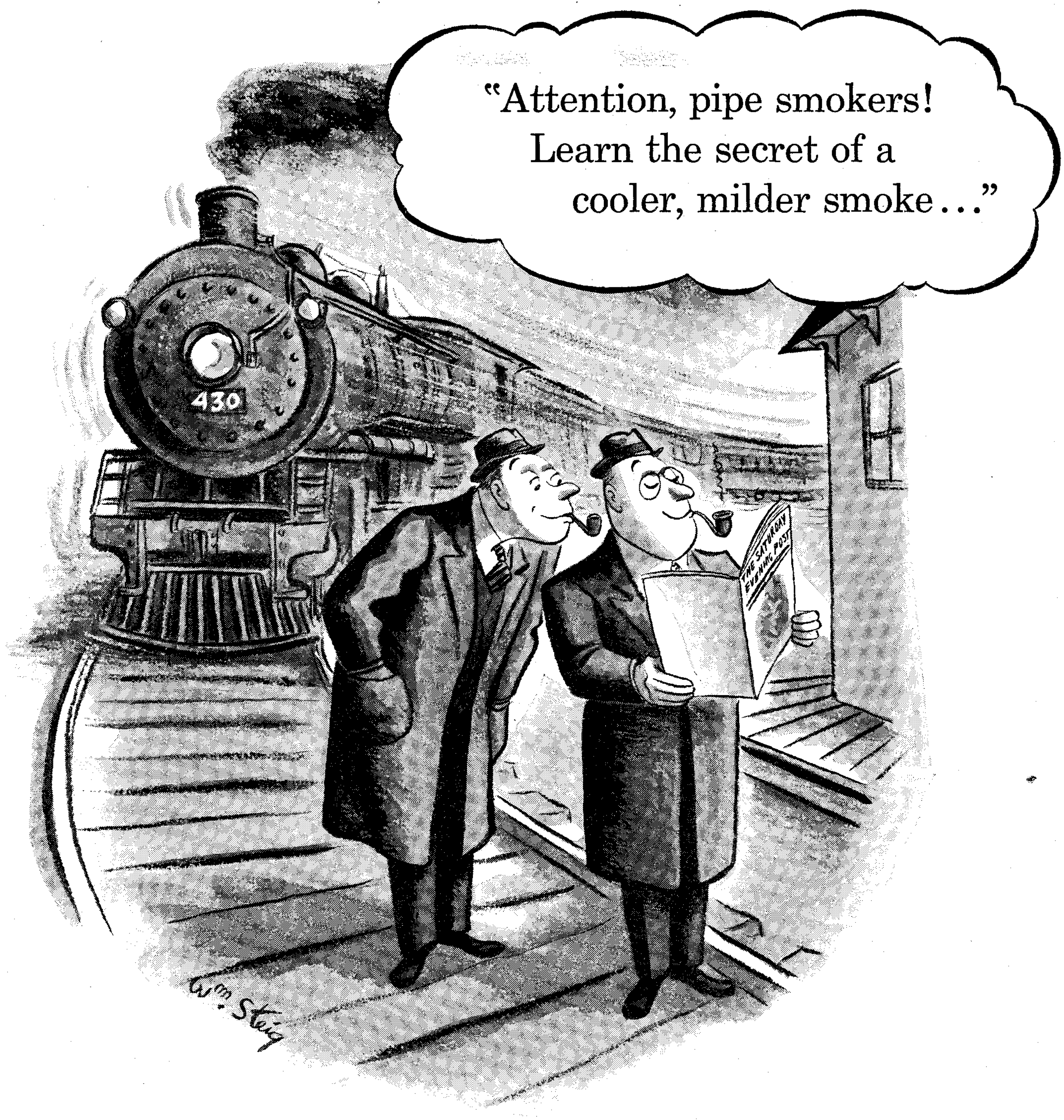
New Friends of Music Orchestra—Stiedry conducting: Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92 (AT 9-2400), Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 9. (Soloist: Petri.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Rudolf Serkin, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30; Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30; Albert Spalding, Mon. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:30; Emanuel Feuermann, Tues. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:30.... Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Sergei Radamsky, Mon. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Raoul Nadeau, Thurs. Aft., Nov. 14, at 3; Richard Hale, Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:30; New Friends of Music (Arnold Schoenberg conducting an ensemble which includes Rudolf Kolisch and Eduard Steuermann), Sun. Aft., Nov. 17, at 5:30; Robert Goldsand, Tues. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:30.

Elsewhere—At the **HOTEL PIERRE:** Friedrich Schorr will discuss Wagnerian opera and Helen Traubel will sing illustrative selections in the last of a series of lecture-recitals sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild; Wed. Aft., Nov. 20, at 3:15.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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Wm. Steig

A common American experience is symbolized in the rapt expression of Mr. A. Kenneth Forncastle (right), to say nothing of the extra over-the-shoulder circulation for which The Curtis Publishing Company makes no charge. For impartial surveys show that more people pay more attention to advertising in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine. Which is no news to 222 advertisers who have been in the Post every year for the last 20 years.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(RE 4-2408.) . . . **FRIENDSHIP HOUSE:** this European refugee centre will present the second of a series of concerts on Tues., Nov. 19, at 8:30, with, among others, the Perolé Quartet. (1010 Park Ave., at 85. BU 8-8065.)

BALLET

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Ballet School," "Schéhérazade," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14. . . . "Cotillon," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 16. . . . "The Hundred Kisses," "Paganini," "Protée," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., Nov. 16. . . . "Aurora's Wedding," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Nov. 17, and Fri. Eve., Nov. 22. . . . "Ballet School," "Paganini," and "Cotillon," Sun. Eve., Nov. 17. . . . "The Hundred Kisses," "Paganini," and "Schéhérazade," Mon. Eve., Nov. 18. . . . "Ballet School," "Fantastic Symphony," and "Aurora's Wedding," Tues. Eve., Nov. 19. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Aurora's Wedding," Wed. Eve., Nov. 20. . . . "Children's Games," "Petrouchka," "Protée," and "Prince Igor," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 23. . . . "Cotillon," "Cinderella," and "Fantastic Symphony," Sat. Eve., Nov. 23. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Fritzie Zivic vs. Al Davis, welterweights, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (10 rounds) at about 10. . . . Lew Jenkins vs. Pete Lello, lightweight title, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

FOOTBALL—On **SAT. AFT., NOV. 16:** Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover, at 1:30; Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, at 1:30; Columbia vs. Navy, Baker Field, at 2; Amherst vs. Williams, Amherst, at 2; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Yale, Princeton, at 2 (special train from Penn. Station at 11:50 A.M.).

SAT. AFT., NOV. 23: Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence, at 1:30; Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, at 1:45; Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Army, Princeton, at 2 (special train from Penn. Station at 11:50 A.M.).

PROFESSIONAL GAMES—Sun. Aft., Nov. 17, at 2: Giants vs. Green Bay, Polo Grounds; Dodgers vs. Cleveland, Ebbets Field. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2: Yankees vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden — Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 14; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 16; Americans vs. Detroit, Sun., Nov. 17; Rangers vs. Americans, Tues., Nov. 19; Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs., Nov. 21; Rangers vs. Boston, Sat., Nov. 23. . . . Amateur games, Sun., Thurs., and Sat. Afts., Nov. 17, 21, and 23, at 1:30.

HUNT RACES—Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Sat., Nov. 16, at 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

MACY PARADE—Starting at Central Pk. W. and 106, at 11:45 A.M., Thurs., Nov. 21, this annual Thanksgiving Day standby will head south on Central Pk. W. to Columbus Circle, and then move on down B'way to Macy's, arriving at about 1:30 P.M.

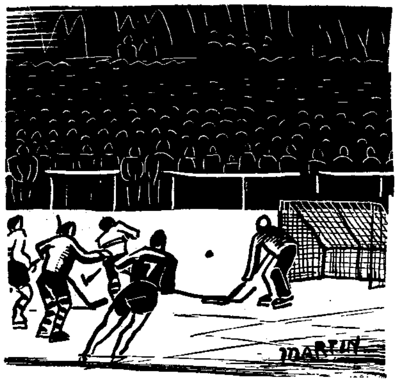
BENEFIT—Refugees of England, dinner dance and entertainment: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 14, at 9.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The annual New York Salon of Photography: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT—Models, photographs, designs, and plans executed and assembled in a show by this distinguished architect: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—The sportsman's library collected by Howard Gould: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2. . . . Early American furniture, Chinese porcelains, and rugs, belonging to Mrs. G. Winthrop Brown: Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2. . . . English furniture, tapestries, and Oriental rugs, owned by Mr. Gould: Sat. Aft., Nov. 16, at 2. . . . French furniture and art objects, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Hall Clovis and others: Wed. Aft., Nov. 20, at 2. . . . French furniture and decorations, Oriental rugs, and china, glass, and carvings, owned by Mrs. Herbert Shipman: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 22-23, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Drawings, water colors, and other works by Turner, owned by John Anderson, Jr.: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2. . . . Chinese porcelains, bronzes, and paintings on silk, mostly from the collection of Boris Lass: Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2.



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

NOTE—The Queens-Midtown Tunnel will be opened to traffic on Fri., Nov. 15.

ON THE AIR

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Nov. 16: Pennsylvania vs. Army, at 1:45, WOR. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 23: Yale vs. Harvard, at 1:30, WOR.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8, WOR. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:30, and Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21, at 9:30, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, and, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 10, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC (soloist, Rubinstein, Nov. 17). . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC (soloists, Jepson and Kullman, Nov. 17.)

DANCE BANDS—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Eddy Duchin, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—A bright little underworld item, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rita Hayworth, and Thomas Mitchell. Written, directed, and produced by Ben Hecht, who probably liked the job. (Globe, B'way at 46; opening Sat., Nov. 16.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will *amuse you and surprise you.* With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

BOOM TOWN—Just Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and such types in a routine but big film about the oil wells of Oklahoma. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 16-19. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Wed., Nov. 20. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 21-23.)

ESCAPE—Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor are among those to be found in this screen version of the stirring Ethel Vance novel of Nazi Germany. Well handled. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Nov. 20.)

FANTASIA—The season's first feature-length Walt Disney, with Stokowski also involved. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Alfred Hitchcock's thriller of the European war, with transatlantic planes, blackouts, spies, and so on. Joel McCrea and a great deal of excitement. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Nov. 15. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; through Sun., Nov. 17. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 16-18. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 17-19.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—The surprising Charlie Chaplin picture, which seems to be one of the controversial subjects of the day. It probably belongs in your culture course. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous on weekdays from 10 A.M. and *on Sun. from 11:45 A.M.; through Wed., Nov. 20.)*

I LOVE YOU AGAIN—William Powell and Myrna Loy, expertly directed by W. S. Van Dyke, in a comedy you're practically certain to enjoy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 16-18.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier in a handsome, literate production of Jane Austen's most famous novel. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 16-19.)

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH—America from 1914 up to this minute, as described by the March of Time in its first full-length feature. Not as strenuous as you might expect. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 20-21.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—The old Sidney Howard play, of excitement on a California ranch. With Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Colonial, B'way at 62; through Mon., Nov. 18. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 19-21. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 20-21. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., Nov. 20.)

REVIVALS

BLOCKADE (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Nov. 14.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Nov. 16. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 21-23.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The fantastic classic of the early era. Conrad Veidt. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 19-20.)

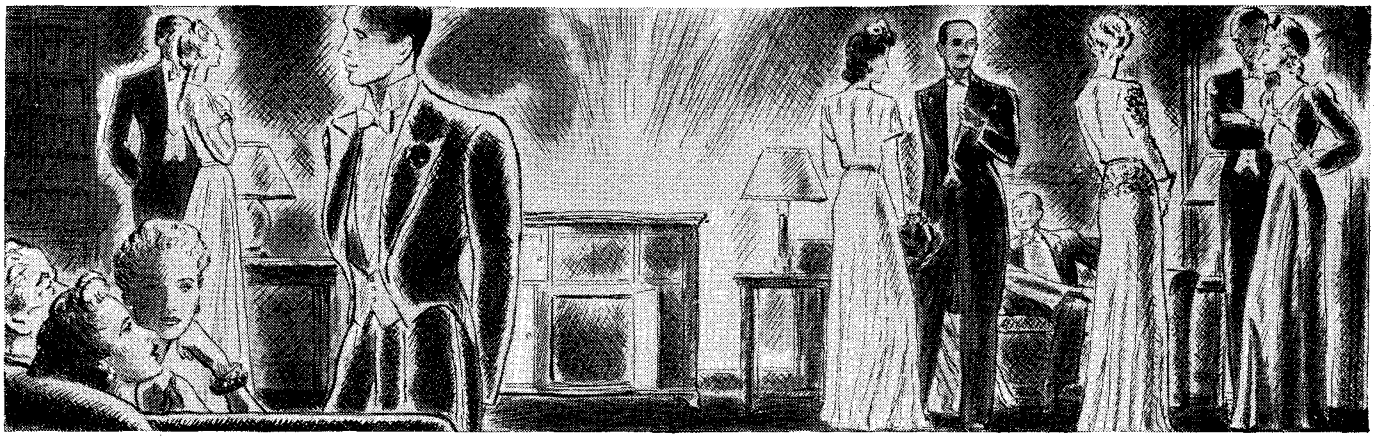
LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 15.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 17-19.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow tracing the careers of her early loves. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., Nov. 20.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., NOV. 14:** "1776, or The Hessian Renegades," with Mary Pickford; "A Corner in Wheat," with Henry B. Walthall, Mack Sennett, and James Kirkwood; "The Lonedale Operator," with Blanche Sweet; "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," with Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore; "The Unchanging Sea;" and "Enoch Arden." **FRI., NOV. 15:** "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Jack Pickford. **SAT., NOV. 16:** "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. **SUN., NOV. 17:** "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim. **MON., NOV. 18:** "Hearts of the World," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Eric von Stroheim. **TUES., NOV. 19:** "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **WED., NOV. 20:** "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **THURS., NOV. 21:** "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim. **FRI., NOV. 22:** "Isn't Life Wonderful." **SAT., NOV. 23:** "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest," and "At the Crossroads of Life," both with D. W. Griffith; "The Lonely Villa" with Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood; "Edgar Allan Poe;" "A Drunkard's Reformation;" and "Resurrection."



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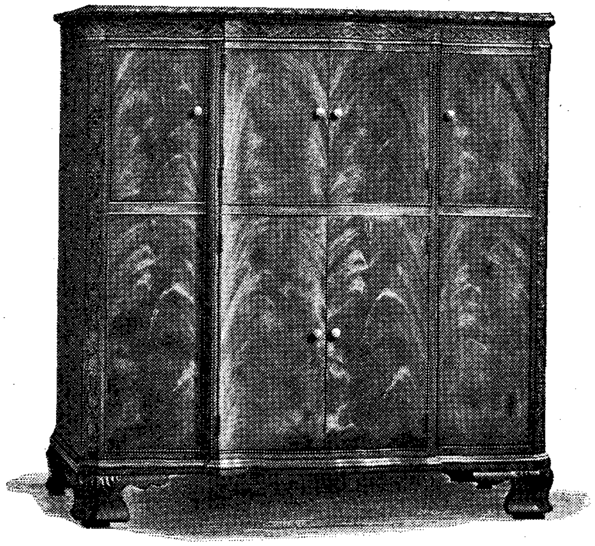

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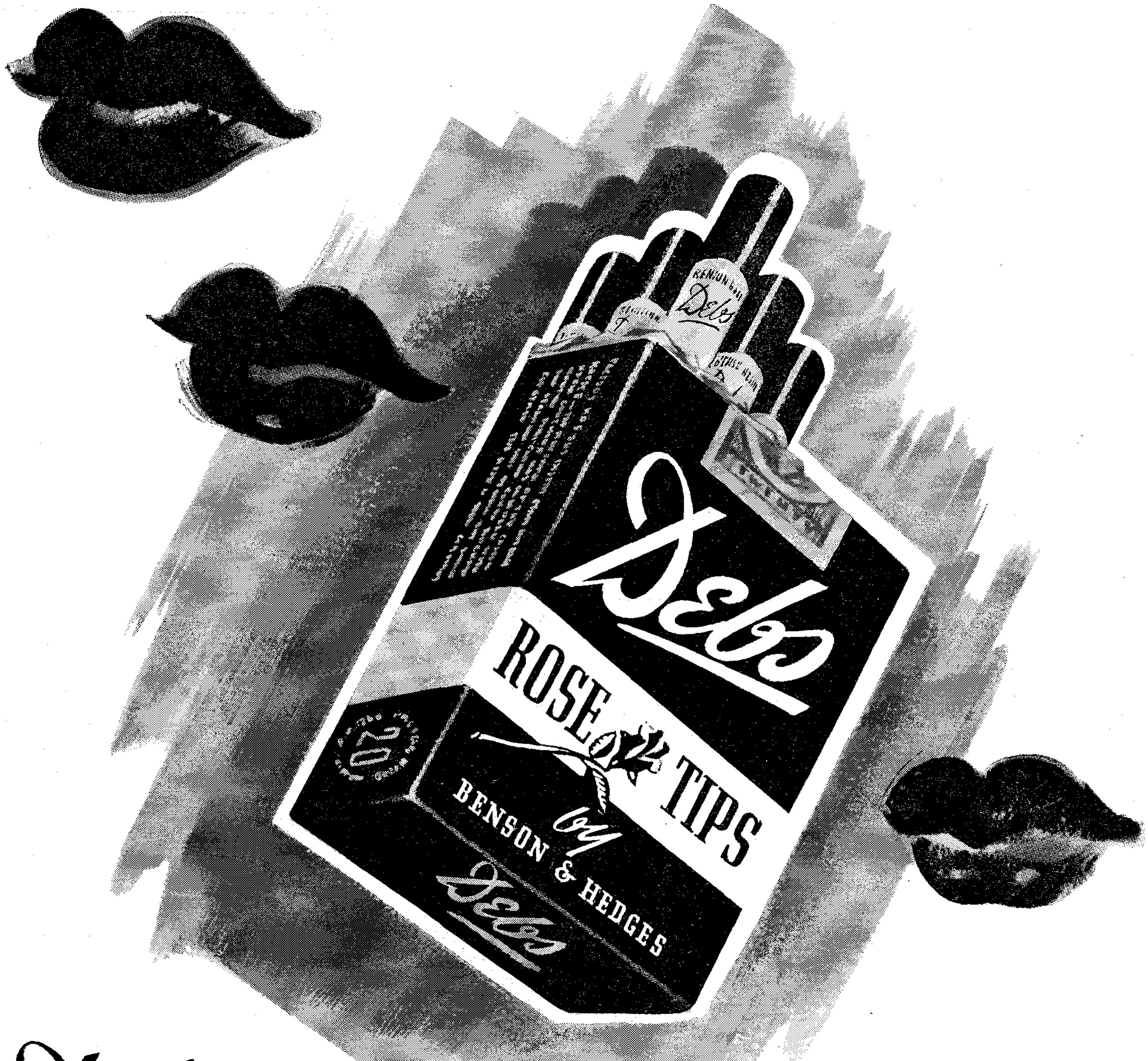
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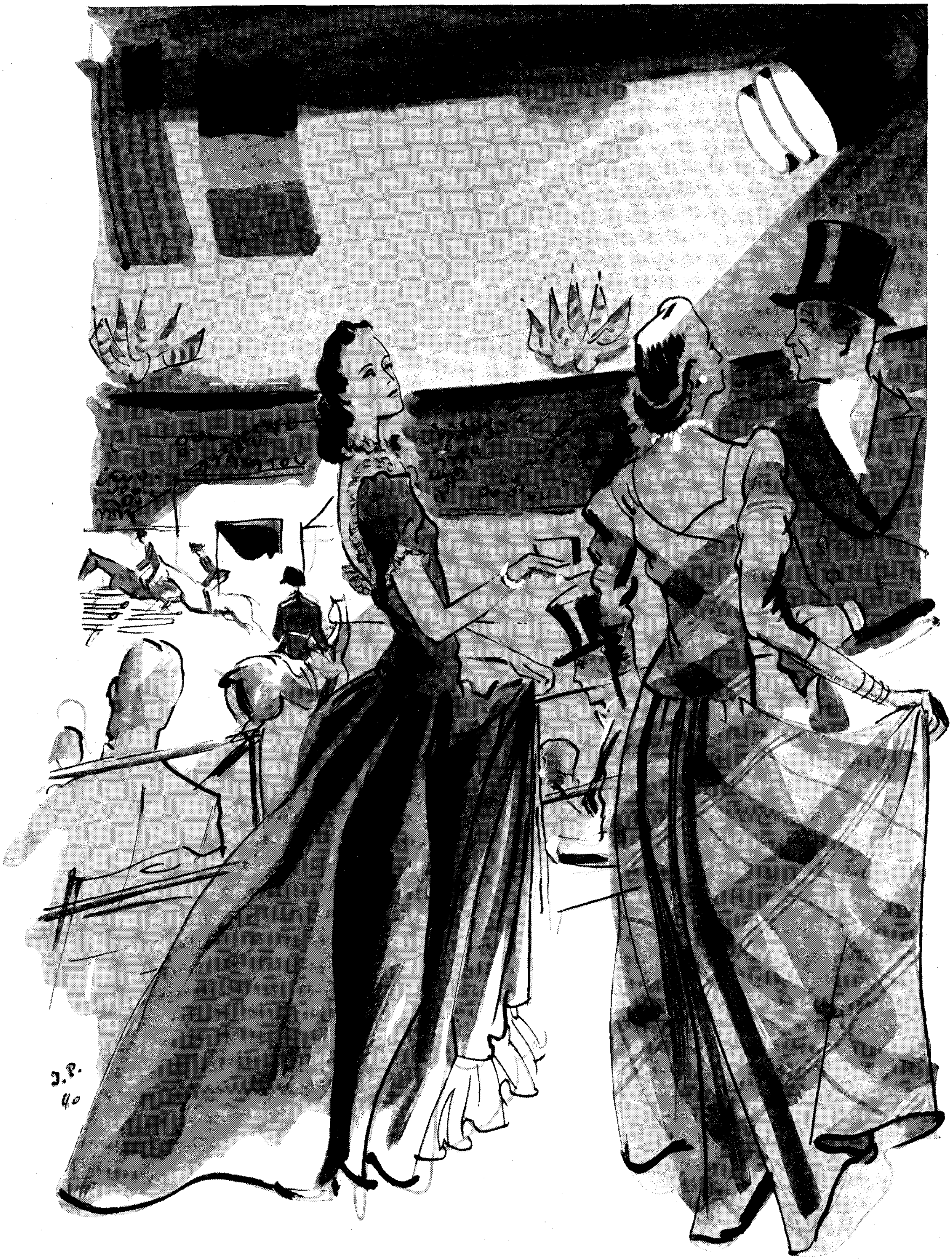

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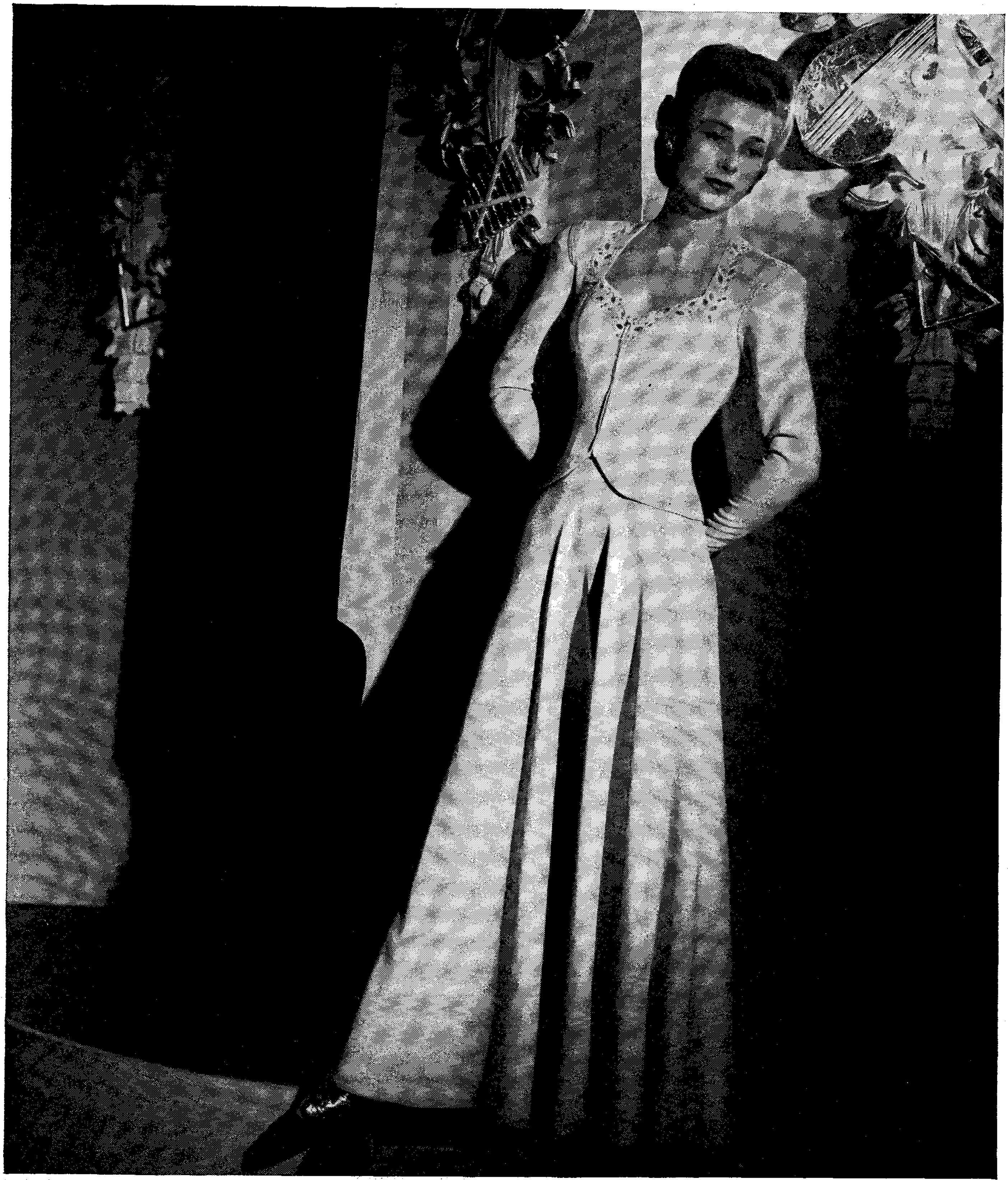

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THE
NEW YORKER

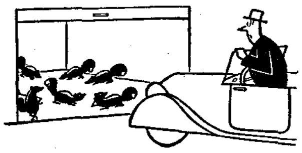
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

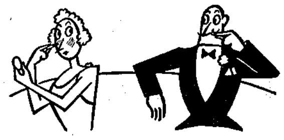
NOTE FOR THE CONFUSION OF POSTERITY: On November 2nd, 1940, for the first time in our life, we met a five-year-old boy who had never seen an icepick.

FINAL definition of the outlander, as set down in the house rules of a Boston club: " 'Strangers' are persons *not* having a customary place of business or residence or study in the city of Boston or within twenty miles therefrom."

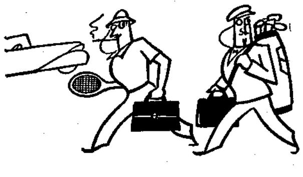
SKUNKS have moved in on the A. H. Robertses, Jr., of Nashville, Tennessee. "We've been feeding them regularly," says Mrs. Roberts, "and they've actually got so brazen they rattle the pans when they want more food. My son came home the other night and had to park his car in the driveway because there were six skunks in the garage." Without knowing anything more about the Robertses than this, we nominate them the American Family Most Intimately Acquainted with Life in Europe Today.



IN the hurly-burly of war, the problems of many deserving people are apt to be overlooked, and it seems to us that this is a pity. For instance, the chairman of the season's first dinner of Les Amis d'Escoffier, an earnest group of gourmets, found it necessary to give the assembled voluptuaries a pep talk. "Forget all thoughts of hatred and malice," he told them bravely, "govern your temper and look at the bright side of life. For no dinner, however fine it may be, can be enjoyed without a clear mind and pleasant thoughts." Members of the Gourmet Society, a friendly rival, received with their *moules marinière* the "greetings of all blackened-out gourmets of Europe" and a talk by the Princess Kropotkin on "the relation of the cultural breakdown abroad to the gourmet tradition." It was reported at the convention of the New York Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association that débutantes were frantically buying all the cheek sticks in sight (a cheek stick makes a girl look as if she were blushing). Next year, according to the beauty editor of *Contemporary Modes*, what with so many of the physically and economically sound in training camps, "the competition for men will be something fierce," and women all over the country will have to buy about three hundred per cent more stuff than they did this year. The sole appearance of the Duchess of Windsor was way down at the bottom of a newspaper story about the opening session of the Bahama legislature. Dark-blue dress, white gloves, butterfly-trimmed toque, spotted veil.



ONCE, we remember, the sly technique of weekend diplomacy, the running of fateful errands in flannels, all the casual, elegant acrobatics the wilier ambassadors engaged in to hold the public eye just off the dark business actually being conducted, had for us a fascination so faintly touched by disapproval that we were scarcely aware of it. Toward these adroit performances we found it difficult to bear any more ill will than we might toward the cuff-shooting villainies, say, of Basil Rathbone in a full-dress thriller. You had to admit, we murmured to ourself in the dark of the gallery, the dogs were clever. Something, we guess, has passed away, in us or in the world. Reading recently that Franz von Papen had left Berlin "to go pheasant hunting," that Count Ciano was "planning a hunting trip in Germany" about the same time, and that Joachim von Ribbentrop, by George, was also reported to have gone away somewhere for a little shooting, we suffered an entirely new reaction. The picture these coy maneuvers suggested to us at this particular stage of events was one of a party of stylish young men, none of them quite right, moving decorously off somewhere together with sliding eyes and secret smiles to torture a cat.



WE have faith in the Chinese. They are invincible; we are sure of that. The other day someone sent us a preface of a book published in Shanghai, called "Correctly English in Hundred Days." It goes this way: "This book is prepared for the Chinese young man who wishes to served for the foreign firms. It divided nearly hundred and ninety pages. It contains full of ordinary speak and write language. This book is clearly, easily, to the Chinese young man or scholar. If it is quite understood, that will be satisfaction."

We submit that anyone who, knowing as little English as that, goes right ahead and writes a textbook on the subject is not only brave and unique but belongs to an unconquerable race.

WE had a rather nasty experience one night last week. We were sitting at the radio, listening politely to nothing in particular, when a mighty voice said it was eight o'clock by Bulova-watch time (B-U-L-O-V-A. The Gift of a Lifetime). Setting our watch by that, we twisted the dial to another station. Exactly two minutes later, a second golden voice told us that it was eight o'clock, this time by Longines (The World's Most Honored Watch). This tiny error, which would mean nothing among private citizens, took on an awesome quality over the radio, to which the uncountable millions turn so trustingly for guidance and inspiration. It was like suddenly finding out that God can't tell time.

Emergency

BOTH political parties used up practically all their ammunition fighting for their major candidate in the recent campaign, leaving the small fry to fend for themselves. There were probably hundreds of scenes like the one we have heard of in an unconsidered ward of this city, where a district captain, in open but customary violation of regulations, sidled up to a voter waiting in line at a polling place and whispered, "Listen, pal, vote for O'So-and-So. Tell you why later."

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A CANDID Republican gentleman created quite an impression in one of the downtown luncheon clubs the day after the election. Most of the members weren't even speaking to the waiters, so he was inevitably overheard. "No, I didn't wait up for the returns last night," he was telling his companion. "You know, I sent the National Committee a check, and I helped organize rallies, and my wife did a lot of telephoning, but I just never got time to figure out how the vote would go. So last night, after dinner, I sat down with the *World Almanac*, where it shows the electoral vote for each state, and I figured out how much Willkie could count on. And do you know, I could see right away that he hadn't a chance of winning, so I went to bed at nine o'clock."

Gettysburg Address

WE could, if we chose, start this informative little article with the Ripley Gambit, and simply say that Lincoln did not make the Gettysburg Address. A less alarming way to put it would be that a contemporary of ours named Henry Wise Miller, a stockbroker and the husband of Alice Duer Miller, is the great-grandson of Edward Everett, the man who delivered the principal address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the nineteenth of this month seventy-seven years ago. Mr. Miller will tell you that then, and for many years after, his ancestor's speech at Gettysburg was what people meant when they referred to the Gettysburg Address. Personally, Mr. Miller doesn't think it was much of a speech, but facts are facts.

The words Lincoln spoke on this occasion were described in the program as "Dedicatory Remarks by President Lincoln." They took only a few minutes, of course. Everett, one of the most famous professional orators of the day, got top billing—"Oration by Hon. Edward Everett"—and spoke for two hours. It was a warm day, too. Everett got off to a leisurely start ("Standing beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad hills . . . it is with hesitation I raise my poor voice to break the silence of God and Nature") but he gave 'em the works before he was through. His speech was peppered with rhetorical questions like "Who hears me but . . .?" and elegant inversions like "Sure I am that . . ." The New York *Times* next day quoted the speech in full, and remarked that Everett's exordium was of great beauty, his peroration splendid, and the address as a whole "classical and ornate in diction, correct and explicit in statement . . . in a word, eloquent." The *Herald* reprinted Lincoln's address, along with Everett's, and noted that it had been interrupted six times by applause. These mentions constitute about the only favorable notice the President got in the press. The Chicago *Times*, offended in some manner obscure today by the phrase "a new birth of freedom," asked editorially if Lincoln were "less refined than a savage," and the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Patriot & Union* wearily said, "We will pass over the silly remarks of the President."

The Everett speech is well preserved today in a paper-bound pamphlet in the possession of Colonel Roosevelt, at Oyster Bay. It was issued in 1863, shortly after the Gettysburg ceremonies, by Baker & Godwin, of Printing House Square, this city. The cover reads in part: "An Oration Delivered on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863 . . . By Edward Everett . . . To Which Is Added Interesting Reports of the Dedicatory Ceremonies, Description of the Battlefield, Incidents and Details of the Battle, Et Cetera." Then follows the publisher's imprint. No mention of Lincoln on the cover, and no mention of him inside the pamphlet for forty pages, after which the text of Lincoln's address is given under the rousing introduction, "Dedicatory remarks then delivered by the President, as follows."

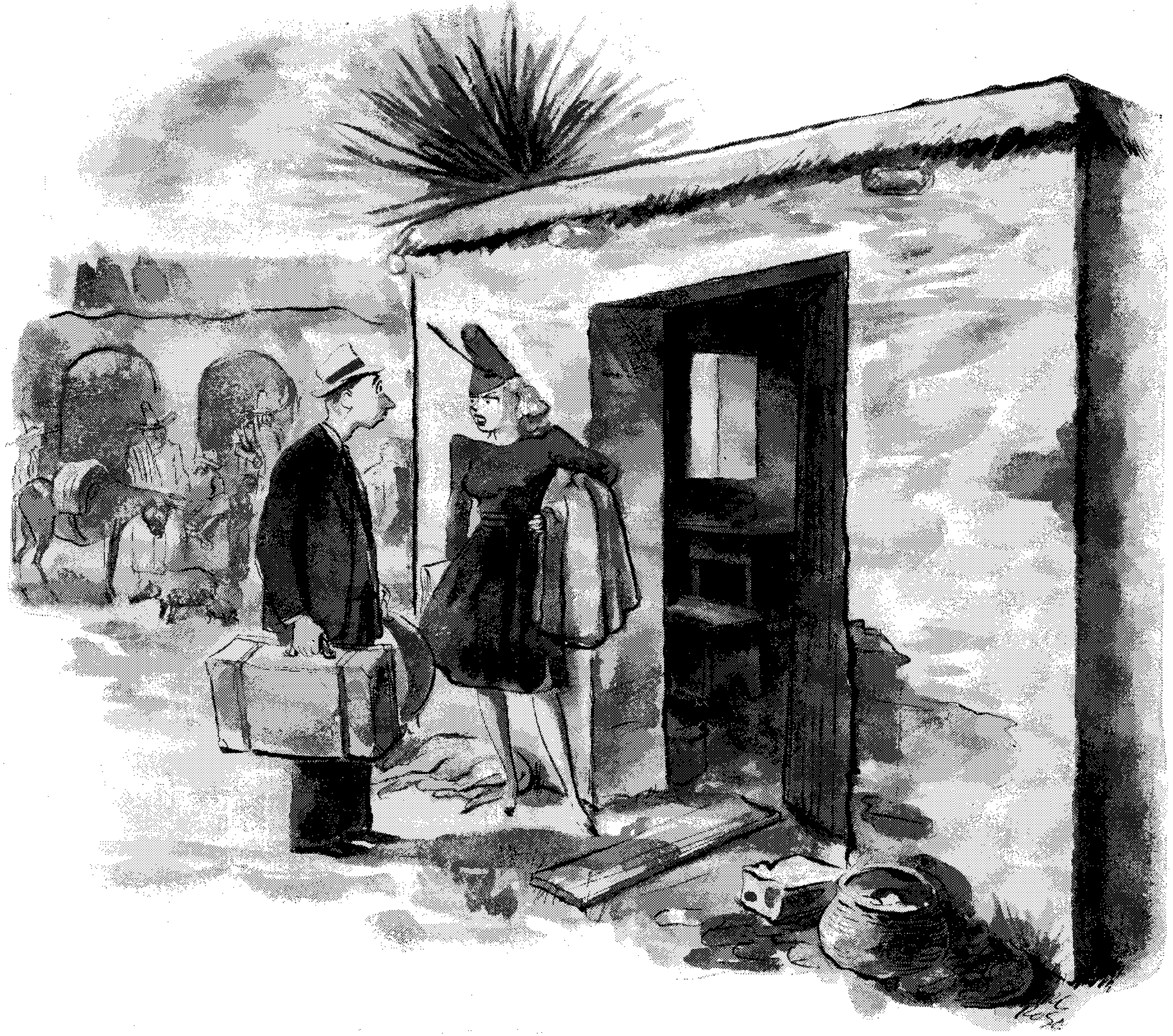
It is interesting that Everett himself thought Lincoln had made a better speech, or that at any rate he wrote him a letter saying so. Lincoln diplomatically replied that each had had his part to play, and his own had been a short one; in private correspondence, however, he made it plain that he didn't think much of his own speech. Probably you know already that it's just a legend about Lincoln's writing his notes on the back of an envelope on the train to Gettysburg. He had made a rough draft in Washington, and composed the final version in Gettysburg. Incidentally, the dedication ceremonies had first been set for October 23rd, and were postponed to November 19th because that was the first open date Everett could offer.

Warning

A MAN who motored through Massachusetts recently has told us about something he saw in a public playground just outside a town called Palmer. It was an ordinary playground, with the usual complement of slides, swings, and seesaws. The only out-of-the-way feature was a sign, carefully adjusted to the eye level of five-year-olds, which read "PLAY AT YOUR OWN RISK." There were no takers, our man says.

Crop Report

WE called on the Rinson Manufacturing Company, 55 West Thirty-



"You mean we've got to live here, now that you've embezzled sixty-five thousand dollars?"

• •

eighth Street, on a fairly dull afternoon last week to poke into the matter of how the changing times have affected its business. The Rinson Company, under one name and another, has been making whips for the last hundred and sixteen years, all kinds of whips. The whip business is one of those first affected by war, or the threat of war, as the Rinson Company learned in the World War and is being reminded now. We talked to Mr. H. Nelson, a husky young man wearing a green felt hat and a white apron, the official fatigue uniform of the whipmakers, and he told us he was running the business these days, having succeeded his father. He said the riding-crop market is very bullish; orders are away up over recent years. We had with us a newspaper with a picture of Lieutenant-General Drum carrying a riding crop in his left hand, and he identified the whip as one his company had made. "A Rinson, all right," he said. We speculated on how mechanization of the Army would affect the spur-and-riding-crop business. Mr. Nelson said that he didn't know about spurs but the riding crop is optional equipment for all officers, no matter what branch of the service they're in, even aviators, and that enlisted men have their privileges, too; they may carry swagger sticks. Mr. Nelson's opinion is that even tank officers will carry riding crops when they get around to it. "It's a matter of dress and swank," he said. He thought that when the conscripts learn they can sport swagger sticks they'll buy them, and order silver handles with their names and company letters engraved on them. Rinson's retail outlets in New York include such places as Abercrombie's, Macy's, and Davega's. Army-type riding crops cost from five to ten dollars.

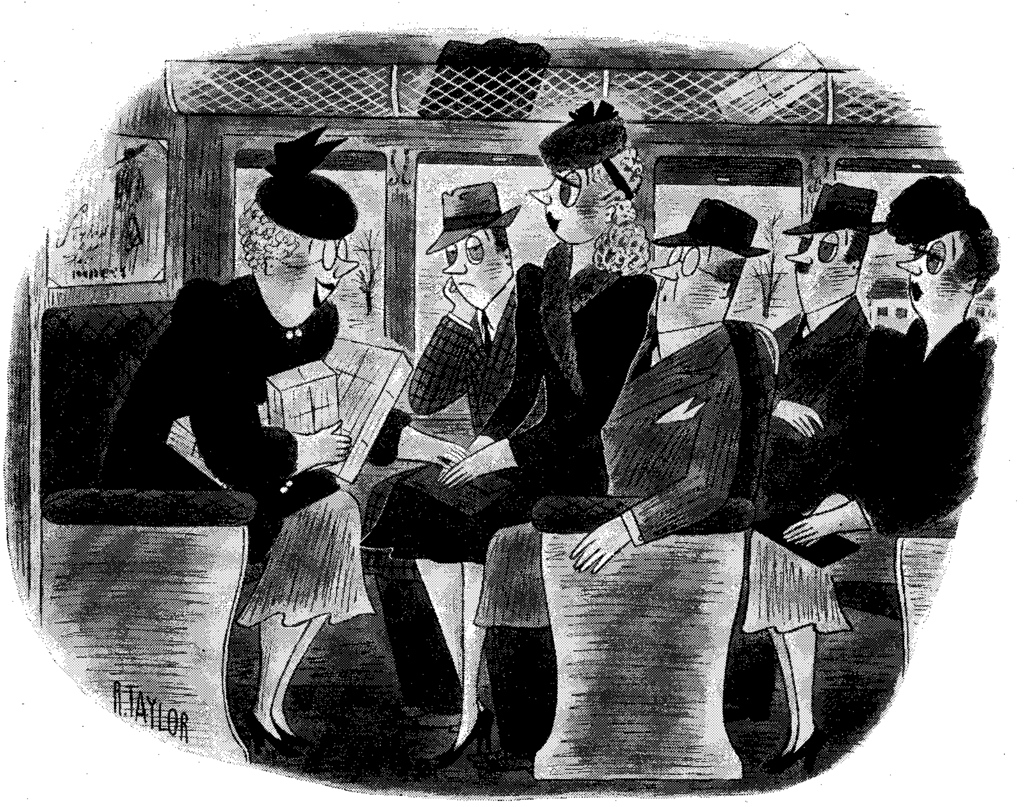
The whip business, Mr. Nelson told us, has been going along fairly steadily through the years. The very best whips have a buffalo-rawhide base, which will bend but not break (African water buffalo). The foundation is covered with a waterproof varnish and then the top leather is wrapped around. The firm stopped making buggy whips in 1925, but Mr. Nelson says several thousand of them are turned out annually by manufacturers nearer the farm-wagon and buggy market. Some of the old drivers in front of the Plaza still use Rinsons and bring them in to have them repaired. Rinson makes some of the big circus whips for the lion-tamers and whip-snappers. These are called drovers' whips, or bull whips, and they crack so loud because of a silk tip. Mr. Nelson recommends bull whips for golfers with weak wrists. The idea is that you crack the whip while you're reading after dinner, and this develops your muscle. Occasionally, even in these days of progressive education, an order still comes in for a cat-o'-nine-tails, from an old-line schoolmaster or father. Riding crops have sold steadily to equestrians year in and year out, though they are subject to occasional changes in style. Today some of them have compacts and trick effects in the top, such as horses' heads with moving eyes and tongues. Mr. Nelson showed us a small, thin, black whip which retails for three dollars and is known as a cutting whip. "For orgies," he said.

Telegram

THE practice of adding "Love" at the end of every telegram isn't always wise. Exhibit A, a wire from a hostess to a girl she was to entertain over the weekend: "CANNOT GET BRUCE BRING BOY FRIEND IF YOU DESIRE LOVE."

Interne

DAVID ROCKEFELLER, the youngest of the sons of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has now been working at City Hall as an unpaid secretary to Mayor LaGuardia for six months, with little or no fanfare. He has stayed, in



"I hope you don't mind. She can't bear to ride backward."

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fact, well under cover, being seldom photographed and never interviewed. The Mayor speaks of him as an "interne," a term used at City Hall to describe a student who performs municipal chores without pay, in return for the experience and whatever academic credits he can arrange to get from his college. This doesn't seem quite accurate as applied to David Rockefeller, who is already up to his waist in academic credits: he graduated from Harvard when he was twenty, stayed on for a year of postgraduate work, put in another year at the London School of Economics, and last summer took his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. His doctoral thesis, incidentally, dealt with "the theory of unused capital resources," and is said to agree with the New Deal theory of deficit financing during depressions. At any rate, young Rockefeller sits at the desk formerly occupied by the Mayor's press secretary, who drew a weekly salary of $125.

When Rockefeller reported for work, LaGuardia warned him to "stay away from those fellows in Room 9" (the City Hall press room), and also warned the photographers that if they took any pictures of Rockefeller not authorized by the Mayor, Rockefeller would be fired. The striking injustice of this dictum paralyzed the photographers' trigger fingers, and the young man gets on well, in a noncommittal way, with the fellows in Room 9. "He's a swell guy," one of them told us. Also, he added, he is certainly the best-dressed man in City Hall. Usually he wears modest gray or brown suits, with white, soft-collared shirts and a Homburg. He drives down to work in a Lincoln Zephyr, arriving at nine and staying, like most of LaGuardia's staff, until six or seven in the evening. The Mayor's secretaries—there are seven of them—must answer the bulk of the thousand-odd letters that come in every day from citizens, asking favors, complaining about the insolence of police officers, etc.; Rockefeller handles his share of these, and also talks on the telephone to impetuous people who want the Mayor's ear. You can't telephone the Mayor; he hasn't got a telephone. Occasionally, Rockefeller welcomes moderately famous people to City Hall, a chore once performed by Chief Magistrate Curran when he was Deputy Mayor.

Rockefeller shares with Byrnes MacDonald, another of LaGuardia's secretaries, the job of accompanying the Mayor at his various public appearances—a tree-planting on Sixth Avenue, a ladies'-club luncheon in Brooklyn, or whatever. At first he seemed surprised and amused by these modest ceremonies; now, apparently, he accepts them as part of the necessary technique of politics. The only time Rockefeller has really caused any talk at City Hall was last September, when he got married and announced the fact to some of his colleagues. The announcements bore a crest, and this floored some of the earthier councilmen.

Unity

WITH the post-election cry of "Unity!" still echoing in our ears, we took a walk down Ninth Avenue, south of Forty-second Street, through a neighborhood long notable for its mixture of Greek and Italian inhabitants, and one, we thought, as likely to be as ununified as any in the city. We found unity rampant. There seemed definitely to be less interest in Salonika and Corfu than in the passing of the Ninth Avenue "L," which the Albert A. Volk Company was briskly demolishing with acetylene torches and derricks to scattered applause. A Greek grocer was dispensing garlic and olive oil next to a Farmacia Italiana, which was flanked on its other side by the Athens Meat Market. We bought some cigarettes at the Farmacia, whose owner told us that most of the neighborhood didn't care what happened in Europe. We passed a Chinese hand laundry, a German undertaker, a Jewish grocer, a Swiss bakery, and an empty store owned, perhaps significantly, by the Consolidated Management Corp. We dropped in on a storekeeper whose window had both Greek and Italian lettering on it. "No any trouble at all," he said, rubbing his hands cheerfully. "We're Americans." The Dux Tavern had a picture of George Washington in its window. A sharp, shiny hatchet in a pawnshop had been marked down to eighty-five cents. We were told by a Greek florist that a Greek storekeeper had fired an Italian assistant, but that this was after a non-political debate over some missing cheese. We spoke to an Irish cop, standing under the remnants of the "L," and he said, "Anybody'll tell you there's no trouble around here. Not yet, anyhow."

Sh-h-h

A LADY trying to telephone a man she knew, to break a cocktail appointment, was told by his office that he was lunching at the University Club, so she called up and asked them to page him. "Is he a member?" the operator asked. "I don't think so," the lady said. "Well, do you know who he's lunching with?" the operator asked. The lady didn't know that, either. The operator said she was sorry, but in that case she couldn't locate the gentleman. "You see," she said, "we don't page audibly."

Fantasound

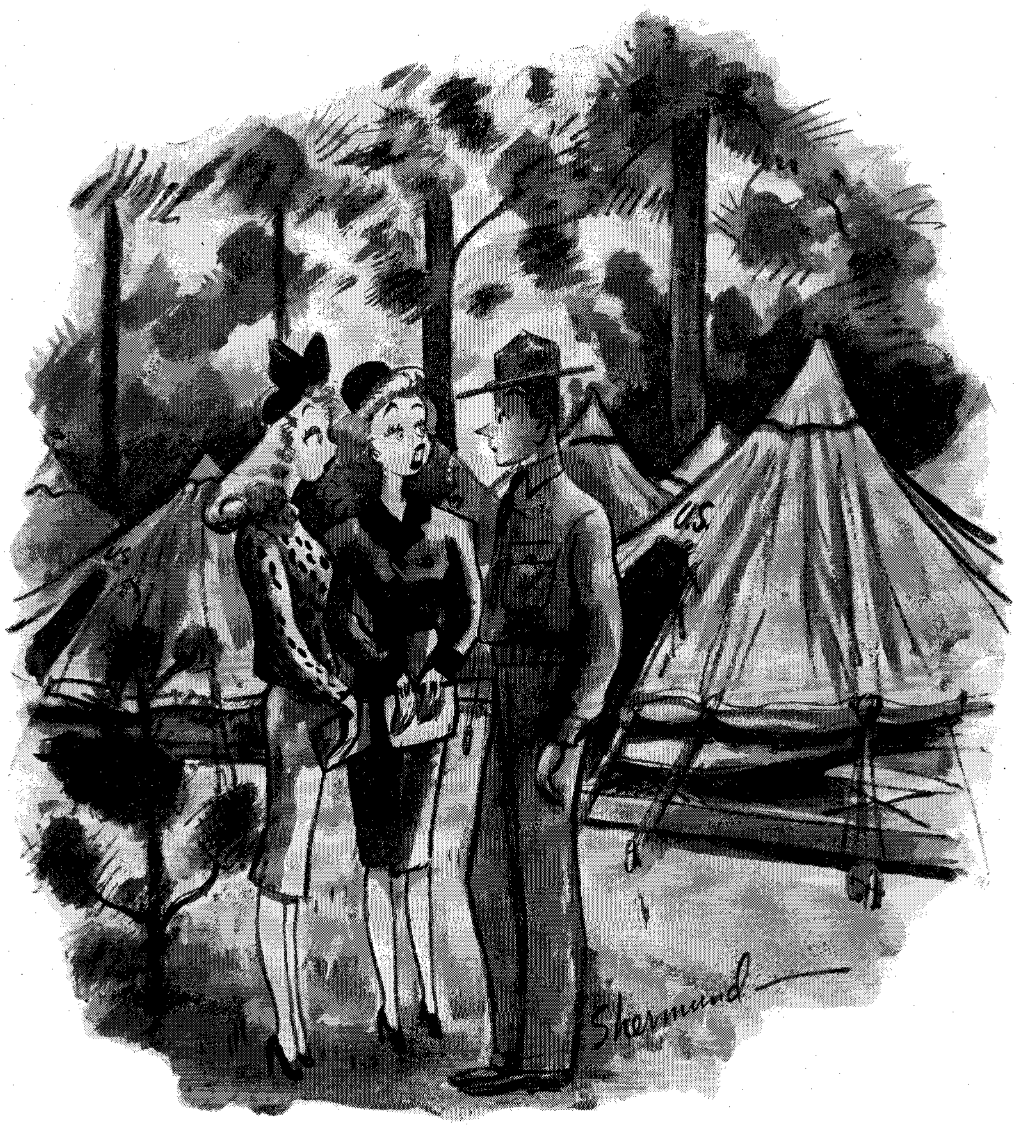
"FANTASOUND," the new noun for what you will hear when you go to see Walt Disney's latest film, "Fantasia," has no philological justification. We have this on the word of Mr. William E. Garity, Walt Disney's chief engineer, whom we interviewed at the Broadway Theatre last week, while he was getting ready for Wednesday's opening. Boiled down and strained of technicalities, his explanation was that the ordinary talkie combines sound and pictures on the same strip of film, and that the sound emanates from a clump of loudspeakers behind the screen, whereas in "Fantasia" sound and pictures are projected separately, and the sound comes from sixty-four loudspeakers—thirty-six of them in back of the screen, twenty-two strung up at the rear of the orchestra floor, and six in the balcony. "The music will rotate around every person in the audience instead of coming directly at them," Mr. Garity told us. The technique is absolutely revolutionary.

The music used in "Fantasia"—Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D-minor, Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring," Beethoven's "Sixth Symphony," Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," and Schubert's "Ave Maria"—was recorded more than two years ago at the Philadelphia Academy of Music by the full Philadelphia Orchestra of a hundred and ten men, led by the full Leopold Stokowski. The orchestra recorded 420,000 feet of music—to use a unit which would make Beethoven turn in his grave—of which 18,000 feet were selected for the film. Then it was played, over and over, to Disney's staff of idea men and animators, while they tried to think of appropriate characters and situations. Somebody figured out that Disney's men heard the score an average of three hundred and fifty times each. "This is the first time a score has been pictured, rather than a picture scored," Mr. Garity told us.

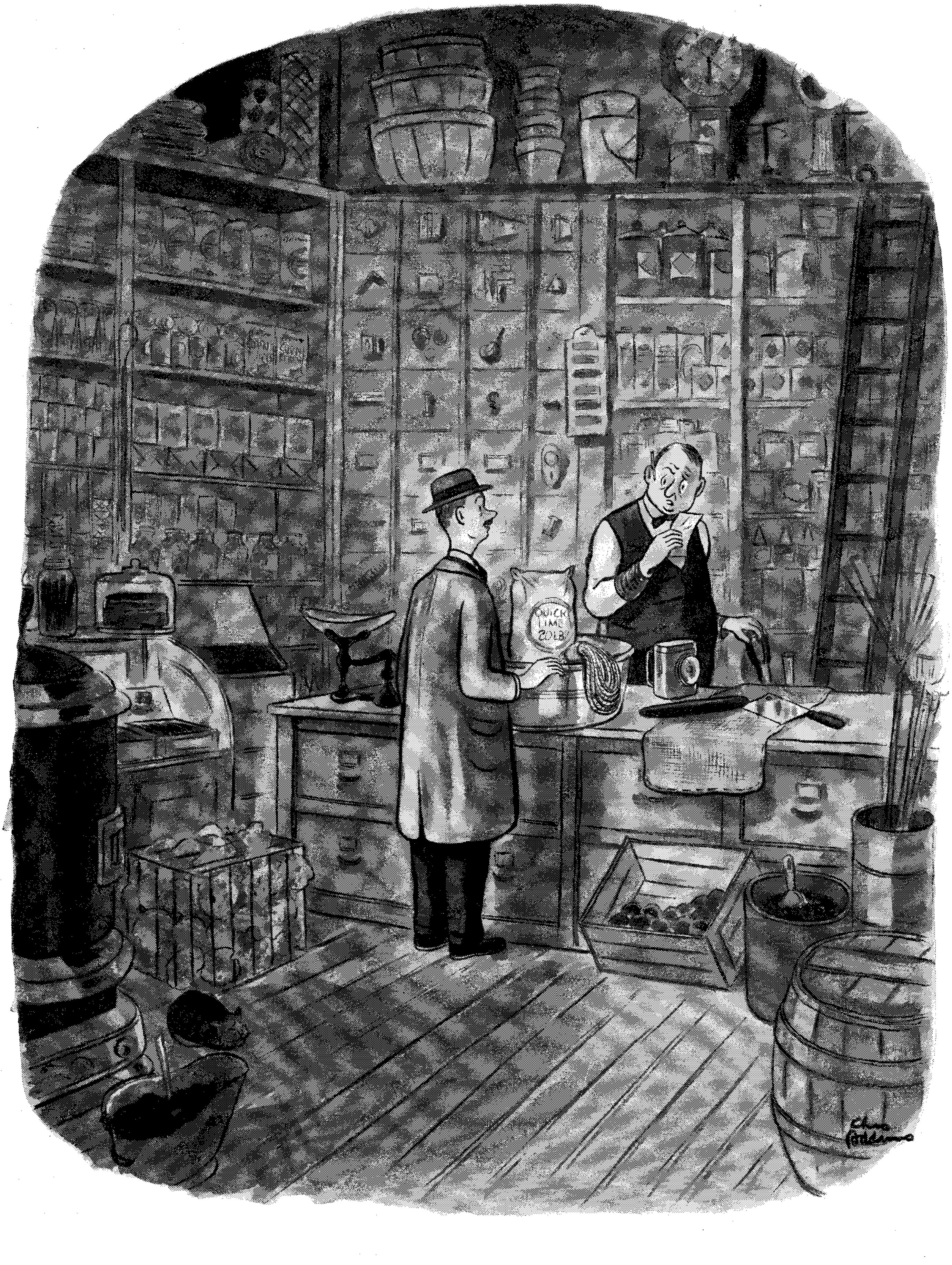
According to Disney's present plans, no more than twelve theatres in the country will show "Fantasia" simultaneously, and these plans would seem to be hard to change, because there are only twelve of these sound units in existence. A unit costs $30,000 to manufacture and $8,000 to install, so you can understand. Inevitably, there was an inter-union quarrel about which union was to get the installation job at the Broadway Theatre. Finally it was divided up between the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees. "They've both been very sweet about the whole thing," says Mr. Garity. Lapsing into technicalities again, he told us that whereas Mickey Rooney in full cry creates only about twenty-five decibels of sound, "Fantasia" will at certain climaxes reach eighty decibels. "You can have a louder fortissimo without discomfort, because it won't come from a single source," he explained. If some Fifth Columnist crept into the projection booth and turned on the sound projector full blast, it would create a hundred and sixty-five decibels, which, according to Mr. Garity, would kill many elderly members of the audience, knock the others cold, and deafen the survivors for life, not to mention breaking the windows. Don't worry about it, though; you're safe with Walt Disney.

Nothing at All

WE suspect that this tale may have made the rounds, but we're printing it anyway, just to make sure. One of the Delaware du Ponts has a fine collection of Ming porcelain. He was showing it to some guests one time, and a nervous lady allowed the prize piece to crash to the floor. She may have been made nervous by the fact that she had previously been told the item was worth from ten to twenty thousand dollars. She was overwhelmed with remorse, and said so, with tears. Her host told her there-there, she mustn't feel bad about it, accidents happen, etc., and fainted.



"Can't you do K.P. tomorrow?"


QUICK
LIME
20LB.
Chas
Addams

"Now, let's see—one sashweight, one butcher's cleaver, one galvanized-iron tub, fifty feet of half-inch rope, one gunny sack, one electric torch, one pickaxe, one shovel, twenty pounds of quicklime, a box of cigars, and a beach chair."

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT

THIS was the bed where Sara had always been put when she was sick. Not her own bed, narrow and tidy against the wall of her room, among her own books, her own furniture, so well known to her that she did not see them any more. This bed was different. This was the guest-room bed, a double bed with white-painted iron from head to foot. All her fifteen years she had been put here when she had a cold, or tonsillitis, or measles. It was higher, and broader, and softer than her own bed, and being here pulled her back to the books she had read when she had been sick, or that had been read to her; to the long, unlabored trains of fantasy that had swung in her mind like slow, engrossing ocean swells.

Within the enchantment of the bed in the guest room her mind was released over centuries and into palaces and into the future, and she could alter her person from small to tall, from quiet to commanding. In this bed she had been by turns a queen, a Roman, a man during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Here she had imagined herself grownup and having five children, had given them names and learned their separate faces and spoken to them and punished them. She had always dreamed in this bed of new things and new feelings. She had never reached backward for anything within her own experience.

She had not been sick in several months, but she had bronchitis now, and since she had been sick last something had dropped away from her. She had changed. Without questioning what was happening to her, or even being conscious of it, she had stopped playing in brooks and running fast in sneakers and wearing her hair in two pigtails. In these autumn months the girls she played with had changed too. They bought sodas in the drugstore. They walked slowly, eternally, along the tarred New England sidewalks, with their arms around each other's waists. Suddenly they would laugh together helplessly for a moment; at what, they did not know. They cut their hair and curled it, or brushed it out smooth and tied a hair ribbon around it. They watched themselves pass in the shop windows of the town. And all of it had come like a natural change and occupied her fully.

It was not that she turned her head away from one side and looked toward the other. The old things she had known so many years now stood still without a sound to call her as they used, and until she took sick she did not think of them. But as she lay in the guest-room bed she resented more and more what was happening to her. She had no pleasure in remembering the shop windows, the drugstore, the boys—only a sort of weariness and distaste. She did not want to go that way. It all began when she read the Indian book.

AFTER three days her fever went down and she stopped coughing so much and was allowed to go from the guest room into her own room, in her nightgown and wrapper, and take books out of the shelves and bring them back to bed. The first day she brought a book of Poe's short stories that she loved, and two of the Little Colonel books, and a book about English history, and an old book that she had not read for years, about Indians and wood lore. Her Uncle Lyman had sent it to her one autumn after he had been at their house for a visit. That was when she was eleven.

He belonged to a mountain-climbing club and took long walks in the woods behind their house and she used to go with him. She felt something wonderful in the way he walked without noise along the smooth brown paths, and liked to walk behind, watching him. When it grew dark early in those fall afternoons he would still follow the path without hesitation.

One afternoon when it was cold and frosty and the sun was setting, they came out on a hillside that ran down to the road. There was a clump of birches at the top and he took a knife out of his pocket and showed her how to cut away a strip of birch bark and then to pare its delicate, pale-pink paper from within. That was Indian paper, he said. He took up a rock with big spots of mica and held it up into the shining of the late sun. "If there was someone over on that far hill, I could signal to him with this," he said, "if we were Indians."

What he had said about the Indians filled her mind after he was gone. Through the winter and through the spring she went to the woods. In the winter it was only in the afternoons that she could go, late, after she got home from school. But when the spring came there was more time; it didn't get dark so early. She found a pool beside a rock, covered with green slime, and at the edges the ice-cold water was full of the blobs of transparent jelly that held a million black spots: frogs' eggs. She took them home with her in a tin lard pail and put them in a glass bowl, to watch the polliwogs hatch out. They turned from eggs to tadpoles, to strange creatures with a tail and two legs. And one morning they jumped out of the bowl and hopped about the dining-room floor and had to be thrown out in the garden.

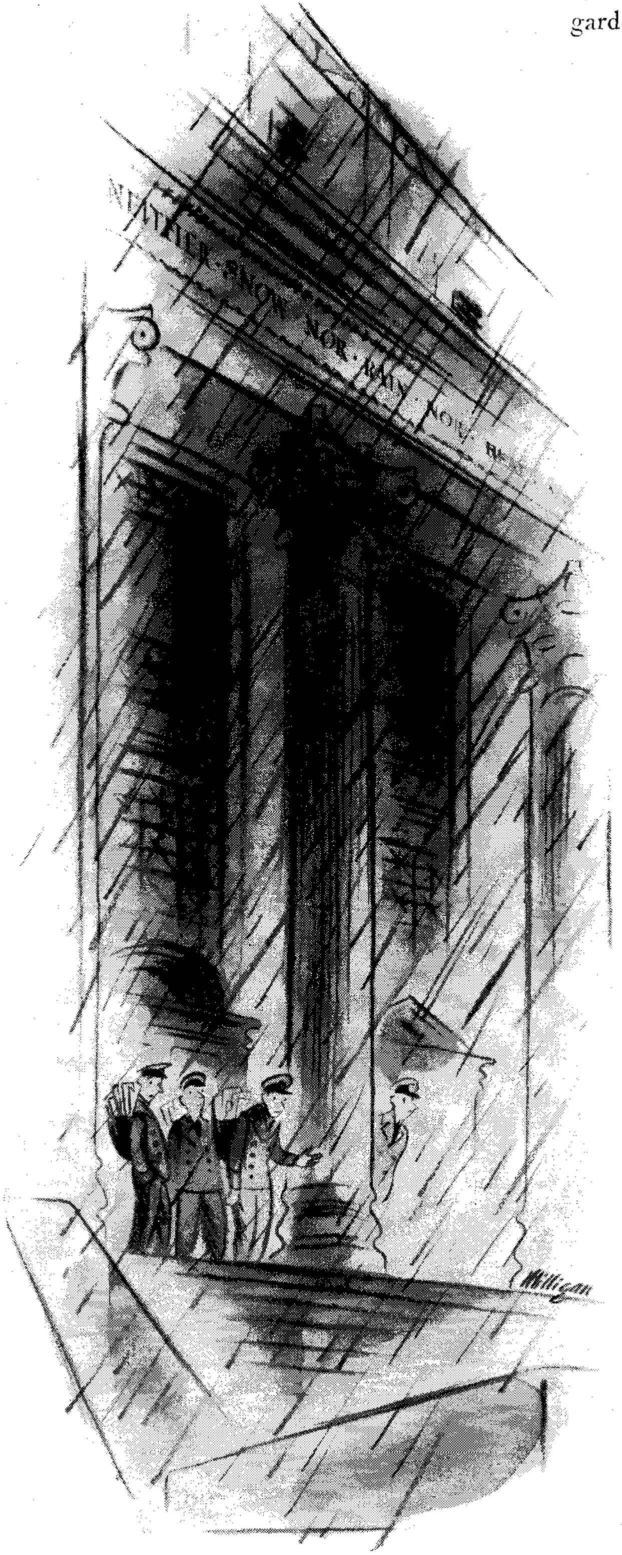
When it was summer she could go all day. She asked for Indian clothes and was given them for her birthday: a fringed coat and skirt, and a leather band for her head, with a feather in it. The skirt had a pocket in the side, where she carried her lunch, done up in waxed paper. When she was alone, on the long paths that had been there for a hundred years and led, if you could follow them, to other states, to other woods and meadows miles away, she was satisfied and at home. She lived within her own private world—this world with a pine-needle floor, peopled by the shadow shapes of men who moved without noise, surmounted by tall plumes. This world was beautiful and intricate and still. The ground pine ran along under the dead leaves in secret; the shallows of the little ponds were filled with a minute and busy life, tiny fish and frogs and "rowboats" that skittered across the slimy surface into the shade. The grouse hid in the underbrush, and the small animals, the rabbits and the sudden moles, ran at intervals across the path, into the sunlight and out of it.

When she went home late in the afternoons it was walking out of one world into another. It required a readjustment of the hearing. From the minute sounds of the woods to which she was acute all day, she walked down along the road past the cultivated meadows, where the sounds were bolder—loud crickets and the long squeal of the cicada—past the hunting dogs that were penned up behind their neighbor's house and barked at all passers, past the hired man putting his tools away in the barn.

Finally there was the house, and she would have supper with her mother and father. In a cotton dress and socks and sneakers, she would sit at the round table and talk and eat and watch the sun going down at last through the west window. The door stood open on the garden and the smell of early-evening grass, the sound of birds, came in as they finished supper. Much later, when she was going to bed, she would kneel down on the floor in her room and crane her head far out of the window to smell the smell that came across the fields, to see through the light summer night the dark, irregular silhouette against the sky; that was the smell and the shape of the woods.

BUT somehow it had sifted away, melted into the next year of her life, and become like a streak of old color in the long stream of being alive. Now, as she read that book, which had been a Bible to her, everything she had been doing for months seemed dingy and dull and unbeautiful. The Indian book awoke in her the recollection of the woods and being in the woods. For the first time in her life, now in this bed, she thought longingly of something that she had already experienced. She felt her mind entering the woods and inhabiting them again. She had never finished with the woods, she decided. She had left them for no reason, and when she was well again she would go back to them. That was what she wanted. She did not know why she had penetrated that other world, the new, sharp, bright-lit life that she had begun lately, but it was not what she wanted. She did not want to grow up and be with people. It was not suited to her, and she rejected it now, lying free to choose in bed.

She lay with her legs spread comfortably beneath the smooth, cool sheet and stared sightless at the bare yellow-and-white buttonwood branches outside her window. Trays were brought to her and she ate thin soup with lemon in it, and hot buns, and scrambled eggs, and ice cream. The sunshine moved regularly across the floor of the guest room, from beside her bed in the morning to the farthest corner by the window at sunset. Then it disappeared and twilight filled the room. In the house across the road the lights went on for supper and the lights went out for sleep. And there were stars in the black square of her window.


NEITHER · SNOW · NOR · RAIN · NOR
Milligan

SHE was in bed six days and at the end of that time she got up. She saw things again vertically and shook herself like a dog and went outside on the side porch, where the November sunshine lay in pale, lemon-colored stripes. The outdoors smelled sharp and sunny, and her muscles came to life and itched to move. She ran down through the garden to the apple tree and climbed it as she had always done for years, up through its round, rough, pinky-gray branches to a crotch high up, where she sat and surveyed the land. The swamp lay beyond, all still and golden. The apple trees round her were not as high as this one, and she could look down into them. Across the fields the white farmhouse let a thin stream of smoke up through its chimney, where it wavered and turned blue and vanished into the chilly blue sky. The air smelled of late autumn; the air smelled of dead leaves; the air was sharp and lively and wishful. Sara sat in the tree and swung her legs and thought about nothing until somebody called her and she looked down. It was her friend Catherine, who lived in the farmhouse. She stood under the tree and squinted her eyes up at Sara.

"Hi!" Sara said.

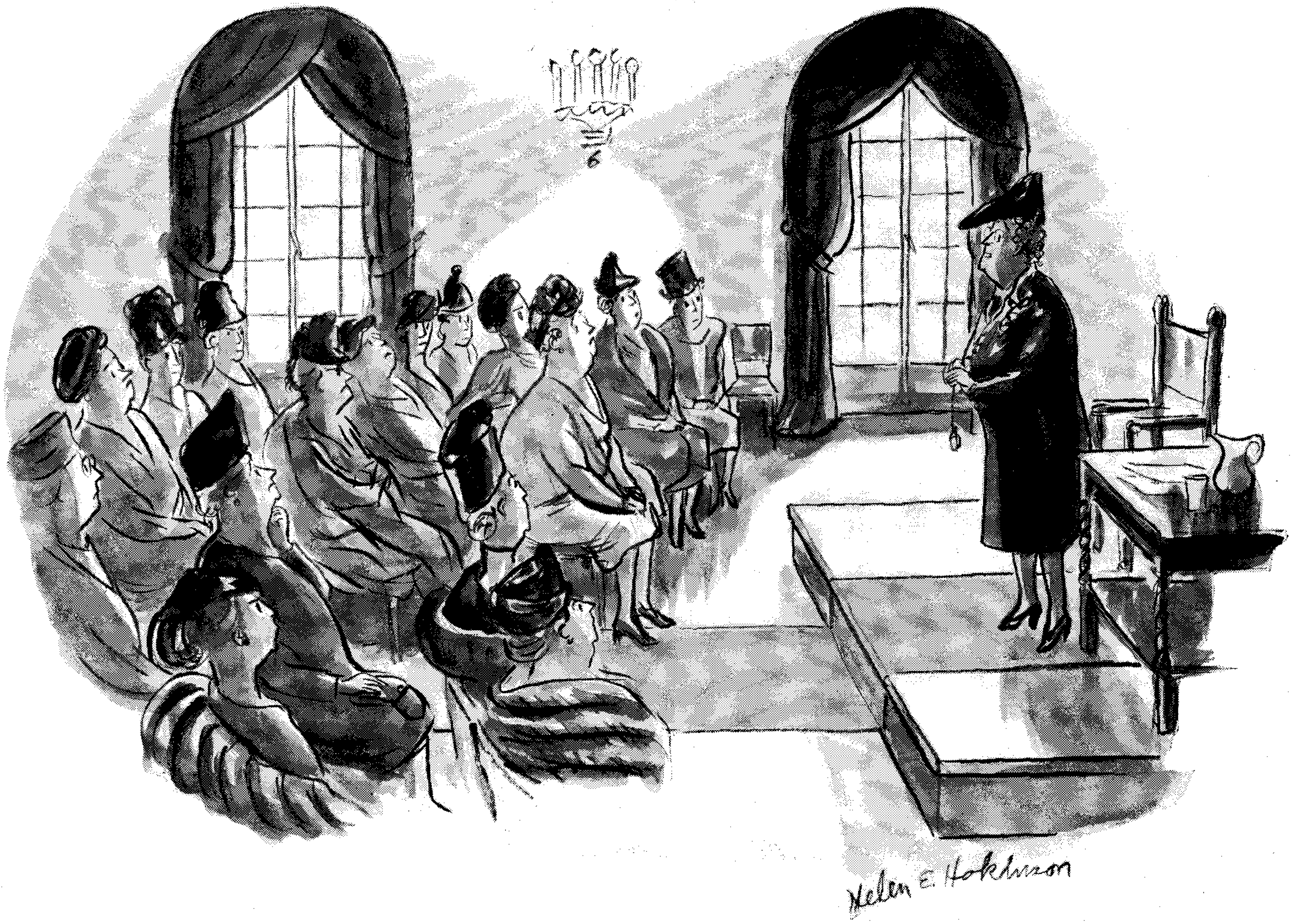
"You all well?"

"Sure!"

"Let's go for a walk."

"O.K."

She clambered down the tree and they left the orchard and started to walk down the road to the town, along the lumpy sidewalk made of tar and pebbles. The trees beside the road were bare and clean, and the sky was blue, and the cars drove by gaily. In this November day there was a feeling of activity and of happiness, the brisk, anticipatory feeling of winter coming. Sara and Catherine put their arms around each other's waist and strolled, smiling and talking about what



"I want to tell you that the Finance Committee has just performed a miracle."

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had been happening in school, and about boys.

It was exciting to talk about school. Talking about it, Sara smelled the smell of the classroom, of new, freshly sharpened lead pencils. The impetus of living took hold of her and she was eager and ready for it. She looked at Catherine's plaid wool skirt switching beside her own blue one, casting a thin, swaying shadow on the sidewalk. They strolled on into the town. All the plate-glass windows of the stores glittered in the sun and there was a busy air about the town, of things to be done, of putting on storm doors, of settling down to wait for winter. They passed Tracey's newsstand, where the boys stood in a group looking around. Catherine waved and Sara looked over her shoulder.

"Ha ya?" the Tracey boy said.

"Ha ya doing?" Sara said. She and Catherine laughed lightly, meaningfully, and walked on down the street to the drugstore. They went inside and sat at one of the black glass-topped tables with triangular seats. The store smelled of soda and drugs and candy. The soda clerk walked over to their table.

"What are you having?" he asked.

"Chocolate float," Catherine said.

"Chocolate float, too," Sara said.

It was somehow delightful in the drugstore, full of promise and undisclosed things. To sit, elbows on the damp black glass, and watch the solid glass door and the people who went in and out was somehow exciting. Sara looked at the other customers out of the corner of her eyes, wisely, with poise, and drank her drink through a straw without looking down at it.

"Gee, I'm glad you're over that old bronchitis," Catherine said.

"Gee, so am I."

"I thought you'd never be out. You must have been in the house a whole week."

"Pretty near."

"Don't you just *hate* being sick?"

"I certainly do. Just lying there in bed."

"My mother's going to buy me four new dresses for school. She said I could pick them out myself."

"That's keen. My mother says . . ."

Sara went on talking, eagerly, with satisfaction. She was glad to be well and out and doing things. She felt new vistas opening up before her: school, the girls at school, boys, and beyond that unimaginable things, growing up. For an instant her thought trembled alone, apart from what she was saying.

She thought it was nice to be well and going on with living. It was horrid to be sick and just lie and think. Then her mind switched away from that, the inaction of it, and back into the occupying present, and was happy.

—NANCY HALE

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(MOTHER LOVE DIVISION)

[*From the Hollywood Variety*]

Sid Grauman paid his mother, Rosa Grauman, high tribute at his Chinese theatre the other night by dedicating the forecourt pavement to her, along with the footprints of various screen celebs already imprinted therein. Grauman gesture was made when Gary Cooper, scheduled to be footprinted, was unable to show up.

I CAN READ IN BETWEEN THE LINES

THE taller of the two girls, the one with the frizzled blonde hair and the pendulous earrings, yanked a paper napkin from the container on the table, spread it before her, and removed the plates from her tray, arranging them in a geometric pattern.

The other girl was squat and tightly corseted, and she wore glasses. She had already transferred her food from the tray to the table and was watching her companion. "Honestly, Kitty," she said, "if you don't hurry up and tell me, I'm simply gonna bust."

"In a minute, Henny." Kitty took another paper napkin and wiped her knife with it. She repeated this maneuver with a fork and two teaspoons and then straightened up in her chair.

"Well?" said Henny, leaning forward.

Kitty pulled her chair closer to the table. "Well," she said, "it happened."

"At last!" The fat girl beamed at her friend.

"That's what I say." Kitty's voice was flat and lifeless. "At last!"

"Two years certainey is a long time aw right."

"Not yet two years," Kitty said quickly. "The second anniversary of our acquaintanceship, Walter's and mine, will fall on the seventh of next month. Then it will be exactly two years."

"Well, go on," Henny said. "What'd he say? Honestly, Kitty! You're such a stingy miser with the news."

"Well"—Kitty took a deep breath as she picked up her fork—"well, you see it was like—"

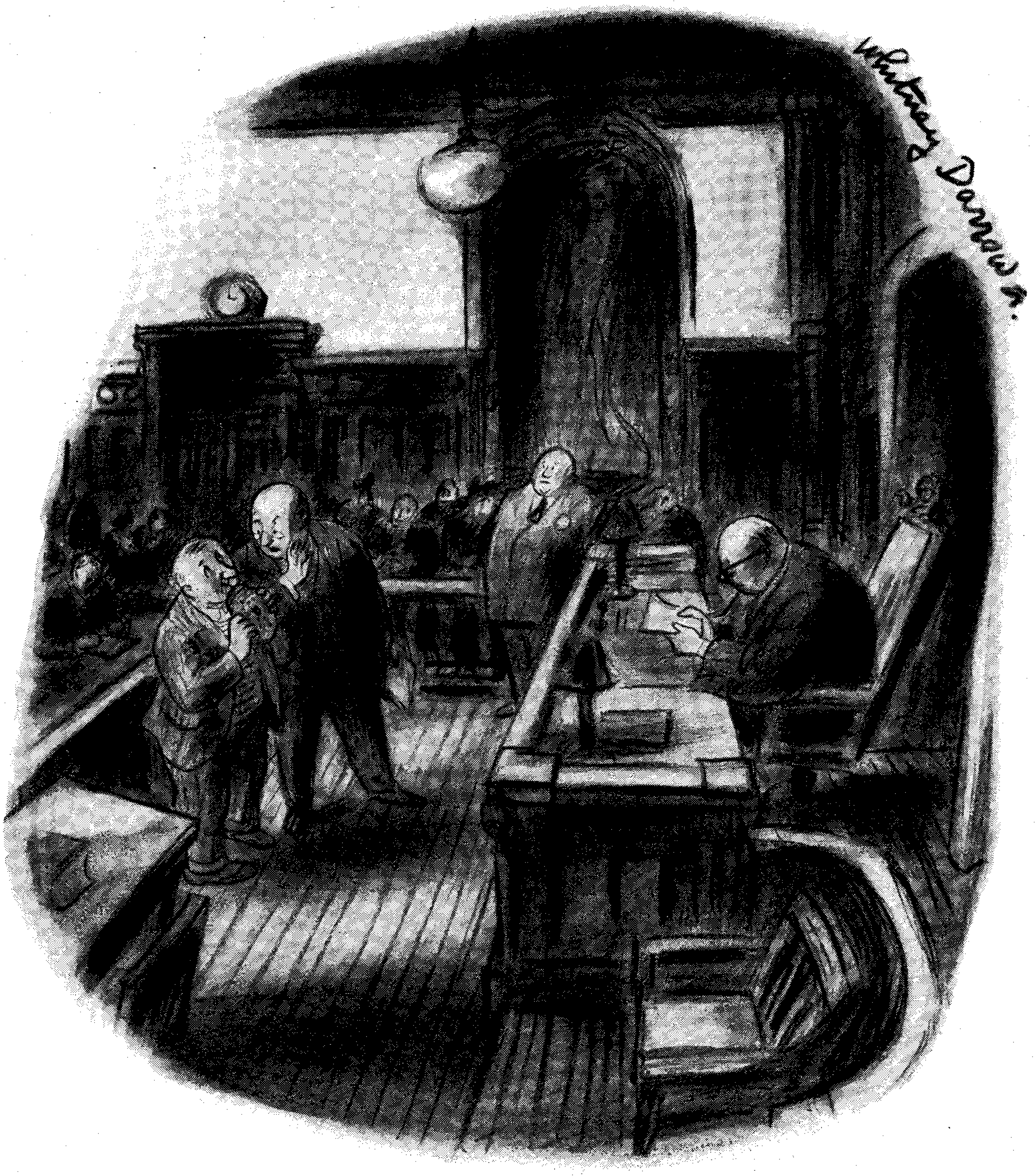
"Who brought up the subjeck anyhow? Did he ast you right out plain or did he beat around the bush? Where was it? Your house, I suppose. Gee whizz, Kitty, why don'tcha tell before I have a conniption fit?"

"Fa heaven's sakes, Henny, will you kindly holdja horses fa two seconds so's I can talk awready? Listen the way she goes on and on—like the well-known bubbling brook!" Suddenly Kitty's annoyance was gone and she spoke softly. "Well, he din come right out with it plain. Oh, no, not Walter! You know him, Walter—he never says anything plain. A person awways gotta read in between the lines to find out what he means, that Walter."

"Ain't it the truth!" Henny said. "So?"

"So last night he starts in talking. And I know awready it's about us—him and me. Not in so many words, but still in all I can tell. But a funny thing happens. For months and months, whenever he started on the subjeck about the future, nachelly I never said anything. I mean, he's a peculiar type boy, Walter. Let a person let on she's inarrested in the subjeck fomm a personal point, then alluva sudden he drops the matter. So I know awready fomm my own experience that when Walter gets started on the subjeck about the future, the best thing to do is to pretend there's nothing personal—"

"Like if he's talking about strangers," Henny suggested.


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"You needn't look so innocent, Butch. You've already pleaded guilty."

"Exackly! So the past few months, when he talked about the future he would awways say something like 'Someday, Kitty, providing financial circumstances permit, I'm gonna consider very seriously the matter fomm making a permanent domestic relationship.'"

"He means he's gonna get married," Henny said.

"Nachelly he means he's gonna get married! But Walter, he's too afraid if he says the word 'marriage,' right away he'll be committed. You know Walter!"

Henny nodded; she knew Walter.

"Well," Kitty went on, "fa a long time now my family—specially my mother—gee whizz, the remarks I've been getting lately fomm her! You know—I'm not growing any younger. Why do I throw away all my chances? Don't I know the reason why other boys don't take me out is on account they feel inasmuch as I'm keeping company with Walter, why should they waste their time? You know."

Henny, about to put a forkful of food in her mouth, paused to say, "I know how it is, Kitty."

"And I keep saying to my mother over and over again, 'Please, Ma, I know what I'm doing. Believe me, I know. Walter's not the type boy you can rush. If I say one measly little word about marriage to Walter, right away he's gonna get panicky and it'll be goodbye—I'll never see him again,' I says. 'Walter's the type fella who likes to come to his own conclusions. So please, Ma,' I says to her, 'kindly stop nagging me and let's refrain fomm the matter once and for all!' You know my mother—when she gets hepped on a subjeck she can keep on and on till a person feels she's gonna bust or something."

"I know," Henny said. "My mother's the same way—nag, nag, nag fomm morn till night!"

"But I could tell all the time Walter was considering should he get married, oney he din wanna come right out with it. But I knew."

"How?"

"How?" Kitty buttered a slice of bread and then went on. "Oh, there's lotsa ways a person can tell. Finstance, why should he constantly talk about somebody's permanent domestic relationship if he din have the subjeck on his own mind all the time? After all, nobody's forcing him he should talk about such things. And you take when we go to the movies, let's say a Robert Taylor pickcha. Right away he starts to say something about Robert Taylor's domestic life, how it's permanently arranged and how nice it must be inasmuch as his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, she's financially able to take care of herself."

"Why din you tell him you don't mind keeping your job after you're married?"

"I'm telling you, Henny, I can't take the matter like it was my personal business on account I know he'll get scared or something, and it'll be goodbye Walter. The best thing fa me to do is I should pretend like I can't read in between the lines. Like you take last month, Walter tells me his best friend, Charlie Pakter, is domestically involved with a girl. He said he met this certain party, this girl, and it's gonna make a very nice alliance, he says."

"I don't get that," Henny said. "Domestically involved? What's he talking about?"

"His friend got engaged," Kitty explained. "Well, right away when he said it's gonna make a very nice alliance, I knew what was in back of his mind. He was thinking maybe we should get engaged, oney he was scared to say it on account his financial circumstances. That's the way Walter is, you know, talking about this person's permanent relationship and that person's domestic alliance and all the time he's wondering, 'Gee whizz, maybe I should take a chance.' Listen." Kitty bit into the slice of bread and chewed as she talked. "I know a person doesn't constantly harp on one subjeck all the time if they haven't got something in back of their mind."

"They certainey don't!"

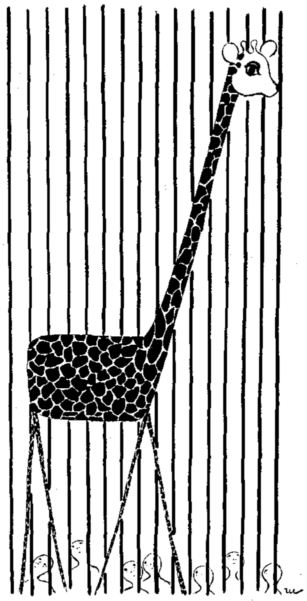
"After all, where there's smoke there must be fire."

"Gee, how you adore keeping me in the anxious seat!" Henny cried. "So tell awready about last night, fa heaven's sakes!"

"Last night!" There was a smile on Kitty's face as she played idly with her fork. "Well, last night he comes right out with it. I could hardly believe my ears when he said 'marriage,' but he said it twice."

Henny gasped. "He proposed? Walter ast you to *marry* him?" she said.

"No, of course not!" Kitty shook her head, and her earrings swung back and forth. "You know Walter—he wouldn't come out with anything plain. Oh, no, not him! But there we were, sitting in the parlor and he was talking about Europe—you know, the war. And Walter—once that fella gets started on that subjeck! So on and on he goes, very excited. 'We'll all prolly get mixed up in this war sooner or later,' he says. 'You take a couple years ago, a person could go ahead and plan their entire



LONDON SUBURB

In Telfer Road and Harlech Road
The trees toss, the roofs are unmoved.
Each rooftop owns two trees or more;
The roofs are red and the trees are sere.
All night the trees will toss and rave
And men sleep quiet under a roof.
When the pale morning grieves
They will come out to sweep up the leaves.

In Harlech Road and Telfer Road
The trees snap, the roofs are shattered.
From swaying rafters scud the bricks
In nineteen-forty's equinox.
A red tile from the bank clerk's roof
Is bedded with the teacher's wife.
When the all-clear is said
They will come out to pick up the dead.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

life. A person knew what was what a couple years ago,' he says. 'But you take today. Today, who can figger things out? Who knows what to do, hommuch to put aside in the bank fa the future?' And then, Henny, he comes right out with it, Walter. No 'permanent relationship' this time. He din even say 'alliance.' He comes straight out with it. 'With conditions in today's shape, with the whole world falling to pieces, nothing is worth the same like before. A person,' he says, 'can even go ahead and consider the question fomm marriage.' Henny, when I heard the word 'marriage' coming from Walter's very own lips, I—well, I could hardly believe my ears. But when he said it again, a second time, then I simply hadda believe my ears."

Henny half rose from her chair, reached across the table, took Kitty's hand, and squeezed it. "My heartiest congrajjilations, Kitty. May evveything you wish on yesself come true."

"Thank you, Henny." Kitty lowered her eyes and fingered the rim of her plate. "I know to an outside person, they must think I'm crazy to take fa granted just because Walter says the word 'marriage,' right away he committed himself. But you gotta know Walter. That's the first step with him. That's like he was taking a dip in some cold water. The first step is awways the hardest. After he gets used to it a little bit, Walter, the rest will come easy—the date, the ring, the hall, and what's what." She sighed. "Yeah, it certainey took him a long time aw right."

"Awmost two years, you said. Well, Kitty"—Henny pulled her chair forward and rested her arms on the table—"guess now you're pretty happy, ha?"

"I dunno," Kitty said. "Sometimes when I think about it I'm happy. Sometimes I'm not. I mean, sometimes I get blue."

"Blue?" Henny repeated, puzzled. "I don't follow, Kitty."

"Why couldn't it happen, say, a couple months ago?" asked Kitty, vehemently. "Then I'd know Walter wanted to get married without any ifs, ands, or buts. But now—"

"Whatsa matter with now?"

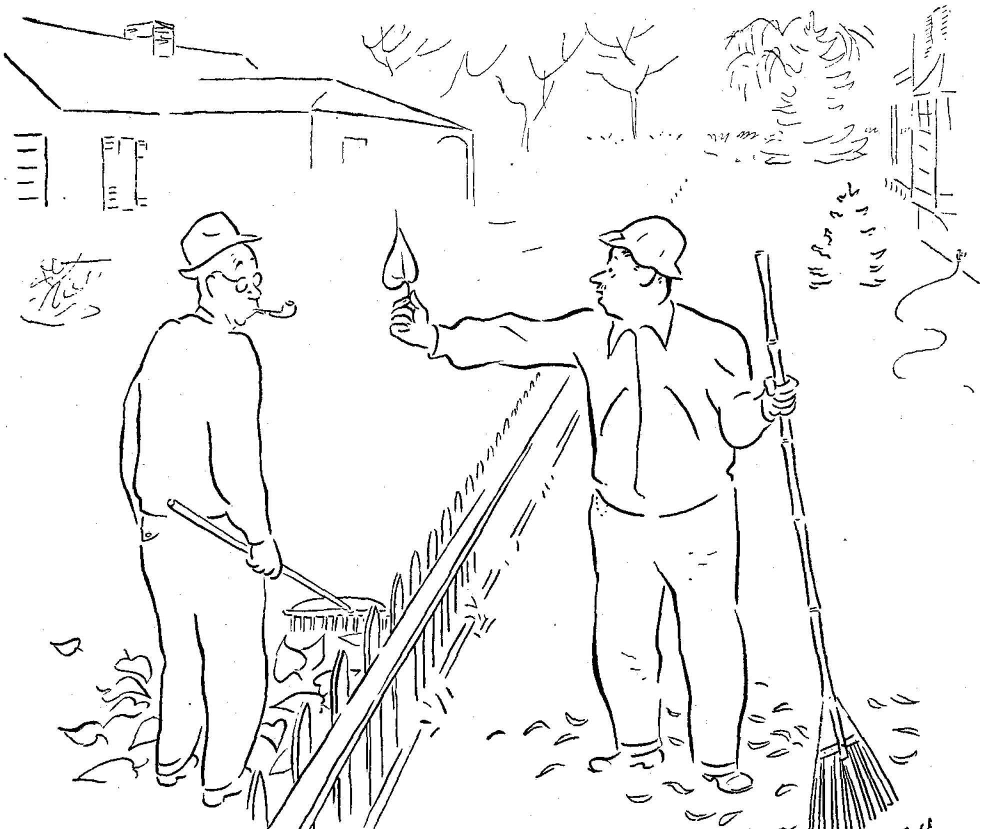
"I'm no dope, Henny. I can read in between the lines. I know what's in back of Walter's mind when a person takes a white registration card outa his pocket and starts in joking and says it looks any day now like he's gonna be in the Army. I know what he's got in his head when he makes fun and says, after all, what's a year in his young life, his accounts will still be waiting fa him when he comes out, and if not, so what?"

"Well, if he's laughing and joking, that oney goes to show he's not worried about the draft."

"A bluff, Henny! A pure and simple bluff! No." Kitty shook her head and the earrings tinkled. "No, you gotta know Walter. If you read in between the lines, you see he's worried stiff he should get drafted. Here evveything was going along fine, he was saving some money, he was planning his future. Now alluva sudden something comes along and he's worried now, he doesn't know what to do. His laughs and his jokes don't fool me, Henny. I know what he's got in back of his mind aw right. Should he get married with circumstances the way they are or should he wait? But if he waits, then he'll be drafted. So aw right, he figgers, he might just as well get married. Yeah, a couple months ago, if he committed himself, I woulda been so happy I'da been walking on clouds. But now, when I think how the govennment hadda come along and awmost force him to marry me, I dunno, it makes me kinda blue."

"Oh, what's the diff how it happened?" her friend said. "The thing is he's gonna marry you, and that's all that counts."

"Look, Henny, I'm not worried." Kitty glanced up, her knife and fork poised in the air. "After going with him steady—it'll be two years the seventh this coming month—it's a relief to know it's finey gonna be settled. All I'm saying is when I start reading in between the lines—you know, the white card and the draft—I get kinda blue. But the hell with it!" Kitty exclaimed cheerfully as she pitched into her food. "Even if the draft forced him to do it, I'm very happy. Once the date is set and I know what's what, believe me, I'll have no complaints!" —Arthur Kober



"Pardon me. Isn't this yours?"

•

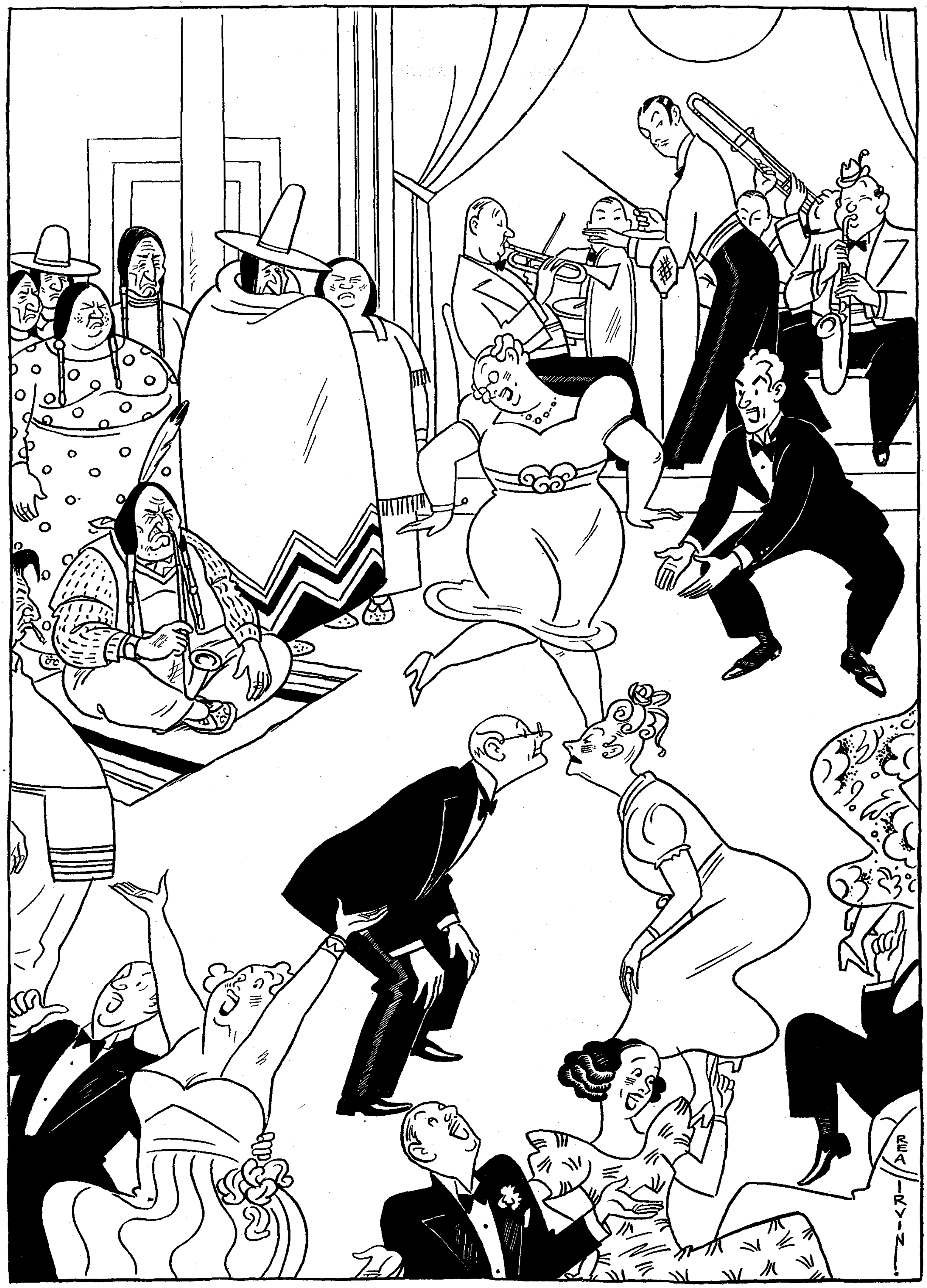
A man does enjoy taking a girl—that is, if she can share the fun with him, if she knows something about football. So if you'd be a favorite companion, learn what the cheering's all about.

Briefly, football is an encounter of two 11-men teams, each trying to carry the ball over the other team's goal line. Of course, there are rules governing how they do it, but they are simple to remember.

The team holding the ball is given four days to advance 10 yards in its march to its opponent's goal. And if it doesn't succeed, the other side gets the ball and tries.

—*Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail.*

Got that much straight, girls?



TURN~ABOUT TALES

Indian Tourists Witness Modern Dance

PROFILES

A POWERFUL CUE

William Frederick Hoppe is considered by many to be the greatest living argument in favor of the pool hall. At fifty-three, he has spent more than forty years in close touch with this institution so cursed in song and story and has come through unscathed. He smokes cigarettes in moderation, swings his arms in violent circles upon arising in the morning, often eats the breakfast food of champions, and drinks cautiously, averaging one cocktail a month. It is possibly because of these upright habits that Hoppe, who is known as Willie in places as remote as back-country China and upper Iceland, is just now rounding into the full maturity of his career as a professional billiard player. He was a boy wonder at nine, playing exhibition games all over the country; he was referred to as "the grand old man of the cue" at forty; and last April, at a tournament in Chicago, he acquired for the second time the world's three-cushion billiard championship by winning twenty straight games, an accomplishment so staggering that sportswriters everywhere were placed under a severe strain.

Hoppe denies that he is a pool player. His career has been dedicated almost exclusively to billiards. The words "pool" and "billiards" are often used interchangeably in conversation and literature, but to veteran pool-hall habitués, a colorful and peevish fraternity, the most hideous crime anyone can commit is to approach a billiard table and sing out, "I'd like to play a little pool." The players wince, the onlookers mutter and stir in their chairs, and the manager of the place, like as not, pretends he didn't hear. The game of billiards, which is believed to have originated at least twenty-five hundred years ago, is played, as many people know, with three ivory balls on a rectangular table which is covered with green felt and has rubber-cushioned rails. The idea in straight-rail billiards—the simplest form—is for the player to hit one of the balls with a cue and make this ball hit the other two balls. When this desirable incident occurs, it counts one point. Pool, a vulgar descendant of this game, is played with fifteen object balls and a cue ball on a table which has six pockets, into which the object balls are supposed to be driven. More successfully than any other person who ever lived—and this includes such skilled devotées of the game as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Jack Dempsey, Cleopatra, and Ignace Jan Paderewski—Willie Hoppe has mastered the art of making billiard balls roll according to a prearranged plan. He can make them roll in circles, hop up in the air, go forward and back up, and hit one another on any part of the table, and, what's more, he can do it right-handed or left-handed. Hoppe has no idea how he got like this. Some of his family feel that his mother's learning to play billiards a few weeks before he was born may have had something to do with it. Musing upon his life, he occasionally says, "I was born with a talent somewhat similar to that enjoyed by a violin player."

Hoppe's career has in several ways paralleled that of a musical prodigy. He had no real boyhood. His father, a hotelkeeper and practicing barber, was a sturdy disciplinarian and a good hand at billiards himself; he saw to it that the gifted youngster wasted no time at other pursuits. Willie, from the time he was seven, practiced from four to eight hours a day and was confined largely to the cultural precincts of the pool hall, where he could hear shoptalk and observe the masters perform. None but a single-minded genius could have embraced all this at seven without chafing and developing frustrations. Hoppe did neither. He has never really been happy save at the side of a billiard table. At no time in his early youth did he exhibit the slightest interest in shinny, blindman's bluff, sex, or baseball. He remained steadfastly wedded to his cue, and the results of this union were enormously discouraging to other ambitious young players who led better-rounded lives.

As nearly as Hoppe can remember, he began to show an interest in pool during his sixth year. The Commercial Hotel, which his father operated in the small town of Cornwall-on-Hudson, near West Point, had a one-table poolroom, chiefly for the convenience of travelling salesmen who had no lady acquaintances in the neighborhood. The Hoppe family, who lived in the hotel, consisted of Hoppe, his wife, three daughters, and two sons, Willie and Frank. The poolroom contained, in addition to the table, a barber's chair presided over by Mr. Hoppe. He spent most of his time at the chair or at the table, stepping out occasionally to register somebody in the lobby, which adjoined the poolroom. The table was convertible; it could be transformed from a billiard to a pool table by taking plugs out of the pockets. The salesmen were at liberty to choose whichever game they preferred. Willie and Frank, who was two years older, were attracted to this part of the hotel by the interesting language and noble bearing of the players circling the table. Then, during the slack daytime periods, they took to standing on soapboxes and poking at the balls. The father's reaction upon discovering them at this one day was at first righteous parental indignation. He calmed down as soon as he got a little better look. The tots were playing an adult kind of pool, driving the balls about with finesse and accuracy. Mr. Hoppe raised the boys' allowance and told them to play all the pool they liked.

Willie's recollection of his early school life is vague. He remembers that there were rows of seats with other children in them and that he had certain books, but he believes that practically all of his time at school was spent dreaming about pool. He put his books to excellent use, however, filling the margins of their pages with diagrams of shots to be tried out on the hotel table. Promptly at the closing bell each day, he and Frank got up and ran home, past the field where their chums played baseball, and got out the soapboxes. They developed rapidly, expanding their repertory of shots and becoming uncommonly adept at shifting the boxes around the table. "Frank usually beat me at pockets," Willie says, "but when we first started playing billiards, he couldn't hit a cow in the tail with a handful of sand."

After a while, Mr. Hoppe began to teach the boys all he knew about the game, giving them the benefit of his rich billiards experience. The elder Hoppe had been, in his youth, a sort of itinerant bartender, barber, and pool shark. He beat about the country from town to town, staying only long enough to mix a few drinks, cut a little hair, and vanquish the local pool experts, relieving them of their spare change. Willie today pays his father the highest compliment of which he is capable when he says, as he often does, "Papa shot a mighty good cue."

WHEN Willie was seven and Frank nine, there were a great many people who thought they were ready for a big-time billiards career. Foremost among the supporters of this sentiment were the salesmen who stopped at the Commercial Hotel. It is unlikely that there was one salesman who stopped at the Commercial and played pool at that time who did not suffer at the hands of Frank and Willie Hoppe. A newcomer to the hotel would stroll up to the proprietor and say, "I wonder if I could get up a little game of pool around here?" Mr. Hoppe, assuming a charitable expression, would reply, "Why, I suppose I could persuade these children to entertain you at a game." The salesman would usually cluck condescendingly and say, "That's decent of you, but I'm in the habit of playing loser pays." Mr. Hoppe's answer to a statement like this was always the same. "Don't give it another thought," he would say. "It's the custom of the house." Frank and Willie would then produce the soapboxes and go into action against the guest. The balls would run into the pockets like rats into a hole. Frequently a salesman would lay down his cue and quit the game for a long period.

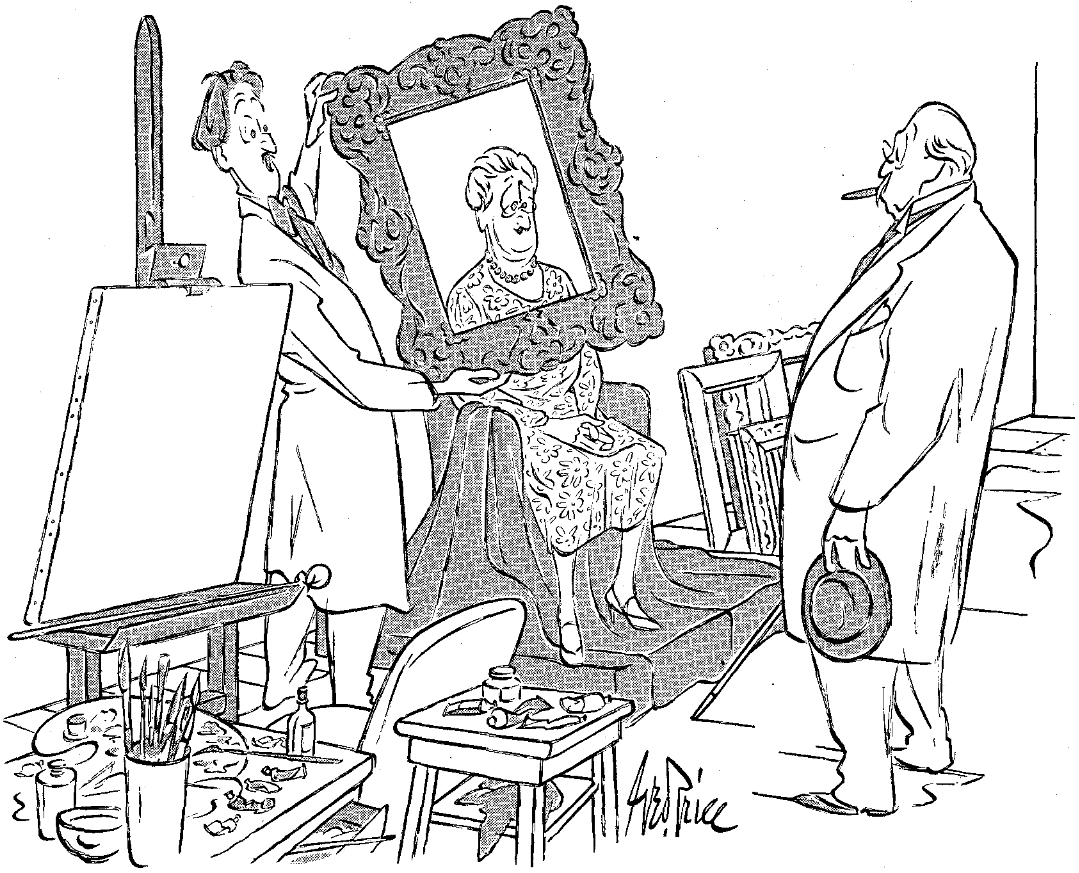
It was the Commercial Hotel guests who finally persuaded the Hoppe father to give up his sedentary life and return to the road. Although these travelling salesmen were actually responsible for giving Willie Hoppe to the billiard world, it does not seem likely now that their motive was altogether unselfish. Willie is inclined to believe their main concern was to get him and his brother out of the hotel so they could win some pool games.

Shortly after Willie's ninth birthday, his father bought each of the boys a new suit and headed for New York City. Here they visited Professor Maurice Daly's celebrated billiard academy, at the corner of Thirty-first Street and Broadway, which was headquarters for some of the biggest names in pool. Daly, who had an international reputation as a critic of the game, consented to let the boys play a trial exhibition match. Frank and Willie, having left their boxes behind, were permitted to climb up on the table to reach difficult shots. Aged Broadway characters remember the scene as quite impressive: the boys crawling over the table in their new suits, Professor Daly hiding his astonishment behind a large cigar, and the Daly patrons in close formation around the walls. The lads played straight pool, and both of them, stimulated by the crowd, did unusually well. After the match, Professor Daly made a short but historic speech to the audience. "The boy Willie," he said, "shoots a powerful cue, but by virtue of his as yet foreshortened stature he has developed a sidearm shot which is more adapted to billiards than to pool."

Noticing the exhilarating effect the exhibition had had on his patrons, many of whom said that they had never seen anything to beat it, the Professor invited the Hoppes to stick around a while. Willie and Frank played exhibition matches at Daly's for two weeks, receiving instruction in billiards from the Professor, and at the end of that time the elder Mr. Hoppe's mind was made up. Summoning his wife from Cornwall-on-Hudson and arranging for his daughters to live with relatives, he let Willie and Frank retire from school, in which they had reached, respectively, the fourth and sixth grade, and hit the road.

IT is improbable that the strongest of Harold Bell Wright's heroes could have remained virtuous under the conditions Willie Hoppe successfully withstood during the next few years. Travelling with his father, mother, and brother, he played pool or billiards in towns of every size. Pool-hall proprietors, finding that Frank and Willie stimulated business, were usually willing to pay from a dollar to twenty-five dollars for an exhibition of their skill, and private clubs frequently hired them to put on matches.

Although pool halls were at this time undergoing a slight moral regeneration, they still were not considered an effeminate environment. They ranked somewhere between the saloon and the brothel, and were usually first on the list of stops when police were looking for a suspect. There was a uniformity of scene



"This will give you a rough idea of how it will look."

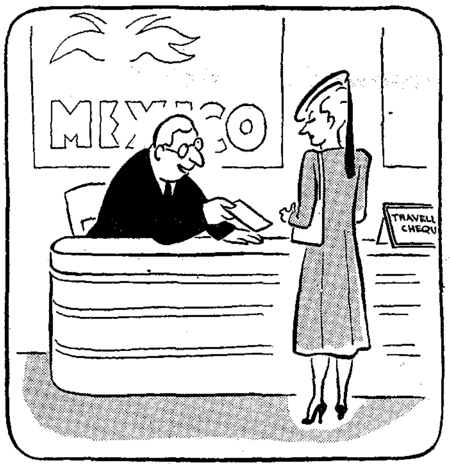
in them that was not approached by any other important American institution: the row of green-topped tables under the large lights, the smoky atmosphere, the card games in the rear, the high-seated chairs along the walls, and the characters who sat in them. Some of the chair-sitters, it has been claimed, occupied the same positions without saying a word for as long as twenty hours at a stretch. A few of the more restless would lean forward at intervals of from half an hour to forty-five minutes and try for a spittoon. Nor were the players themselves loquacious. What little talking they did was in a masculine idiom totally indigenous to pool. Willie's memory of old-time poolrooms has to do largely with the tables. "They were so rickety," he says, "that it was all a man could do to get his eye."

The pool-hall customers often demanded that Frank and Willie compete against the local champion. Thanks to the elder Hoppe's knowledge of pool customs, the boys seldom lost any of these matches. Mr. Hoppe would arrange three-handed games for the most part, involving Willie and Frank and the local expert. "We would then play a little safety on the champ," Willie explained not long ago. "If I shot before Frank, I'd make all I could and leave him out in the open. Then, when Frank shot, he'd hole up so the champ couldn't have scored with a pencil." Mr. Hoppe would usually circulate among the crowd and make bets on his sons. Some weeks the family showed a profit of as much as a hundred dollars; other weeks Mrs. Hoppe had to pawn her diamond ring to pay the hotel bill. Mrs. Hoppe's main job, in those years of barnstorming, was to teach the boys facts from schoolbooks she had brought along. She had some luck with Frank, but she generally found Willie abstracted. A question about the boundaries of Switzerland would evoke an answer that had something to do with the eight ball in the side pocket.

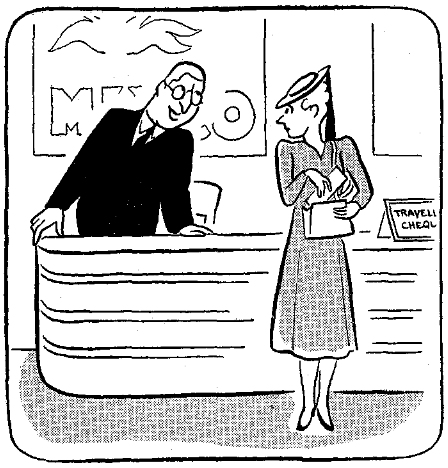
Frank, who was almost as good a player as Willie, got fed up with travel when he was about fourteen, and he and his mother returned to Cornwall-on-Hudson. He died several years ago, after having taught billiards in Chicago for some time. Willie stayed on the road with his father. He had become particularly adept at the game of balk-line billiards, so called because of a line drawn around the table a few inches from the cushion, dividing it into zones. The balk line was devised about fifty years ago in order to complicate the game for players who found straight billiards too easy. In what is called 18.2 balk line, for example, the number eighteen means that the line is eighteen inches from the rail, and the two means that within the zone bounded by the rail and the line the player is allowed to make only two points consecutively. When Willie was twelve, his father arranged a match with Al Taylor, who was about thirty years old and one of the best balk-line players in the country. The match was held in Chicago, at the luxurious American Billiard Academy, and it was agreed that Willie should be allowed to climb onto the table. Taylor started out in a good-natured way, often patting the child on the head as the two of them warmed up. Willie, excited by the fact that the table wasn't falling apart, played an inspired game from start to finish. He won the match, to the amazement of the gallery, by a score of 300 to 207. Taylor gave up billiards and went to Cripple Creek, Colorado, where he took up mining and remained for five years.

Willie's reputation was made by his victory over Taylor. The following year he participated in a big match at Daly's with several nationally known players. He was given a small handicap and, as usual, permitted to climb up on the table. He won every game. "The fellows did a little beefing," he recalls. "They would holler, 'Goddlemighty, no wonder he can win, crawling all over the table like a blessed monkey!' " A number of them left the academy in a huff, considering themselves disgraced by defeat at the hands of a pre-adolescent. Hoppe has always been amused by the behavior of his colleagues in the billiard business. He looks upon them as the most eccentric, artistic, and temperamental people on earth. "They are trying to rattle old Hoppe all the time," he says, "but it just makes me concentrate on my game."

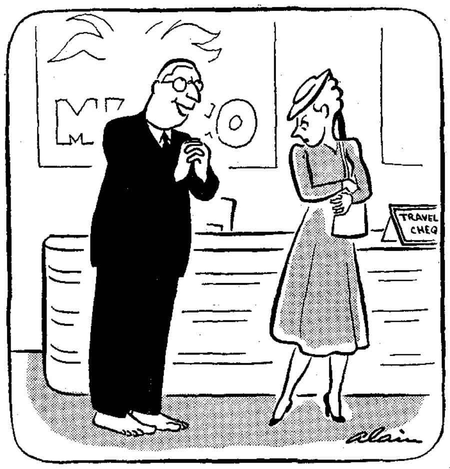
He has seldom been deprived of this aid to concentration. Most of the first-string billiard players do not consider it unsportsmanlike to heckle one another in small ways during important tournaments. One player always hums "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" before his opponent shoots. Another, if he sees the battle going the wrong way, fishes out a large bottle of boric acid and bathes his eyes with great deliberation, slowing up the game and making everybody nervous. It was the habit of a tournament player named Robert L. Cannefax to cheer up his opponent by shouting to the gallery, "I'll murder him! I'll tie him in knots!" Cannefax had a wooden leg, and whenever the humidity was high, he would disturb his opponents by complaining that the floor was slippery. Once he was unable to get a satisfactory spin out of the balls and told the referee the cloth on the table ought to be changed. The referee said it would take too long, and refused, whereupon Cannefax pulled out a jackknife and sliced the cloth into small squares. His bursts of temperament were considered extreme by billiard players. He often growled at the balls, or snapped at them with his teeth if they didn't roll to suit him.



"Here is your ticket to Mexico, Madam. I know you will enjoy it immensely.



If your trip affects you as mine did . . .



you will never forget it."

• •

IN 1906, an event took place which shook the billiard world. The scene was the ballroom of the Grand Hôtel in Paris; the principal characters were the fifty-nine-year-old Maurice Vignaux, world's champion at 18.1 balkline billiards, and Willie Hoppe, aged eighteen. Hoppe had spent two winters at the Olympia Billiard Academy in Paris, where he had landed through the influence of Jake Schaefer, Sr., ranking American player, who had been working there for several seasons. Hoppe and Schaefer, engaged at comfortable salaries (Hoppe's finally reached $600 a month and expenses), played exhibition matches with each other and matches against outstanding Frenchmen. By the end of the second winter many people were convinced that Hoppe, and not Schaefer, was now the best American player and started campaigning for a match between him and Vignaux. The match was arranged. A large crowd jammed into the handsome ballroom of the Grand Hôtel for the meeting. Vignaux had a wide and loyal following, to whom he was known as The Lion, in recognition not only of his skill but of his oversized head and free-swinging hair. He had a gift for dramatic flourish, and his majestic bearing during his match with Hoppe acted like strong wine on the French. Hoppe, on the other hand, bent over the green cloth in the manner of a draftsman—precise, careful, unruffled, taking advantage of every error made by Vignaux. The audience was infuriated by Hoppe's poise and booed him every time he made a good shot. "Being little better than a boy," says Hoppe, when he recalls the incident, "I just laughed at them, which seemed to make the situation worse." Vignaux put on a rousing show. He roared and capered and shook his mane, but he failed to amass enough billiards, and Hoppe won, 500 to 323. The Frenchmen were stunned, and so, when they heard about it, were most of the professional players in America. Probably the only person not impressed was Hoppe himself. "I had been of the opinion that I could take him for quite some time," he has said. "A few departments of The Lion's game were not so hot."

IN the thirty-four years since Hoppe beat Vignaux there has never been a time when he did not hold at least one championship. He bogged down temporarily during the middle nineteen-twenties, losing matches to several mediocre players. "I had developed a kind of a neurosis in my arm," he says. The trouble was that Hoppe couldn't bring himself to stop taking aim and to shoot. He solved this problem by counting aloud "One, two, three" and shooting on three. "It made some of the other boys right nervous," he acknowledges today. Hoppe has played all over this country and Europe, and once, about fifteen years ago, he started for Japan, but the sea was rough and he got off the ship at Honolulu. There he arranged for a match of three-cushion billiards with a visiting Japanese. The three-cushion game, which was becoming popular in the United States, requires that the cue ball must hit the table's cushion at least three times in the course of hitting the two object balls. News of this had not leaked out in Honolulu. A large crowd of Japanese showed up for the match, but when they heard what was coming, they got up and left. "Impossible," they said. "Three-cushion billiards on a four-cushion table!"

Experts agree that Hoppe's itinerant youth has made him uniquely adaptable to "conditions." "Conditions," to billiard players, are the differences in tables, balls, and weather. "You take a healthy whack at a ball in a cold room," says Hoppe, "and it's liable to jump up in the air like a rock." Playing on all sorts of tables was a valuable experience, but it scarcely prepared him for a match he once played with a man named Harry Cline on the Astor Roof. "They had some trees up there," Hoppe relates, "and about the time we started to shoot, a swarm of big black bugs came swooping down and roosted in the branches. It would have been fine if they'd stayed up there, but they commenced dropping down on the table. Got so finally I didn't know whether I was making a billiard off of the balls or the bugs."

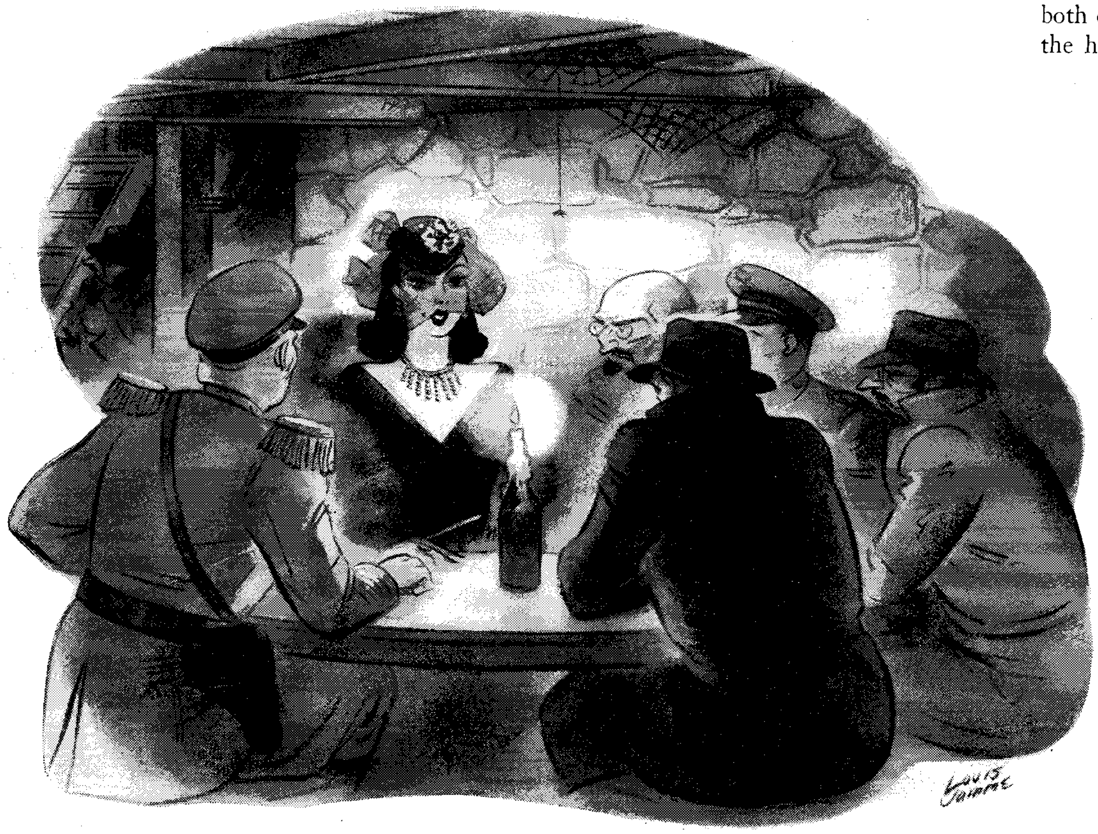
It was inevitable that in Hoppe's travels he should meet a number of celebrated billiard fans. Among them was Mark Twain, who played a respectable game himself. One night, after seeing

Hoppe play at the old Madison Square Garden, Twain obligingly got up in his seat and told the audience a story of his own billiard experiences. He said that once he got into a game with a pool-hall proprietor who insisted on shooting with his left hand. Twain, in order not to take unfair advantage of the man, also switched to the left hand. They played along, he said, and Twain had a tolerably good time, even though the proprietor won all of his money. Just before he left town, he found out the proprietor was left-handed. Twain said he would have gone back and given the man a rattling good licking if he had had the time.

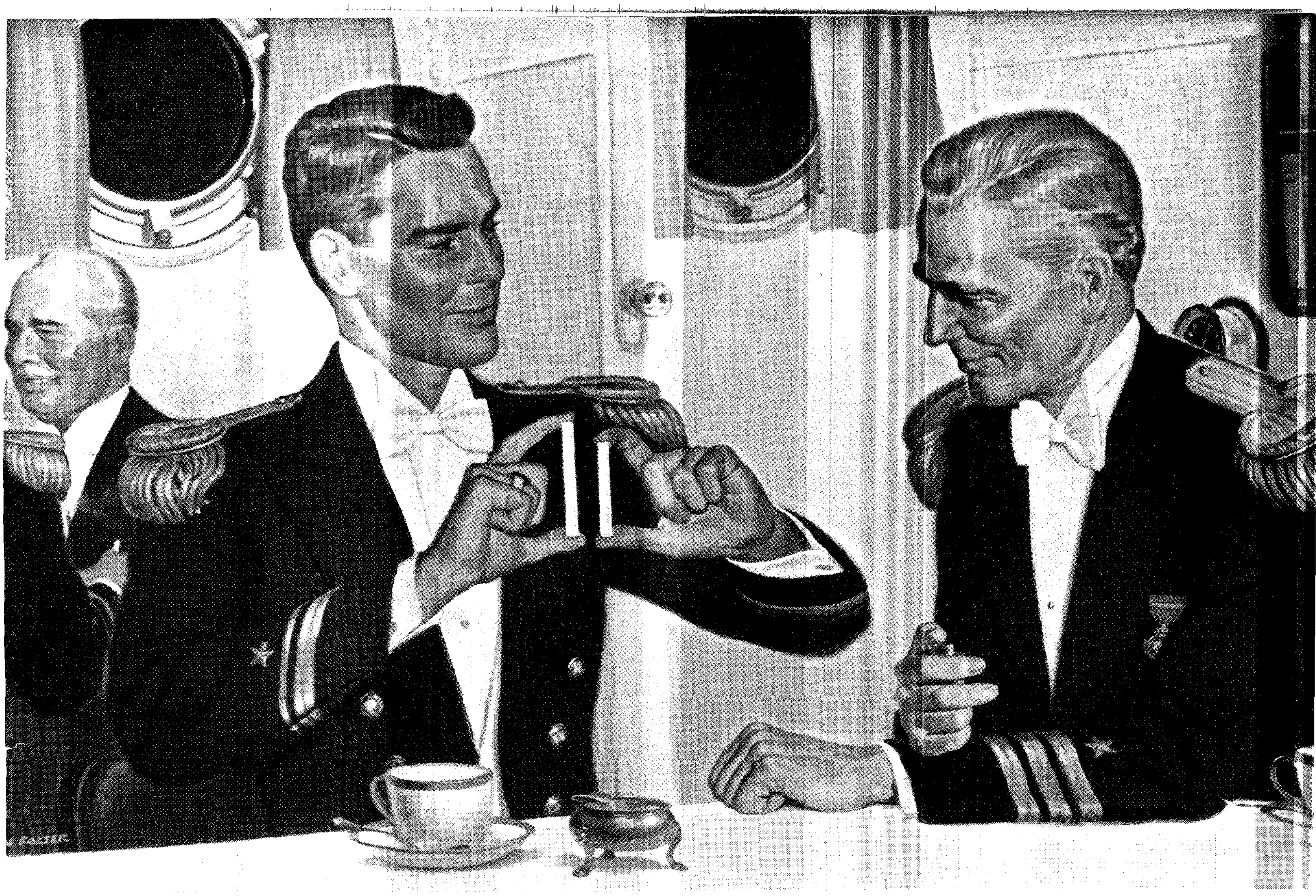
President Taft, another billiard fan, invited Hoppe in 1911 to play at the White House. The President, who had rented a billiard table, assembled the entire Cabinet for the event, the members standing solemnly alongside the table. Hoppe played against Nicholas Longworth, then a representative. "I could see right off," Hoppe says, "that he shot a weak cue, so I laid up a few cripples for him." Hoppe was also going to put on an exhibition for King Alfonso of Spain once when he was playing in Europe, but Alfonso failed to show up. "I imagine," Hoppe says, "that he figured I was going to toss him a bomb or maybe clap him over the head with the butt end of my cue stick."

One of Hoppe's friends and most enthusiastic admirers is William Lyon Phelps. They met through Edgar A. Guest. In Phelps' summer home in Michigan there is a billiard table on which Hoppe often plays. "The cushions haven't been changed in forty years," he says. "I tried a simple eight-cushion bank and the ball lay right down and died." Hoppe is more impressed by Phelps' private golf course, on which he also plays occasionally. "We shot a game in the rain one day," he recalled recently, "and Mr. Phelps drove us from hole to hole in his sedan. Personally, I would have preferred to walk, as there were some four thousand flies in the car." Hoppe says Phelps shoots a pretty good cue, considering the time he has wasted teaching English. Phelps sends Hoppe telegrams during important matches, to spur him on. In 1937, after Hoppe had set a world's record run in a balk-line game, he received a wire which read, "THOUSAND CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR RECORD RUN LAST NIGHT. IT MADE ME HAPPY. BILLY PHELPS." The message Phelps sent after Hoppe won the three-cushion championship last April ended "GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR BILL." Jim Farley usually sends Hoppe congratulatory telegrams, too.

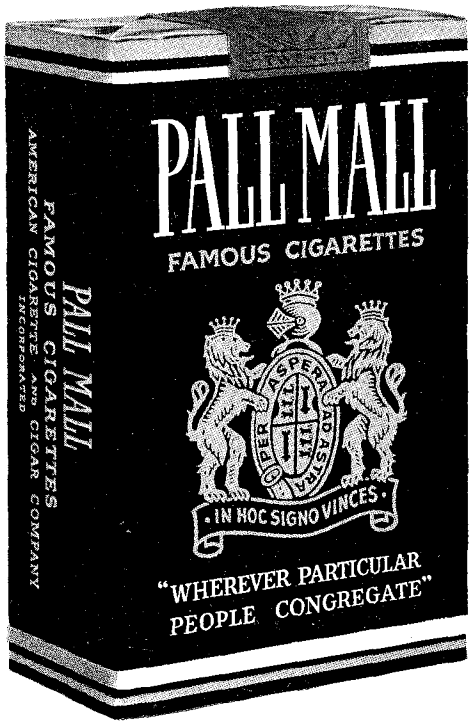
Hoppe has had two managers in addition to his father, who gave up managing Willie in 1908 to teach billiards in Chicago. The first was Eddie Kane, who also handled a stable of prizefighters which included champions Tommy Gibbons and Sammy Mandell. Kane managed Hoppe from 1908 to 1912. He was succeeded by a Mr. Benjamin, who, as far as Hoppe or anyone else knows, had no first name. Mr. Benjamin was considered one of the surest-footed managers in New York, on account of his newspaper connections. He had travelled extensively in patent medicine and had placed a lot of advertising in newspapers around the country. Mr. Benjamin had Hoppe's hands insured for $100,000 and took him from one newspaper office to another, being of the opinion that there is no better way to promote goodfellowship than personal contact. Veteran sportswriters remember Hoppe as shy and inclined to let Mr. Benjamin do all the talking. Hoppe explains this by saying, "I was mostly thinking about certain shots I had to work out." Mr. Benjamin, during his tenure as manager, which lasted until about 1923, when Hoppe started to manage himself, talked enough for both of them. Hoppe's income reached the highest point in his career. Around 1920 he was making $25,000 a year, of which Mr. Benjamin got one third. Like two or three other ranking professionals, Hoppe was paid $7,500 a year by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, which had almost a monopoly of the manufacture of billiard tables. The players earned their salaries by demonstrating Brunswick tables and whooping up general interest in billiards. The remainder of Hoppe's $25,000 came chiefly from tournaments, exhibitions, endorsements, and bets which he won on himself. A major tournament was worth about $2,500 to the winner; exhibitions paid the best players about $100 each. Billiards is not paying as well these days as formerly. Public interest, unaccountably, is in a slump. Hoppe thinks he will make about $10,000 this year. He estimates his total earnings at a half-million dollars, but some of his friends believe he



"Well, to begin with, Major Fleecey's wife is interested in a young lieutenant and her hair really isn't blonde at all . . ."



Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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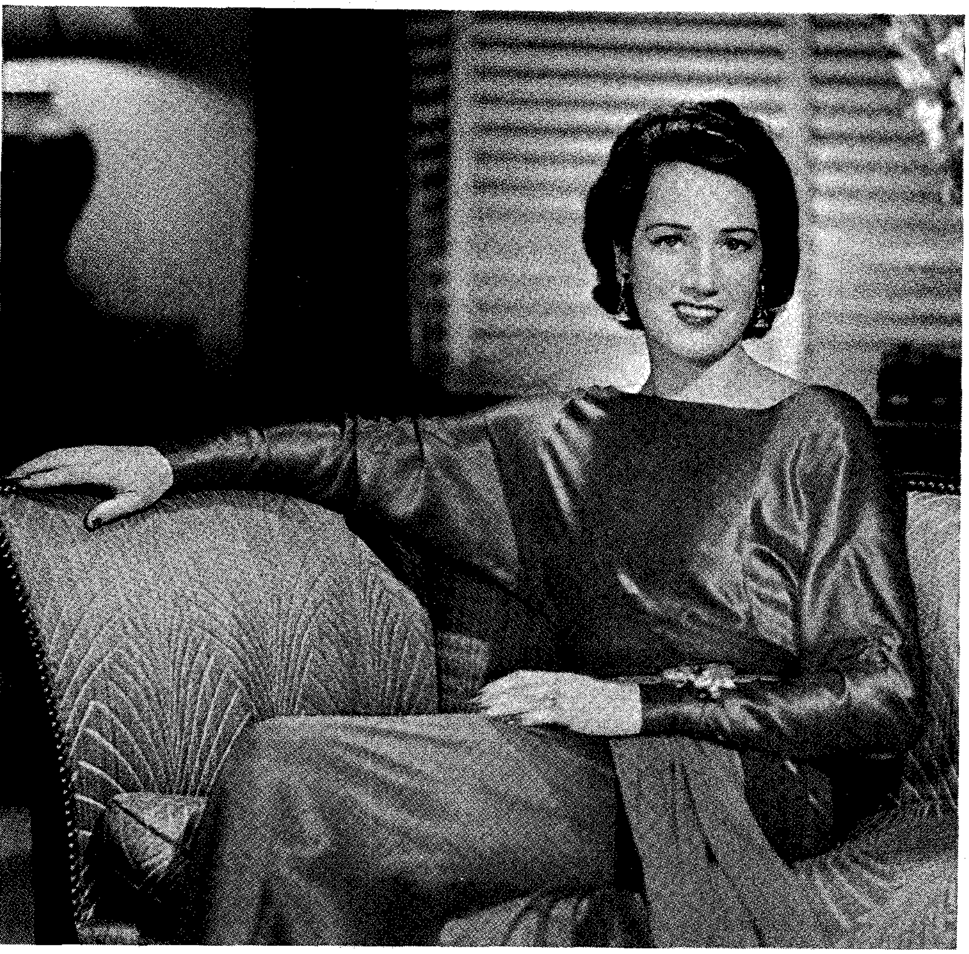

"I really selected our new Studebaker as a surprise for my husband," says Mrs. Tibbett, "because he gets so much relaxation out of motoring and driving himself. But I have found it such a comfortable and easy-driving car, it's hard to believe it wasn't built to order. The designer Raymond Loewy does have a genius for individualizing everything he styles."

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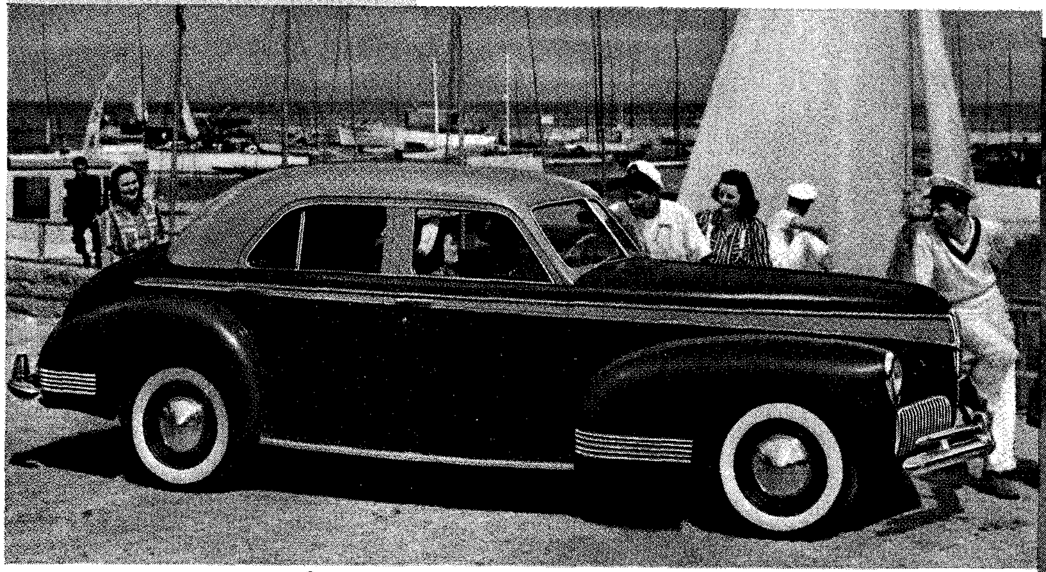

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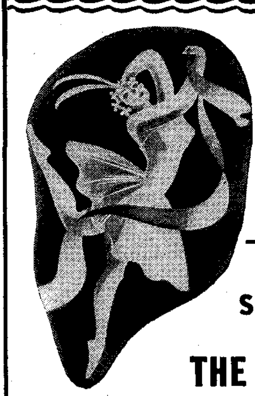
Additional Theatre Advertising on page 32

has earned more. Whatever it is, he has saved little of it.

Hoppe has picked up a good deal of money betting on himself. His bets range from a few dollars on minor matches to $500 on important ones. In billiard circles this practice is not considered any more vicious than church lotteries. He has also endorsed several brands of cigarettes, feeling that this is ethical, since he always smokes each brand for several months after getting his check. Hoppe's habit of smoking is only indirectly traceable to the pool hall. While travelling about the country in the automobile of Ralph Greenleaf, a celebrated professional pool player, he fell into the habit of lighting Greenleaf's cigarettes for him while Greenleaf was at the wheel. Noticing that Greenleaf never seemed to suffer any ill effects from the tobacco, Hoppe decided to light a few for himself. In fairness, Hoppe believes that the same thing might have happened had he been travelling with a billiard player.

HOPPE'S interests have broadened since his travels with his father, though billiards still forms the hub of his life. In the days of Eddie Kane and Mr. Benjamin, he got on intimate terms with a group of sportswriters who frequented a speakeasy called Mike and Bill's, on West Forty-sixth Street. He found this place relaxing after a hard day at the billiard table and became a familiar sight there. He usually wore a rakish camel's-hair overcoat and ordered beer. Hoppe's social life began to expand, and in 1910 he married Miss Alice Walsh of New York, whose father manufactured clothing. They were divorced in 1924, and Hoppe soon afterward married Miss Dorothy Dowsey, who had been a dancer in Broadway shows. They were divorced two years later. Hoppe has two children, a son and a daughter, by his first wife. The daughter, now married, lives in California and the son is a cattle rancher in Arizona. "I tried my best to make a billiard player out of the boy," Hoppe says sadly, "but his head was always full of other things." Hoppe's own parents died some years ago.

At fifty-three, Hoppe is in excellent condition. His face is tanned and his hair, which is gray, is brushed back in a military pompadour. He is considered the best-dressed man in billiards. In summer he wears blue or tan flannel jackets with flannel trousers of pastel shades, bow ties, and sports shoes. His winter wardrobe includes fifteen business suits. Like all professional players, he wears a din-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Carolyn G. Good, *Pres.*
Ernest McDonald, *Mgr.*

ner jacket when playing big matches. He spends his free nights at bridge or at prizefights, wrestling matches, and hockey games. Most of his friends still are sportswriters. He plays golf regularly, and shoots in the eighties, but he is inclined to loaf through the game, since he is afraid that a firm grip on his clubs will affect the flexibility of his wrists.

To his colleagues, Hoppe is a baffling man. It is difficult for them to understand and to compete against his dogged perfectionism. His technique puzzles them, too. To calculate the angles of their shots, nearly all professionals use the diamond system, which derives its name from diamond-shaped markers inlaid at uniform intervals around the margin of the table top. By counting the markers, a player can figure out just where his cue ball must strike the cushions in order to make a billiard. Hoppe doesn't use this system. "I don't have to do any figuring," he says. "I just see everything in my head." This method has always worked very well, he thinks. When he was thirteen, he ran two thousand straight billiards; most adult amateurs would be happy with twenty-five. Among the records he holds is the world's record run of twenty-five consecutive three-cushion billiards. Hoppe has broken other records for runs so many times that he has lost track. "I'm rough on records," he once remarked.

A month or so ago, Hoppe, in a reminiscent mood, estimated that he had played or practiced billiards around four hours a day for the last forty years, or the equivalent of six and a half years of continuous play. He also figured out that he had competed in about a hundred major tournament and challenge matches and had won about eighty-five. Finally, he calculated that he had walked over thirty thousand miles around billiard tables and had played something like a hundred thousand games. During this whole bizarre odyssey he has used only one cue, one his father gave him when he was a youngster playing in the poolroom of the Commercial Hotel.

WHEN Hoppe is in town, he lives with one of his sisters, Mrs. Vera Faith, in a modest four-room apartment at 425 West Fifty-seventh Street. He goes to bed at one o'clock, rises at nine, hurries to the window and does setting-up exercises for fifteen minutes, then eats a breakfast consisting of fruit juice, toast, cereal, and coffee. In the course of the day he eats five or six small meals. There is a substantial

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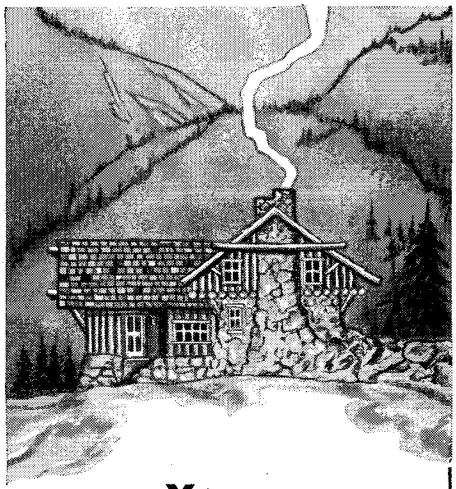

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**Big Indian
Mountain Club**
BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

library in the apartment, but he never reads any of the books. He doesn't read anything, in fact, and doesn't go to the movies or to plays; he says that he prefers to save his eyes for billiards. Mrs. Faith keeps a huge scrapbook of newspaper and magazine clippings for him, but he seldom looks at it. He stores most of his trophies in a warehouse. On the wall of his bedroom, however, he has hung about thirty photographs relating to one phase or another of his career. There are several of Mark Twain, of William Lyon Phelps, and of himself.

In summer, Hoppe spends his afternoons at the Metropolitan Billiard Club, at 225 West Fifty-seventh Street, in which he has a financial interest. The membership of the Metropolitan is composed largely of elderly retired businessmen. Hoppe gives them lessons at ten dollars an hour. They have a tender admiration for him and for billiards, which they consider a gentleman's game. The club gave Hoppe an expensive wristwatch after the three-cushion tournament in April. The trophy he received for winning the championship, a tall, bronze figure of a billiard player, stands in the centre of the clubroom. Hoppe's winters are occupied with exhibition and match play in various cities. He thinks that this winter will be one of his busiest in a long time, because he and a group of other professionals have organized a campaign to build up good will toward billiards. They plan to tour the country, making speeches and demonstrating their skill before college students. Making speeches doesn't bother Hoppe as long as the subject is his specialty. He usually tells about Cleopatra's having shot a remarkably good cue and how the early Irish kings played billiards with brass balls. "Our real task," Hoppe recently said, discussing the plan, "is to educate the nation's youth, for on their shoulders rests the future of billiards."

—Robert Lewis Taylor

•

Purplish-red foaming bath liquid that might have been distilled from rubies and amethysts. Turns your bath into a fragrant lavender foam so you'll feel like a Roman courtesan bathing in wine.—*From a Bonwit Teller adv. in the Times.*

While Bonwit Teller burns?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Door of Life," by Enid Bagnold*]

He heard her movements and arched his back, standing on his head and his heels and looking over the top of his forehead.

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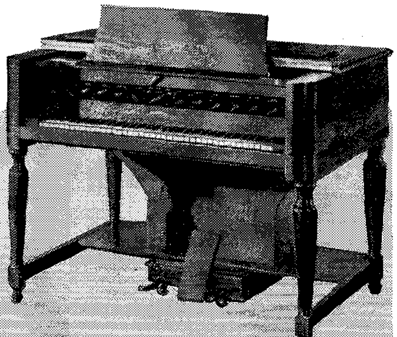
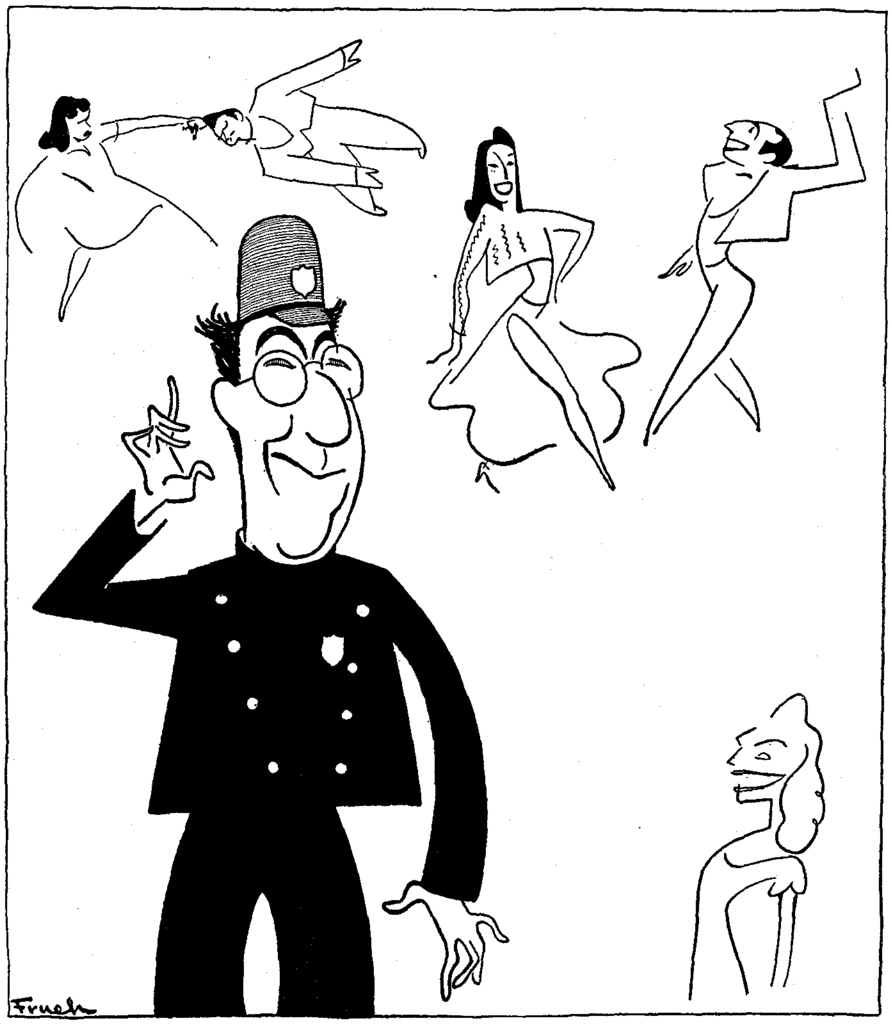


THE THEATRE

HERE TODAY

NEVER having ventured west of the State of Wisconsin or known any more about photography than a man needs to know to operate a 2-A Brownie camera, I am not very well equipped to say much about the accuracy of the two plays on the Hollywood cinema industry which arrived in town last week. Both dealt with groups of dull, disagreeable, and amoral people moving against what appeared to be very expensive backgrounds, and both were written by authors obviously familiar with the local idiom. I can only conclude, therefore, that civilization on the West Coast resembles that portrayed in the works called "Beverly Hills" and "Quiet Please," and add that, God willing, I shall never have to investigate it personally.

"Beverly Hills" came first, turning up last Thursday at the Fulton under the auspices of Laurence Schwab and Otto L. Preminger, two gentlemen whose judgment I had previously admired. The piece explained the problems confronting a man who wants to write for the moving pictures, and I am ready to concede that they are tough, if not very fascinating to the layman. The plot of "Beverly Hills" resists intelligent synopsis so fiercely that there is little I can tell you except that there were two women who wished to see their husbands employed on the script of an epic of the soil called "Land of Cotton," although one of these men was far happier writing pretty little dramas for a child star and the other merely liked to get drunk. There was also a relic of the old silent days, one May Flowers, who seduced the hero, a feat which the rest of the cast never got tired of discussing, with the worst taste in the world. Several more or less comic servants, policemen, and other supernumeraries wandered on the stage from time to time, but they were largely irrelevant, and it would probably be simpler to ignore them. The whole performance was a sad and embarrassing business, made more so for me by the presence of so many gifted people in the cast. It was bad enough to see Helen Claire, Violet Heming, Enid Markey, and Doro Merande involved in such dismal goings-on, but the sight of Ilka Chase, an actress of considerable urbanity and intelligence, knee-deep in rubbish was almost more than I could bear.



"BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER"

Lots of the costumes Ed Wynn wears in the revue at the Broadhurst are even sillier than this. The lady and gentleman dancing gymnastically are Lucienne and Ashour; lady and gentleman dancing fashionably are the De Marcos; lady singing in the corner is Jane Pickens.

IT is one of the hardest decisions I have ever had to make, but I think "Quiet Please," at the Guild, was a little worse than "Beverly Hills." For one thing, it happened to amuse the authors, F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly, to pretend that the audience was part of the cast, and also to plant actors here and there about the house. As far as I know, there is no more nerve-racking experience in the theatre than to have the occupant of the next seat suddenly get up and begin to shout, and I hope it never happens to me again. For another, the story was about an actress who won back her wayward husband by pretending to fall in love with somebody else, a notion which may still seem fresh and vivid in Hollywood, but which has been regarded with suspicion in these parts since about the time of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire. At one point in this drama, the heroine played the balcony scene from "Juliet" for no reason discernible to me, except perhaps to kill a little time, and at another she got terribly drunk on a couple of glasses of champagne. It was all very distressing. With the exception of Jane Wyatt, who gave a better performance than the authors had any right to expect, the players in "Quiet Please" have faded from my memory along with the gruesome lines they were called upon to say.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

OF ALL THINGS

THE G.O.P. has a right to complain that the customers are too fussy. They have been offered three different brands of candidate and none seemed to please.

•

Many people feel that Wendell Willkie should be given a Cabinet or defence post. Others suspect that the most he can hope for is a good seat at the Inauguration parade.

•

While Hitler was proclaiming his dominion over land, sea, and air, the R.A.F. was dropping bombs on Munich and spoiling the party. The British always were rather lacking in social tact.

•

The Fascists admit that bad weather has hampered the Italian efforts in Greece. Perhaps the New Order will be called off on account of rain.

•

It is only fair to say that the earthquake in Rumania was not the Nazis' fault. Still, it is not the kind of thing that will tend to make Hitler popular with the masses.

•

At this writing, three campaign promises have not been kept. John L. Lewis has not resigned, Borough President Harvey has not moved to Canada, and General Johnson has not eaten his column.

•

The election has brought on an argument about the value of public-opinion polls. All right-minded people agree, however, that Messrs. Dunn and Hurja should find work more suited to their talents.

•

The stock-market boom is attributed to a widespread fear of inflation. Prices, it would seem, are just jumping with fright.

•

Currency circulation has risen to an all-time high and there is an insatiable demand for folding money. Such popularity must be deserved.

•

Our Mayor has happily settled the strike which was delaying the demolition of the Fair buildings. Here is a good chance to do something really destructive. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

DEATH SENTENCE
for Dirt
by Westinghouse

• *Several years ago* one of the most interesting experimental devices in our research laboratory was one that acted like a magnet on smoke, dust and dirt in the air. Strange part about this electric device was that it worked just as quietly and free from moving parts as a storage battery. Yet in practically no time at all it would collect a jar full of dirt from air you'd declare was clean and pure.

• *Today,* that device is known as the Precipitron* and we're having a busy time filling orders for it. That's easy to understand once you appreciate that the great American smoke problem alone costs business, home owners and taxpayers millions of dollars each year. But smoke is only one of innumerable air-borne impurities such as dust, dirt, pollen and other substances.

• *The way* the Precipitron rids the air of smoke is an interesting example of its practical efficiency and usefulness. Smoke is made up of particles so minute that a screen fine enough to catch them would not allow air to pass.

• *Yet the Precipitron* takes smoke out of the air as if by magic. The principle employed is simple. Every incoming particle of smoke, dust, dirt, and pollen receives a *positive* electrical charge. Then a *negatively* charged plate, acting like a magnet on steel filings, draws these particles out of the air stream.

• *We knew that* there was a need for the Precipitron, but we hardly expected it would find so many uses as to open up an entirely new industry for us.

• *For instance,* in textile mills the Precipitron is removing smoke and soot from the air for the dryer and spinning rooms. In telephone exchanges it is protecting the tiny, delicate relays that operate the dial telephone system. In steel mills it is cleaning the ventilating air for main-drive motors and motor generator sets. In hospitals it is safe-guarding recovery wards and operating rooms.

• *In all buildings* where installed, it is reducing cleaning and redecorating costs. One store which used to repaint every year now finds it need do so only once every *three* years. Displays stay fresher; merchandise retains its original sales-appeal. Food-processing plants, chemical and testing laboratories find the Precipitron invaluable. Night clubs now boast of having cleaner air than that outside.

• *Right now* Westinghouse Research Engineers are working on many other difficult projects. We hope a lot of things like the Precipitron will result.

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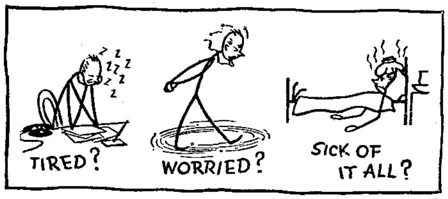
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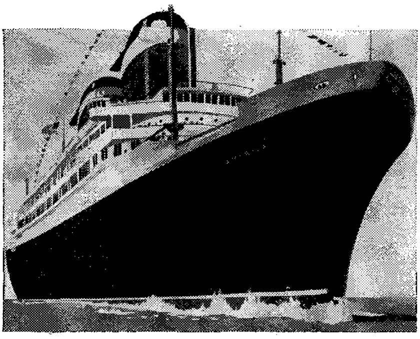

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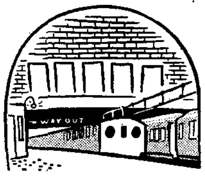
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 9 (BY CABLE)

THE interest taken over here in the recent Presidential election was greater than it has ever been, and satisfaction with the result was general. Londoners beamed on Wednesday as they read their papers, in which the war was momentarily pushed into second place. A Roosevelt victory had been hoped for by nearly everybody, although some citizens had wondered whether they ought not to root for Willkie, too, since both candidates seemed to meet on common ground in their determination to help Britain as speedily and fully as possible. There is solid comfort in the assurance that the continuity of American policy is unbroken and that it remains the one distinct feature in the otherwise confused and menacing landscape of the next four years. Britons feel that in those four years they are going to need every friend they can get, and in the occupant of the White House they are certain they have one.



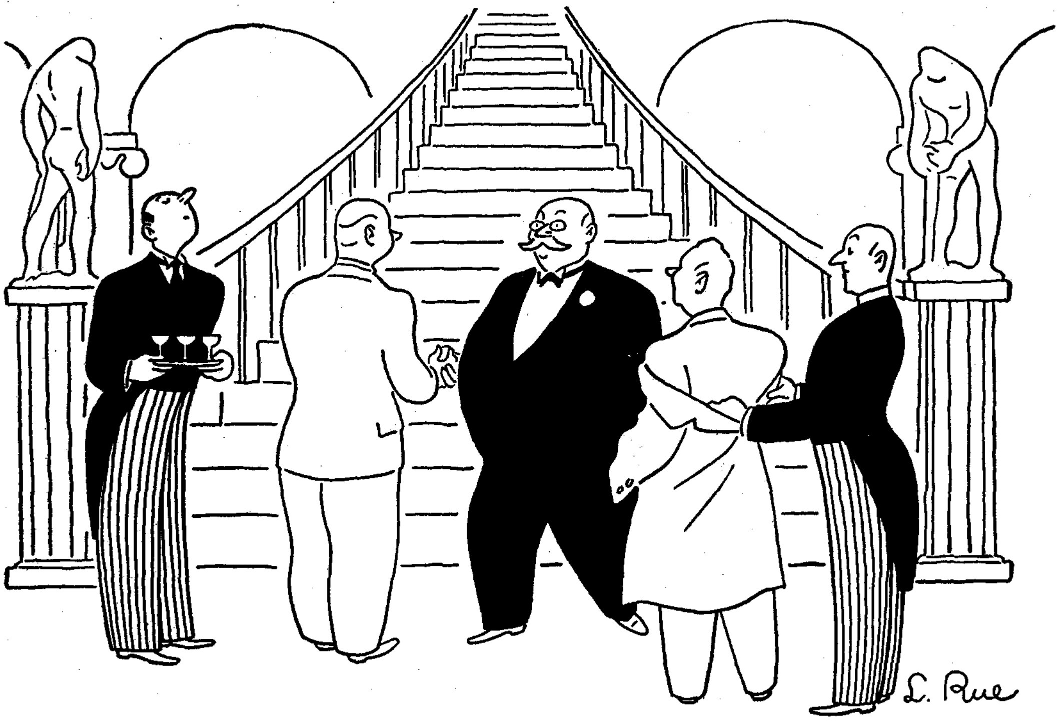
For most people, four years is now a pretty optimistic estimate of the possible length of the war, which seems to be opening out afresh in Italy's cold-blooded and unprovoked attack on Greece. The immediate repercussion of this has been to strengthen the general feeling against Italy. The Prime Minister stated in the House, amidst cheers, that British bombing attacks on military objectives in the Italian cities would be continued on an ever-growing scale. He was followed by Mr. Hore-Belisha, who observed that "nothing would rejoice the British public more than to learn that Italy was being given unstinted doses of that medicine which she was so ready callously to dispense to others," and by the Honourable Member for Epsom, who suggested that the national slogan should be "Sock the Wop." Certainly there is widespread hope that the newly acquired air and sea bases of Greece will allow the relentless hammering of the Italians that was made geographically difficult by the defection of France.

About the spirited Greek resistance there is enthusiasm, but no undue elation. The British are apt to learn lessons slowly and painfully, but they cannot very well forget the initial cheer which greeted the news that the Poles (for Poles, read Norwegians, Dutch, or Belgians) were fighting splendidly, and they remember how this news was followed by the first ominous official hints of "slight infiltrations" and of "falling back to prepared positions." It is true, as people say, that the Greeks are not fighting the Germans—not yet, anyway; it is true that the Italian move looks like a good thing strategically for British ships and aircraft, which have been brought four hundred miles nearer to the weakest point in the Axis. For the present, however, nobody needs the official warning not to place too much confidence in reports of Greek victories arriving from roundabout and dubious sources.

Although there are plenty of sarcastic jokers who remark in private, "Well, I suppose we can expect another magnificent evacuation in a fortnight or so," whatever nonchalance there is hides a good deal of anxiety, and events around Byron's beloved isles are being watched and waited for with strained attention by numbers of Englishmen who, like the poet, may find themselves dying in those parts. It was Byron, incidentally, who remarked that the Greeks disliked the French and mistrusted the Russians, but "looked to the English for succor"—an instinct which hasn't altered in over a hundred years and which the English devoutly hope will remain sound.

LONDONERS have been reminded of an earlier Italian aggression by the presence of King Zog of Albania, who is staying here with his wife and child. When a bomb fell near his residence during one of the recent raids, people said knowingly that the Italian bombers, which had been reported over the capital, were obviously out to get Zog. Humbler establishments that weren't sheltering any royal Jonahs got hit just the same in the week's raids, which involved some long *alertes* but were less punishing than last month's. There was actually one completely calm night. This break in everybody's nightly rhythm was so upsetting that many lay awake counting the unnaturally silent hours instead of snoring peacefully, as they are accustomed to do through a barrage. There is a good deal of talk about the possibility that night raids will slacken off or even cease altogether during the coming months, when the weather around these shores is likely to settle down into its usual raw and sodden wintry form. This, however, is only unexpert surmise. More realistically, the authorities have announced the free distribution of antiseptic tablets, which may

Tom Hackett's in the Upper Bracket



A capital fellow is old Tom Hackett! He likes the best of everything and keenly enjoys sharing the best things of life—such as Four Roses—with his friends.

We suspect that one of the chief reasons that Tom chooses Four Roses is the fact that he—like yourself and many another host—likes *compliments* . . . and that's what you can always count on getting when you serve this superlatively fine whiskey! Try it and see!

GUESTS REMEMBER THE HOST

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a head of its own
NO OTHER SHAVER HAS THIS SENSATIONAL
2-M HOLLOW GROUND SHEARING HEAD

NEW SCHICK COLONEL—*complete with new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head; handsomely styled in rich ivory plastic with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Built-in radio static suppressor. Simulated alligator tuck-away case*... **$15.00.** (*Or, packed in de luxe Dress-Kit*... **$17.50.**)

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IF HE'S ALREADY A SCHICK OWNER...*bring his Schick Shaver right up to date with the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head. Only $3! Take the shaver to your dealer, send it to us at Stamford or take it to any Schick Shaver Service Office. (See Classified Telephone Directory for Service Office nearest you. In New York it's 17 East 42nd Street.)*

nothing Quicker nothing Slicker **NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**

help to check an enemy that will certainly call at the shelters even if the bombers stay grounded at home—the influenza germ.

Meanwhile, the promptness with which air-raid damage is tackled continues to be the most encouraging recent development. Railwaymen get less publicity than workers in the more spectacular services but deserve quite as much for the efficiency with which they keep the lines open for the public. Tracks that are blown to glory overnight are somehow patched up sufficiently to be opened again in a surprisingly few days. Kipling would certainly have enjoyed seeing how romance, in the shape of squads of grimy men in tin hats, brings up the nine-fifteen more or less on time every morning. Repairs of damage to the essential services are also amazingly quick, although there are wails from the temporarily waterless and heatless.

IT'S obvious to any thinking citizen that, as the Premier emphasized, the war on the sea is at the moment far graver than the war in the air. Word that the staggering total of 198,000 tons of shipping had been lost in a single week a while back was a shock to the complacency of those who had fancied that the threat of U-boats had lessened. That was why Mr. de Valera's uncompromising attitude against letting England use the vitally necessary Irish ports seemed to many to be the most significant and serious happening of the week.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From an article by Dr. Adolf Meyer in Science*]

The division on "environment" is widening the horizon far beyond "public health" in the limited technical sense of the word; as such it proves probably more helpful to the studies in ethnology and population and sociological considerations than to those of the *strictly* medical sphere of modification of the costly results of the accumulation of invalids, and the studies of the elements and factors that contribute to the instability and unsettling of the equilibrium between the senseless and intemperate utilization of ever new implements and inventions, and on the other hand the lag of corresponding brain and character and intelligence development or even the simpler and more accessible possibility of making the public and the non-specialistic professions (including the rank and file of physicians) "psychiatrically and humanly more intelligent" and informed and the schools and universities more adequately attentive to the features of culture that should make for mental health and man's nature and self-regulation, and capacity to develop sound leadership.

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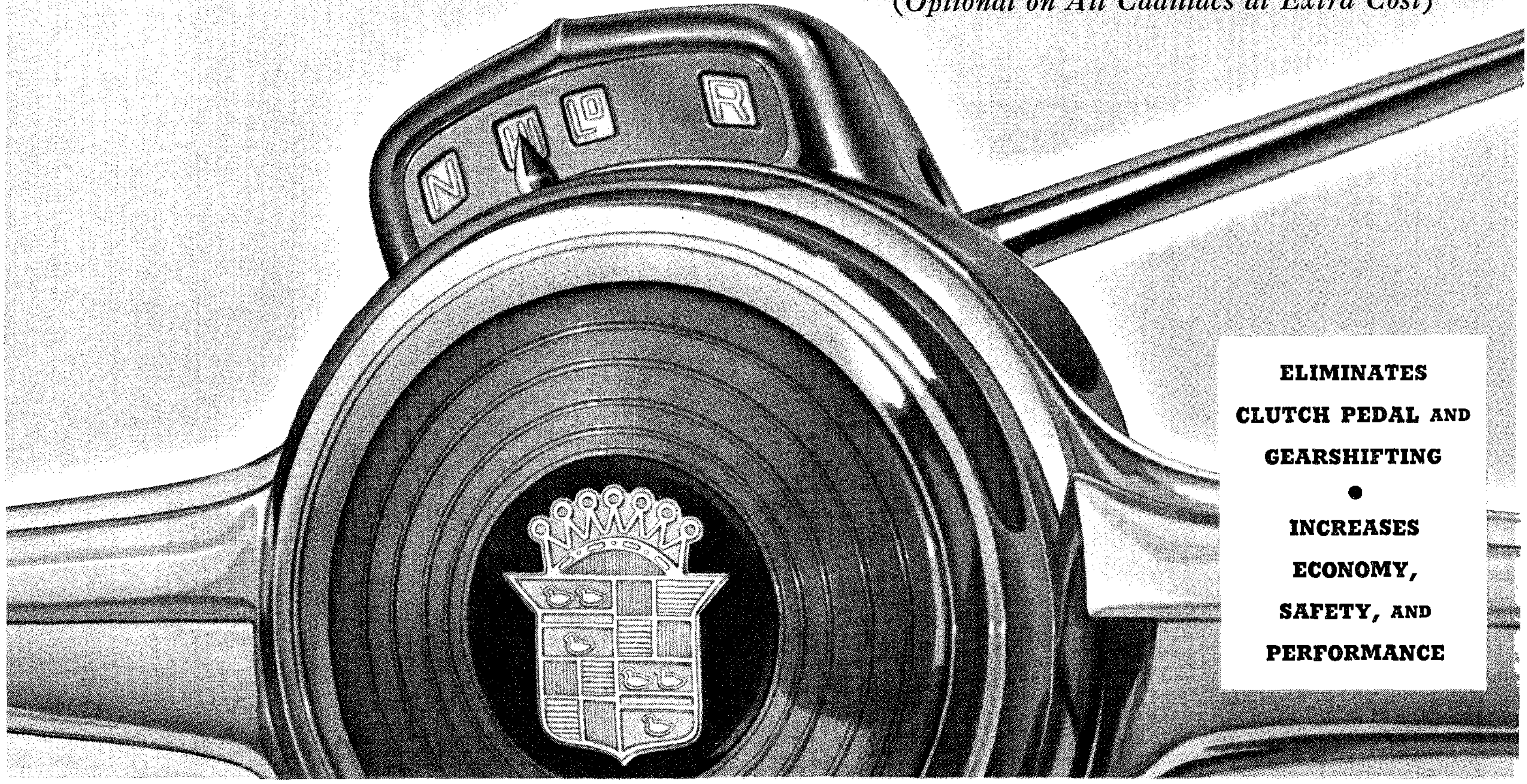

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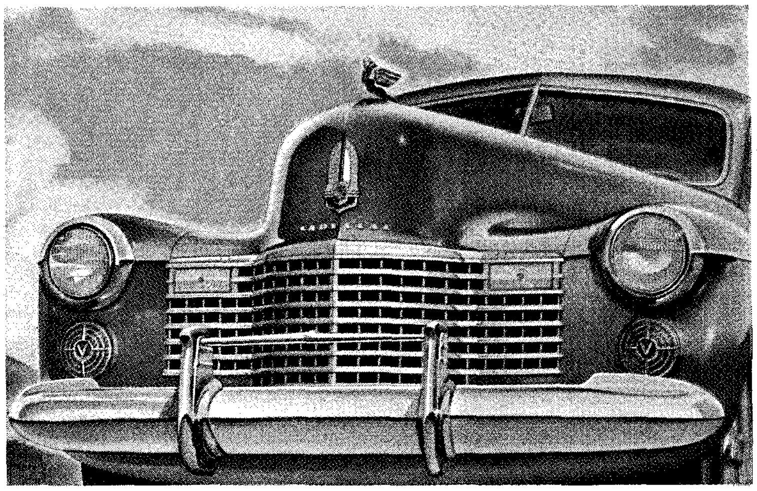
Get the facts when you see the Sixty-One—the thriftiest, *lowest-priced* Cadillac V-8 ever built. This great car and Cadillac-engineered Hydra-Matic Drive make a *value* and *performance* combination beyond comparison.



★For the Cadillac Sixty-One 5-Pass. Coupe delivered at Detroit. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.

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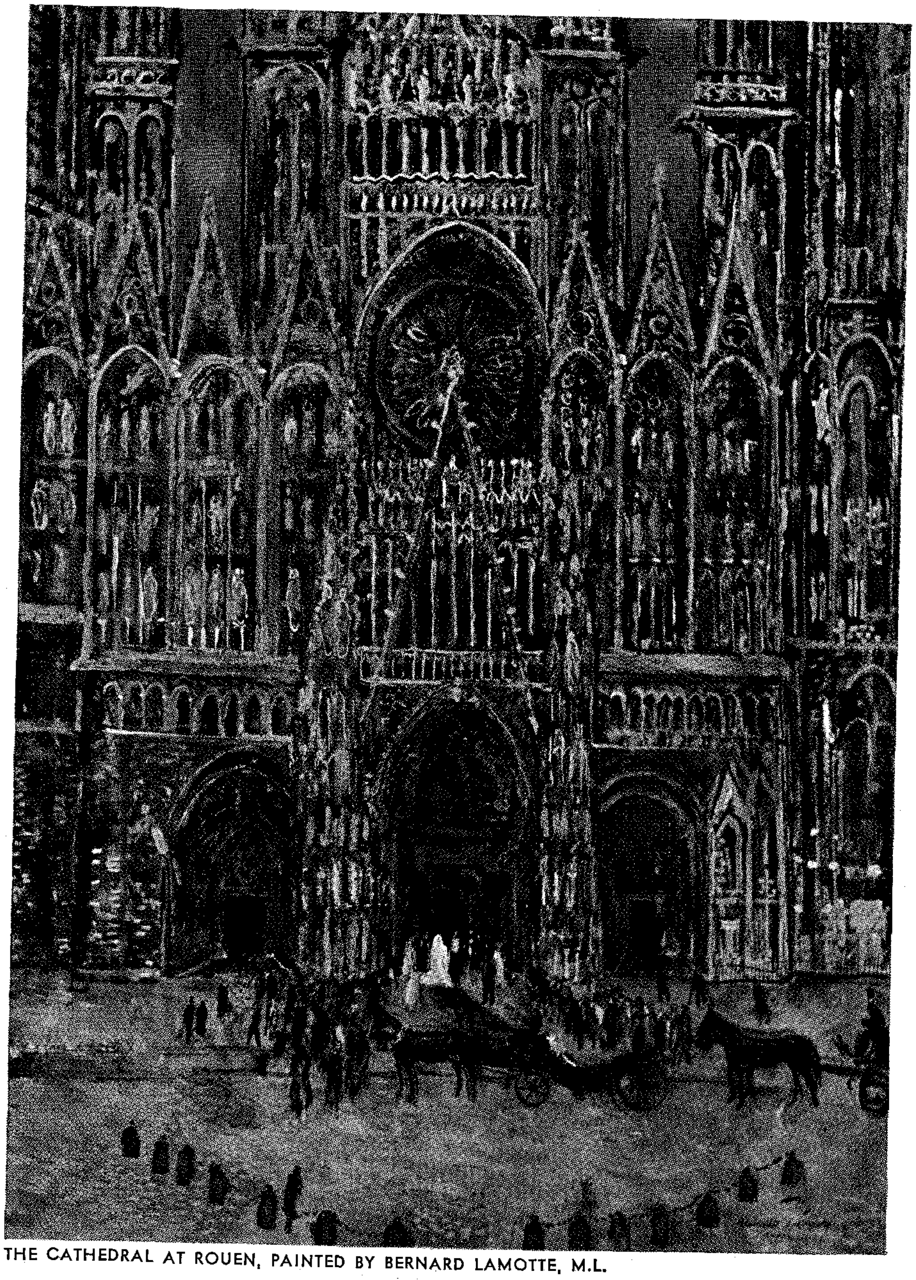
"... FROM THIS DAY FORWARD"

What man first spoke the words . . . what sweetheart first gave diamond ring to pledge a wife . . . what bride wore something old and new and blue . . . these matters are lost in far antiquity. Yet each man finds them strangely new and moving upon the eve of his own wedding. It is then that he first appreciates each time-honored step in the whole lovely ritual. From clear, rejoicing bells to the white brilliance of the diamond flashing once more above its shining new companion-circlet . . . not one touch that celebrates his changed estate would he spare willingly from memory.

He may count himself fortunate if the diamond he chose at the time of his engagement be a fine one. For all the successes of his future cannot replace that ring in the affections of his wife or on her finger. A reliable jeweler will assist him gladly in the worth-while resolve to give a noble stone. For color, cutting, absence of imperfections must be considered as well as carat weight, if it is to reflect their happiness from this day forward.



THE CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN, PAINTED BY BERNARD LAMOTTE, M.L.

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One-half carat, priced $100 to $200

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Three-carat stones from $1500

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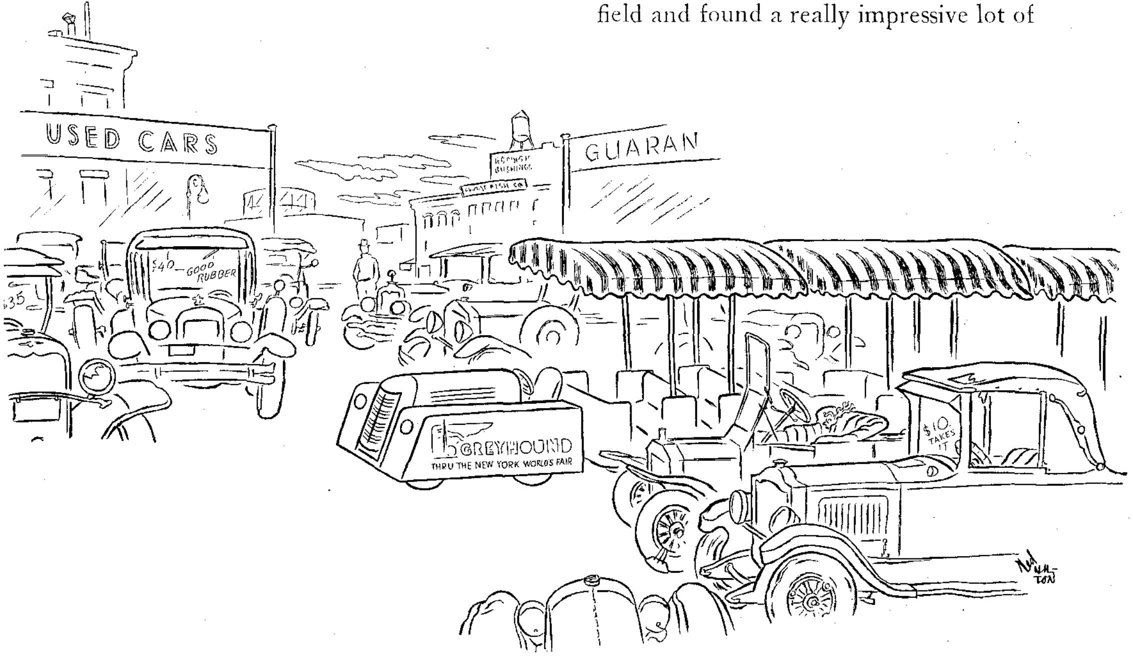
ANNALS OF CRIME

THE AMERICAN GOLCONDA

THE first and, as far as history records, the last American to salt a diamond mine was a man named Philip Arnold, who died of shotgun slugs as a sequel to a business argument in Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Kentucky, in the year 1873. Arnold was the man who set a limit to American optimism, realistically revising the nation's ideas about its future and its resources, and it is a wonder that historians have not as yet given him his due. Arnold was a banker worth a mere $300,000 when he died, but it was as a creative prospector in the West that he made his impress on his country's imagination. An ordinary prospector merely tries to find deposits of precious minerals; a creative prospector places them in the ground for others to find.

Arnold was born in Hardin County (which gave Abraham Lincoln to the nation) about 1830. When a young man, he inherited a small farm there and married. Shortly before the Civil War, he left his wife and a couple of children on the Hardin County place and went out to California to look for gold. Several times, after making small strikes, he returned to Kentucky. In the early sixties, with a partner named John Slack, he developed a claim near Marysville, California, that the two sold for $50,000. Arnold took most of his share of the money home to Kentucky and placed it in a large safe on his farm. By 1869 he was back in California, looking for something to do. Since no new gold fields had recently been reported, he took a job as assistant bookkeeper with the Diamond Drill Company of San Francisco. This firm sold diamond-pointed rock drills to mine-owners. The foundations of the great West Coast mining fortunes had been laid; men like George Hearst, James Fair, Darius Ogden Mills, and William Chapman Ralston, chairman of the board of the Bank of California, controlled the best properties. The haphazard days of Forty-nine were long over, but their tradition lingered in the form of a chronic optimism. An army of disappointed miners was still billeted on the Coast, ready to march at the first report of a new field. In the East and in England, investors, despite a number of unfortunate experiences, were still willing to put money into Western mines. The bonanza business needed only a new stimulus. The first hints of what this stimulus was to be came in the form of newspaper stories about the discovery of the diamond fields in South Africa, the third great source of diamonds in the world's history. The mines of Golconda, in India, had supplied most of the world's diamonds until the eighteenth century, when the Portuguese had discovered deposits in Brazil. South Africa eclipsed both these older fields. American prospectors almost immediately began to look for diamonds in Arizona and New Mexico Territories, where there were said to be geological formations like those in the African diamond lands.

Arnold, still at his job with the drill company, displayed great interest in diamonds. He explained to the head bookkeeper, another ex-miner, named Cooper, that he wanted to learn all about precious stones before he began looking for them. The company kept a considerable stock of diamonds on hand, of the flawed or discolored sort used for pointing drills, so Arnold had a chance to handle a variety of the stones and perhaps secrete a few. He used to question Cooper about tests employed to determine if diamonds were genuine and about the differences in appearance of diamonds from the three known fields. When he had pumped Cooper dry, he bought books about diamonds and studied them. By the spring of 1871 he knew as much about diamonds as anybody on the Coast. Reports from South Africa, ever more glowing, maintained the excitement in America. None of the prospectors in America had found any diamonds, but some of them had come back from Arizona with garnets, which they thought were rubies. To doubt the eventual discovery of diamonds here seemed like selling America short. The public was prepared for a diamond rush.



ARNOLD took a leave of absence early in 1871. He returned to San Francisco two months later, saying he had been into eastern Arizona with his old mining partner John Slack, and he showed Cooper the result of their prospecting: a handful of desert sapphires and rubylike garnets, with a few small uncut diamonds of the type that the Diamond Drill Company used. Arnold said that they had obtained the diamonds by trading with an Indian, to whom they had promised a gallon of whiskey if he would get them some more stones. The two prospectors had then followed the Indian and thus had found where the field was. The field lay within Apache territory, Arnold said, where it would have been dangerous for two white men to remain, so, after killing the Indian, the partners had marked the site of the field and headed back for California, to get help in developing them. Arnold and Slack took their stones to Asbury Harpending, a flamboyant San Franciscan who had once been a filibuster in Nicaragua and was at the time dividing his energies between land speculation and the promotion of wildcat mines. Harpending had known Arnold for a long time, for which reason, perhaps, he took no stock in the story. If the partners returned to their field and found a really impressive lot of stones, he suggested, they would have no trouble getting financial backing. Arnold and Slack then announced they were going back to the Arizona desert, and left town.

The two men reappeared in San Francisco several months later, worn and weatherbeaten. They called on George D. Roberts, another mining promoter, and asked permission to deposit a sack in his office safe, as it was after banking hours and they couldn't place it in the vaults of the Bank of California. This naturally made Roberts curious. He engaged Arnold in conversation—Slack seldom had anything to say—and learned that the sack contained diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, all from a mysterious region that the partners refused to locate specifically. Roberts was in no position to know that Arnold had just made a trip to London, embarking at Halifax, a port where he had been tolerably sure to meet no other Californians, and returning the same way. Arnold had brought back from this expedition about $12,000 worth of imperfect precious stones, uncut. On his return trip, Arnold had been met at St. Louis by Slack, who had remained in this country. They then had traversed the part of Arizona where the Indians traded garnets and had bought a peck or so of the red stones to give their collection bulk and foster the idea that the diamonds and garnets were found in the same general region. The bad feature of their strike, the partners told Roberts, was that it was situated in a section full of hostile Indians. To work it, they would have to organize an expedition strong enough to fight off the redskins, and they hadn't enough money for that.

Arnold and Slack did not ask Roberts to help them; Roberts insisted. Feeling that it would be too big a proposition for one man to swing, he went to the house of William Ralston, the banker, that night and let him in on the secret. Roberts and Ralston sneaked the stones out of Roberts' safe and submitted samples to San Francisco jewellers for appraisal. This was what Arnold had expected them to do, and he had correctly calculated the jewellers' reactions. He knew that there was no jeweller in San Francisco who had any large experience with uncut stones. All of them were familiar with tests by which to prove a stone was genuine; after the tests they could be counted on to set an arbitrary average price per carat, assuming that some of the stones in any given collection were good and others not so good. If they had known that the stones were all malformed culls, they would have named a much lower figure, but they didn't, of course, have that knowledge. The San Francisco jewellers set a value of $100,000 on the prospectors' $12,000 worth of flawed beauties. The stones looked like excellent samples, especially as Arnold and Slack said the lot represented only a few hours' digging. Under no conditions, the partners said when Roberts approached them, would they part with a controlling interest in their claim, but they would sell a good part of it in order to obtain working capital.

Roberts introduced Ralston, who said that he would put in some money if the partners first convinced him by taking a personal representative to the site of the field. Arnold agreed to take a man there on condition that the man should be blindfolded from the moment the party left the railroad. "Otherwise," Arnold said, "our secret is out and he can lead you back to the claim without us." Ralston took command of the promotion. He sent as his agent a satellite named General David D. Colton, a cool, sensible gold miner, not given to enthusiasm. Colton, however, had never seen a diamond field. Arnold and Slack took the agent by train to Rawlins, a station on the Union Pacific, in Wyoming Territory, where the three alighted. This rather surprised Colton, as he had assumed the field was in Arizona. Arnold told him that they had purposely given that impression to throw possible claim-jumpers off the track. Rawlins is not far north of the Colorado line, and the diamond field seems to have been in what is now Jackson County, Colorado. Arnold blindfolded Colton and put him on a horse. The three men rode for four days, the partners taking the hoodwink from Colton's eyes only after sundown, when they encamped. On the fourth day, when Arnold whipped the bandage from Colton's face, the agent found himself blinking on a mesa 7,500 feet high, which he supposed to be deep in the wilderness. The men dismounted and began to walk about the mesa, and before long Colton saw a great anthill sparkling in the sun. Approaching the mound, he found that it was powdered with diamond dust. Arnold came up and dug into the anthill with a knife and soon pulled out a small diamond. Colton then began digging and in a few minutes discovered a diamond for himself. During the day he got forty or fifty diamonds and emeralds, most of them in a gulch which intersected the mesa. Next day, Arnold told Colton they would have to move on, as he feared they had been observed by Indians. After another long, hard journey, during which Colton was blindfolded, they got back to the railroad. The gems which Colton brought in his pocket proved real, like the first batch. They were worth only a few hundred dollars, a jeweller told him, but it seemed a fair assumption that if a man digging with a pocketknife could find that many in a day, the deposits were of unexampled richness.

IT appeared to Ralston, after he received Colton's report, that he had stumbled upon a big thing, perhaps the greatest promotion of his life. He believed he might need operating funds of several million dollars, and that meant he would have to enlist Eastern capital. Speed was essential, because some trapper or independent prospector might at any moment find what Ralston was already calling in conversation the American Golconda. Since Ralston's own money was pretty well tied up in investments, he admitted a few more of his West Coast friends to the cabal. One was General G. M. Dodge (the country swarmed with generals for twenty years after the Civil War). Another was a promoter named William M. Lent, and a third was the dashing Asbury Harpending. Each, on being approached, expressed skepticism. Each, on learning of Colton's trip and the high valuation set upon the gems, became convinced. General Dodge, who, Harpending said long afterward, "had a low opinion of his fellow-men," talked to Arnold for a while and then said that he would stake his life on the fellow's integrity.

The promoters decided to go to New York, taking with them Slack, Arnold, and a bag of gems from the American Golconda. On the way East the financiers wrangled a bit with the two discoverers. Arnold and Slack now appeared suspicious and said they wanted some tangible guarantee of the promoters' good faith. Lent gave them $100,000 as earnest money. It was not hard for the Westerners to get a hearing in financial circles here, especially as the head of the Bank of California had retained General Samuel L. M. Barlow, the most distinguished New York corporation lawyer of the day, to act as intermediary and legal adviser. General Barlow had engaged as associate General Benjamin F. Butler, an influential congressman. Barlow had bespoken the interest of a group of New York bankers, including August Belmont and Henry Seligman. Before proceeding with the deal, however, the New Yorkers insisted that Charles Tiffany, the founder of the great jewelry house, be permitted to appraise the samples from the diamond field. In the event that Tiffany's appraisal was favorable, Belmont and Seligman wanted a mining expert of national reputation to go out to the site and make a report upon it. Arnold agreed to both tests, but said that his partner and he were not going to lead an expert to the mine until they had some sort of written contract protecting their rights. He signed an agreement with the promoters providing that if Tiffany and the mining expert endorsed the samples and the mine, the promoters would pay to the prospectors $650,000 in cash as the full price of their claim.

IT is impossible, in retrospect, not to marvel at Arnold's composure as he went to the meeting with Tiffany, reputed to be America's greatest judge of gems. The rendezvous was at General Barlow's mansion at 1 Madison Avenue. Horace Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune,* soon to be an unsuccessful Presidential candidate, was at the house when the Californian party arrived, as were the Eastern financiers and General George B. McClellan, former Commander in Chief of the Union Armies, who had been an unsuccessful Presidential candidate in 1864. Greeley liked to be in the know even though he had to pledge secrecy. McClellan was slated for a job on the board of directors of the projected mining company. He had a fine mustache and made good window dressing.

Tiffany, as Arnold must have been aware, knew no more about uncut stones than most other American jewellers. He had begun life as a Yankee notion peddler and had never served an apprenticeship on the Continent. He knew that the diamonds before him were real, and that several presumably competent experts on the Coast had made flattering estimates of their value. After a brief glance at the gems, followed by a regal wave of his hand, the whiskery jeweller said, "I cannot fix an exact value until my lapidary has had a chance to inspect

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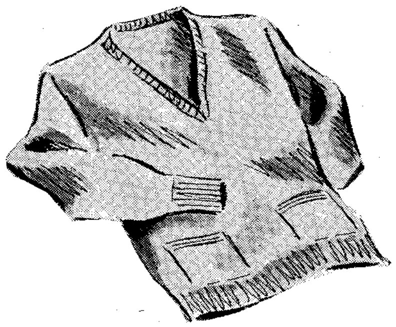

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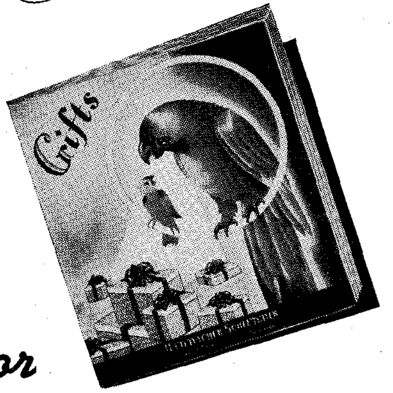

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each stone, but I can assure you that they are worth at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars." Arnold, watching him, never blinked.

The meeting, although supposedly secret, was the chief talk of hotel bars and Wall Street offices the next day. That night, Arnold came to the Western promoters and said Slack was fed up with the whole business and would sell his share for $100,000, chargeable against the final purchase price. They got the money for Slack by morning. The two miners now had $200,000 between them. The Easterners who had witnessed the appraisal were feverishly hot on the enterprise and a struggle for the control of the corporation began before it officially came into being. Since it appeared that the financial and technical negotiations, including the selection of a mining expert to examine the property, would take several months, Arnold announced that he and Slack were going back to the West, and that they would leave their precious stones with the promoters as security.

Instead of going West, the prospectors travelled up to Quebec and took ship for London, carrying with them most of their bank roll. They needed more gems with which to resalt the mine. Arnold was not the man to jeopardize a $650,000 deal by skimping on a few quarts of niggerhead diamonds, as the dealers called imperfect South African stones. The pair bought about eleven hundred diamonds in London and then made a business-and-pleasure trip to the Continent, where they bought many of the worst diamonds in Amsterdam and Antwerp. Altogether they spent around $50,000. After their shopping spree in Europe, the partners returned to Colorado and installed the props. The mesa where they had fooled Colton was in fact only about fifteen miles from the Union Pacific railway tracks; they had led him there by a carefully circuitous course. It was near the north end of a pine-clad ridge that ran east and west, to the north of Brown's Hole in Colorado and eight miles below the Wyoming line.

THE Eastern and Western promoters in the combination agreed on Henry Janin, the leading mining engineer of his time, to make the inspection. The mine expert's fee was to be $2,500, plus an option on a thousand shares at $10 each. Only a Philip Arnold would have led a Janin to a salted mine. The prospector had the intuition of a great poker player for an opponent's foible. For the fact was that Janin had never in his life seen diamond land, and he was disarmed in advance by the high appraisal of the sample stones. Surely, he must have felt, if a sample from a mine was worth $150,000, the property was bound to be valuable.

Janin went out to the claim in the spring of 1872. Lent, General Dodge, General Colton, and several other Californians who had remained in New York for the winter went out with him. Arnold and Slack met them at Omaha. The party got off the train at a station in Colorado Territory late one night. Horses were waiting; the men mounted and rode off into the unknown. Arnold and Slack, leading their companions by roundabout trails, made the journey long and difficult, as they had done when they had convoyed Colton. Janin and most of the promoters were physically soft, and the prospectors kept them riding for several days. When the money men got to the mesa they were dead tired and the provisions were low.

Within a few minutes after their arrival, Colton found the anthill shining with diamond dust he remembered from his first visit. Almost instantly the men started spading into the ground, shouting with pleasure like children at a picnic as they turned up their shining finds. Many of the stones, it appeared, were near the surface. Arnold and Slack pointed out places for their backers to dig, and whenever a promoter followed their advice he found a diamond. The party remained eight days on the ground. During that time, Janin reported, working only with spades and knives, the men turned up 256 carats of large diamonds worth $4,096 at prevailing rates, 568 carats of small ones worth $1,704, and four pounds of rubies worth $2,226. Since the party had dug up what was estimated to be about a ton and a half of rock and dirt, this indicated to Janin that the mesa assayed better than $5,000 to the ton, a figure unparalleled in mining history. He conservatively estimated that the land should yield $5,000,000 an acre. "With a hundred men and proper machinery," he told Lent, "I would guarantee to send out a million dollars in diamonds every thirty days." The mesa contained at least three thousand acres, and Janin said there was no reason the rest of it

shouldn't yield as heavily as the spot they had started on. As for the surrounding land, that was of a conspicuously similar geological nature. It might yield billions.

The investigators went on to San Francisco, again led over a circuitous route back to the railroad by Arnold, leaving Slack at the diggings as a guard. Nobody ever reported seeing Slack again. It will never be known whether he lost his nerve and went off with the money he had already made or whether he died by violence. He simply disappeared. Janin sold his thousand-share option to one of the California men at $40 a share, making a profit of $30,000. He said that he did not wish to retain stock in the company, as his report would then be construed as a boost for his own prosperity.

IN San Francisco, the promoters organized the San Francisco & New York Mining & Commercial Company, with 100,000 shares of stock. None were offered to the public. The shares were divided among twenty-five leading West Coast mining sharps, men like Ralston, Roberts, Lent, and Harpending. Each of them paid $40,000 into the company's treasury for initial expenses. One of the incorporators, a banker named Gansl, acted as the West Coast representative of Baron Rothschild. Janin released a favorable report and it appeared in the *Mining & Engineering Journal* and in the San Francisco newspapers. It caused a sensation. When Arnold saw the report, he pretended to be very angry. He said he had not realized the property was that good. Roberts and Ralston reminded him of his contract and virtually forced the $450,000 balance of the agreed purchase price upon him. They were glad when he left town. He said he was going back to Kentucky, where he would have a loaded shotgun always ready to welcome any San Francisco mining sharps who came to visit him.

The San Francisco & New York Company opened tremendous offices in the California city, featuring General McClellan and a permanent display of the largest diamonds from the diggings. Would-be investors besieged the place, but the fortunate shareholders would sell no stock. As always on the flanks of a great financial operation, a number of imitations had sprung up. These corporations claimed to have diamond lands of their own, but the public knew that they were only waiting for the big company to reveal the location of its holdings, when they would rush out prospecting gangs and file claims as near the com-

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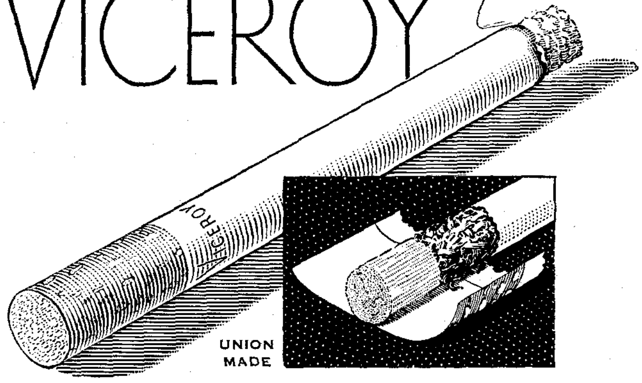

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

pany's diggings as was legally possible. In Paris, Baron Rothschild rejoiced that he had a finger in the pie, even though it was not a controlling interest. "America is a rich land," he sententiously told an interviewer. "It has given us many surprises. It reserves many more."

THE exposure came in a curious manner. To explain it requires the introduction of a character who had had no direct connection with the affairs of the San Francisco & New York Mining & Commercial Company. He was a thirty-year-old government geologist named Clarence King, a member of the first class to be graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. King is credited with being the founder of the United States Geological Survey; readers of the "Education of Henry Adams" will remember him as one of Adams' closest friends. In 1872, King, with a party of assistants, had completed a survey of the fortieth parallel of latitude in the United States, which had led him through the salted-mine territory. It piqued him that in his painstaking inventory of mineral resources he had come across no trace of diamond lands. Feeling that his professional reputation was at stake, King went back over the ground he had covered to find, if possible, where he had slipped up. Any party travelling through that country at that time was conspicuous; King located some sheepherders who had seen the Janin party on the march. Guided by them, he set out with a small expedition and found the mesa. The aspect of the place aided him, for Arnold, well documented in diamond mining, had picked the sort of site where diamonds might well have been found.

"The section of the geological locality is so astonishingly considered," King reported later to the unhappy directors of the company, "that I can feel no surprise that even so trustworthy and cautious an engineer as Mr. Janin should have brought home the belief he did." This was much kinder to Janin than most of King's statements. Making his way to the top of the mesa, the government geologist found "in conjunction four kinds of diamonds, Oriental rubies, garnets, spinels, sapphires, emeralds, and amethysts—an association of minerals impossible of occurrence in nature." "The gems exist in positions where Nature alone could never have placed them," he wrote in his report. "They do not exist where, had the occurrence been genuine, the inevitable laws of Nature must have carried them." It was a polite way of saying that he found stones which had been obviously stamped into the ground by a man's boot and others placed in the crevices of rocks. There was even one in a tree stump. The most absurd discovery of all was made by a German in charge of King's pack animals. "Look, Mr. King," the German said, pulling a bright chip out of the ground near the anthill, "this is the bulliest diamond field as never was! It not only produces diamonds, it cuts them!" He had found a cut diamond, one which must have got in among the rough stones by mistake when a dealer in Antwerp or London was wrapping Arnold's purchases.

King rode to Laramie, Wyoming Territory, where he sent a telegram to Ralston, the most prominent director of the company, and then boarded a train for San Francisco. When he arrived in that city he sent the following note:

> To the Board of Directors of the San Francisco & New York Mining & Commercial Company:
>
> I have hastened to San Francisco to lay before you the startling fact that the new diamond fields upon which are based such large investment and such brilliant hope are utterly valueless, and yourselves and your engineer, Mr. Henry Janin, the victims of an unparalleled fraud.

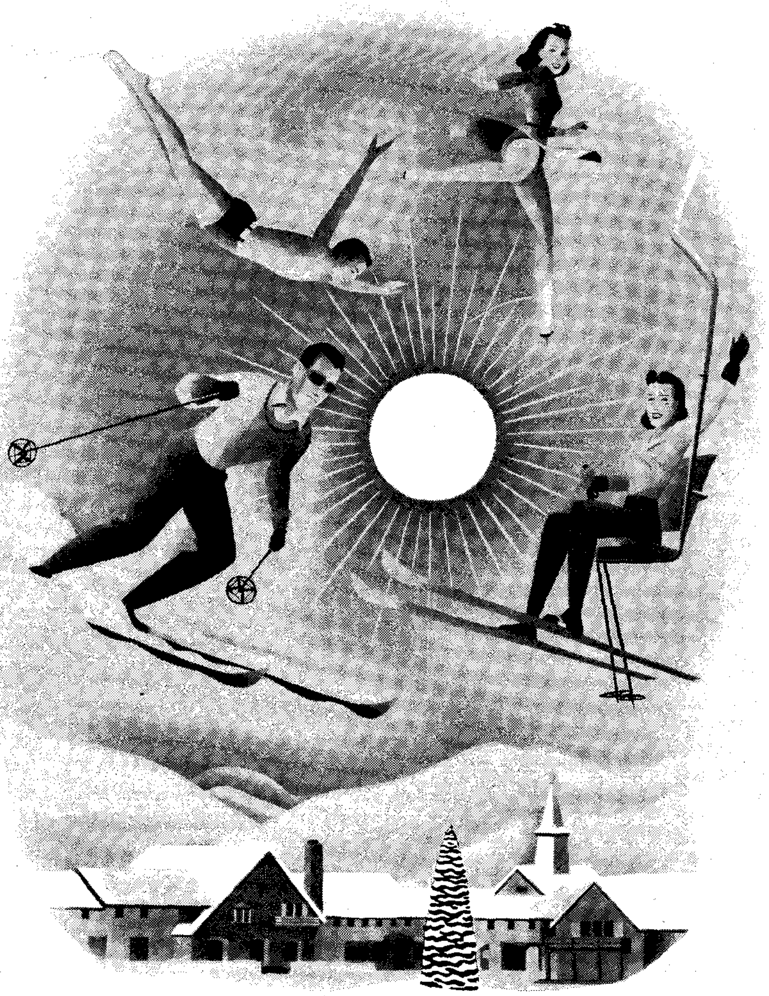
Ralston persuaded him to hold off his announcement while the directors of the company considered what to do. King agreed to wait a fortnight on Ralston's promise to prevent trading in the stock. During this time, King guided a party of the directors back to the site and convinced them that their mine was worthless. Colton was one of the group and so was Janin. The fraud now seemed to them terribly obvious. On November 27, 1872, a long story appeared on the front page of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, embodying the text of King's report to the directors and a statement by Janin admitting he had been deceived. Most of the sharped sharpers felt too foolish to be angry at anybody; Lent was the only one of the crowd who was not ashamed to go after Arnold for his money. He had, it appeared, bought out several of his colleagues, and was hooked for more than $300,000.

SLACK had disappeared, but Arnold's whereabouts was no secret. He was home in Kentucky, where, in the short time following his return from California, he had become one of the local nabobs. He had bought himself an $18,000 house on a plot of thirty-two acres near Elizabethtown, moving into it on the day of the purchase and on the next day spending $4,000 for livestock. In the house he had a great safe, and in the safe, according to Elizabethtown gossip, he had at least $500,000 in cash. The late war was a fresh and rankling memory in Hardin County. Most of Arnold's friends were retired Morgan raiders, and indeed he is said to have ridden on a few raids himself during his holidays from the gold fields. Arnold did not fear whatever prosecution might be instituted by Yankees in Hardin County, nor was there any chance that the governor of Kentucky would allow him to be extradited. The governor had a prejudice in favor of Kentuckian defendants.

When Lent came to Louisville and instituted a civil suit against Arnold to recover $350,000, the Kentuckian played injured innocence. Arnold's attorney issued a statement that his client would fight the case to the bitter end "for the sake of suffering humanity, which has been robbed and swindled by these California mining sharks for the last twenty-five years." The initial difficulty in Lent's suit was that nobody could be hired to serve the attachment on Arnold. The retired prospector continued to live at Elizabethtown, but Hardin County people insisted he wasn't there. It seemed neither polite nor judicious to contradict them.

Lent and some California friends stayed at the Galt House in Louisville, drinking the wine of the country while they waited for the case to get under way, and every day or so the *Courier-Journal* carried a humorous story on the "search" for Arnold. One day, said the newspaper, a process-server announced that he had got to Arnold by disguising himself as a tramp and had pressed the papers on the miner and escaped before Arnold could get to his shotgun. This was immediately denied by Arnold's friends, whose version was that "a suspicious, seedy-looking man" had been seen by workmen to climb "out of the sewer leading to Arnold's privy." Arnold, they said, was ready with the shotgun and would have fired had not the stranger "dashed through a nearby creek and up the Louisville & Nashville tracks for about two miles" without leaving any papers behind him. The discouraged Lent at last went back to California, but his lawyers kept up such a running fire on Arnold that the former prospector agreed to compromise the case. He might have remained safe in Hardin County for the rest of his life without paying a cent, but he would have risked legal trouble any time he crossed the county line. So he settled Lent's claim with a payment of $150,000.

Of the first $200,000 that Arnold



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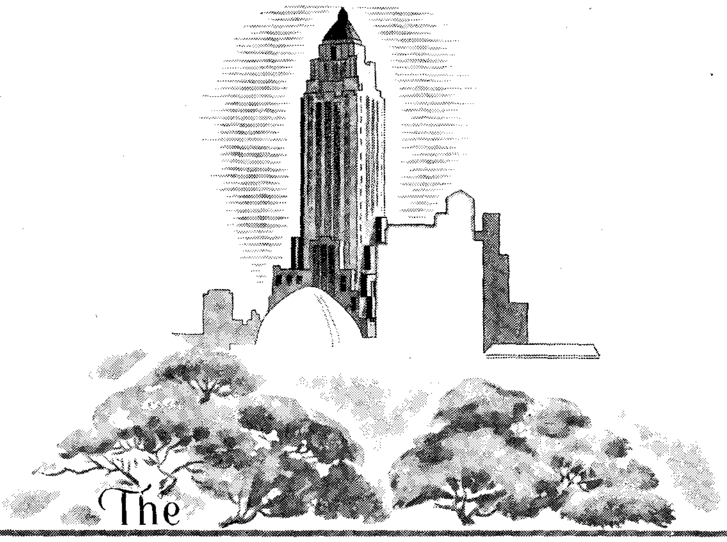

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and Slack had received, they had spent about $50,000 on stones for salting and another $10,000 for expenses. If, as seems probable, they divided the rest, Arnold got $70,000, which, with the final payment of $450,000, brought his net receipts from the hoax to $520,000. After disgorging $150,000 to Lent and paying his lawyer $25,000, he remained a very wealthy man for Elizabethtown.

AFTER the settlement, Arnold acquired about five hundred acres of good farming land. He built the first store in Elizabethtown to be equipped with plate-glass windows. He announced that he had discovered a silver deposit in Kentucky worth $9,000,000 and that he would soon start work on it. He also entered the banking business, and that was a mistake. There was another bank in Elizabethtown, managed by two partners. The banks' interests clashed, and the odds, because of the code of Hardin County, were two to one against Arnold. The retired gold miner shot one of his competitors in the arm, but the fellow's partner sneaked up behind Arnold and let him have a charge of buckshot in the back. This was fatal to Arnold, a man who has left his mark on the American psyche. Arnold had found investors willing to believe absolutely anything. He left them willing to believe not quite everything. Their credulity never rebounded to the pre-Arnold level. The Age of Innocence was over.

—A. J. Liebling

•

What Do You Think Editor—Sir:
May I add to the reasons for studying Latin, that the way to learn English is to study Latin!

We think in relations, i.e., by comparisons, as H. Spencer put it.

English is classified as unarticulated and Latin as articulated, that is, each is predominantly as described.

For example, Juliam amo; I love Julia; Julia me amat, Julia loves me. Note the different endings of "Julia" and of "am-" and the absence of the personal pronoun "I," the idea of which is expressed by the ending "o" of "amo."

Latin serves as a standard of comparison with which to compare English so that an English speaking person by studying Latin comes to realize that English consists of a collection of noises used to convey and receive ideas and that there are other methods. Thus the English speaker gets to understand the principle of language and to understand his own language.

If every one in the U. S. A. had learned Latin, would the politicians have been able to put over irredeemable promises to pay dollars as substitutes for dollars?

Edward Henry Neary
—Letter in the Sun.

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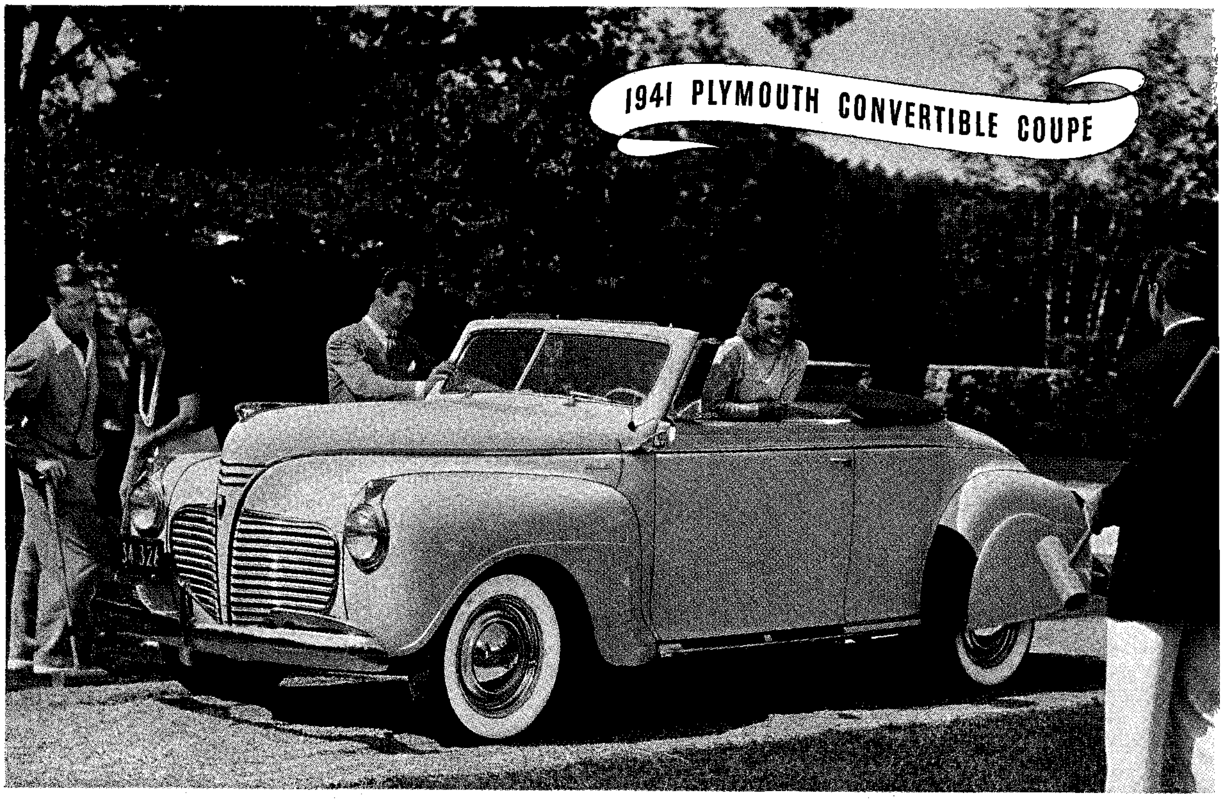
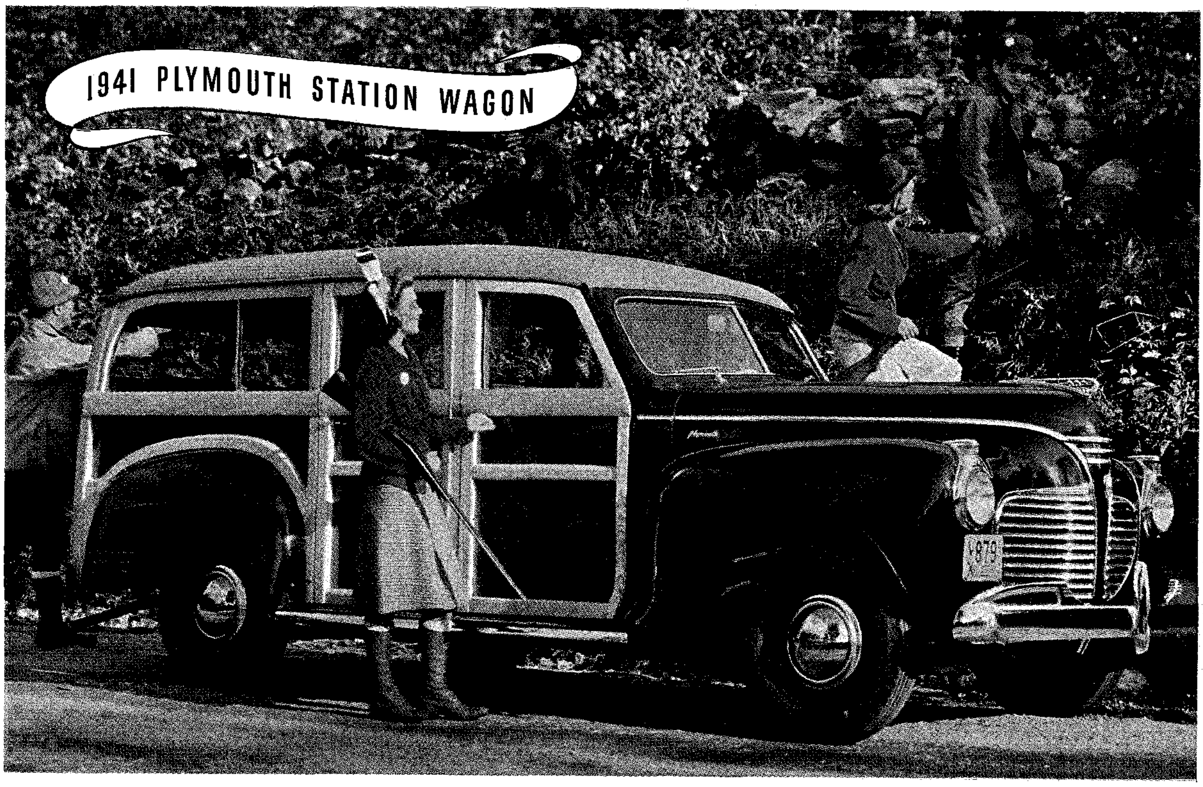
You'll be delighted with the superb beauty of these new "Sportsmen" . . . with their new performance, stepped up *4 ways*—increased horsepower and torque, new transmission, new axle ratio.

The new Convertible Coupe has a 117″ wheelbase . . . the famous power-operated top...red leather seat cushions...rear seats *inside*... white sidewall tires are standard.

The Station Wagon is built on the Special De Luxe Plymouth chassis...the body is available in either maple or mahogany finished panels. Auxiliary seats are removable and interchangeable!

Step out in style in a Plymouth "Sportsman"! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.





DRIVE THE POWERMATIC WAY— vast reductions in driving effort—and, with new transmission, elimination of certain shifting motions.

PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41

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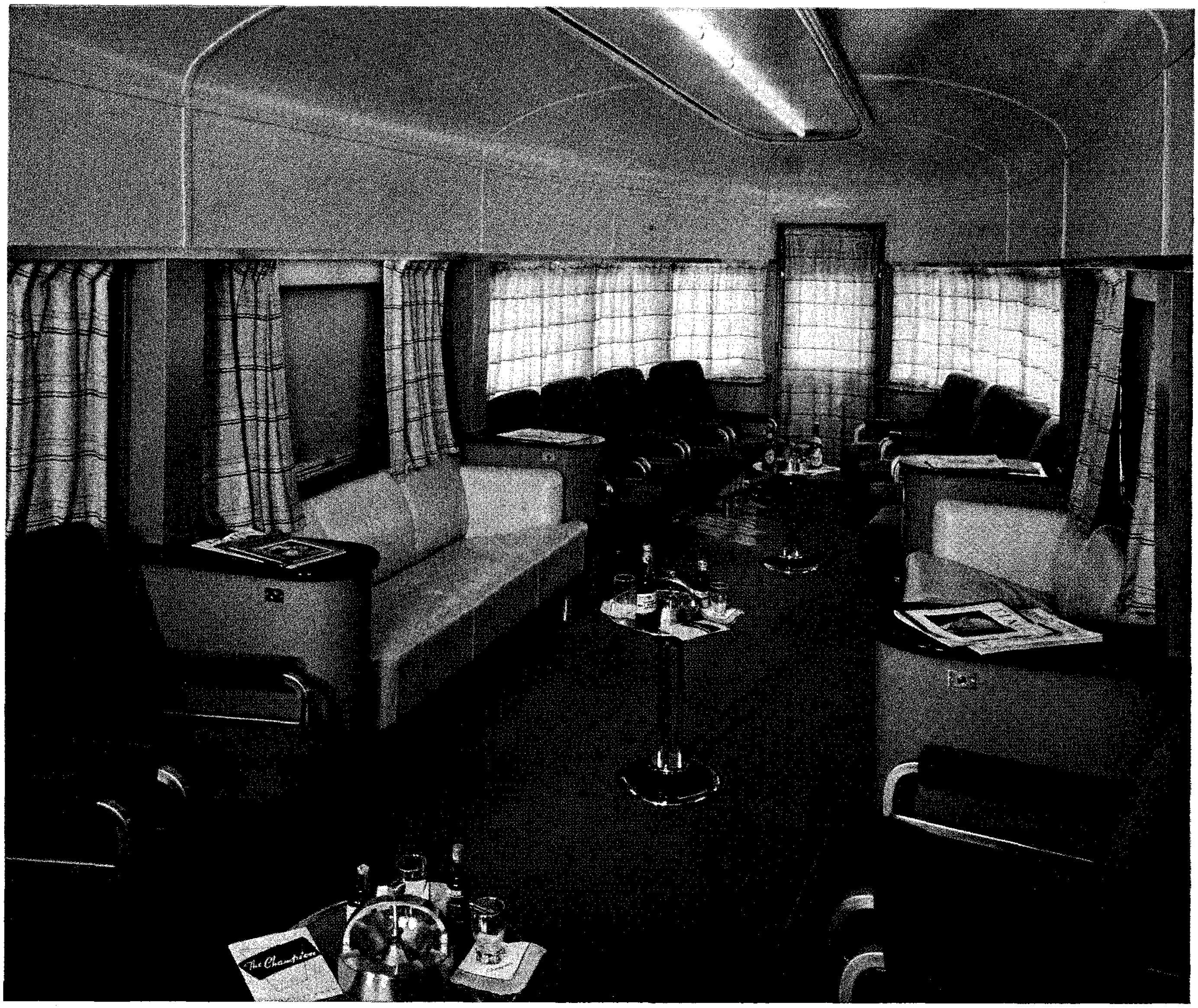
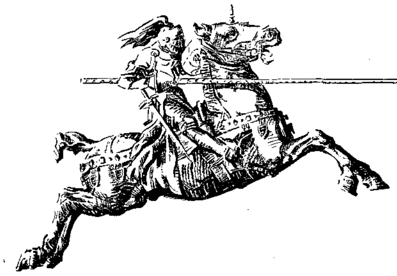


Tavern-Lounge-Observation car of The Champion *Photographed in Full Color by Powers for Atlantic Coast Line Railroad*



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JUST as THE CHAMPION, famous New York-Miami streamliner, is the champion of luxury and speed, you'll find Powers a champion at faithfully reproducing the luxuries of America's foremost products. And with speed, too!

Users of direct color photography and color engravings will be interested in a striking group of recent Powers specimens. These reproductions may be reviewed in your own office without obligation. Just call PEnnsylvania 6-0600. Get the fascinating merchandising and production stories back of the preparation of these champions of color luxury and speed.

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FOOTBALL

Easy Does It

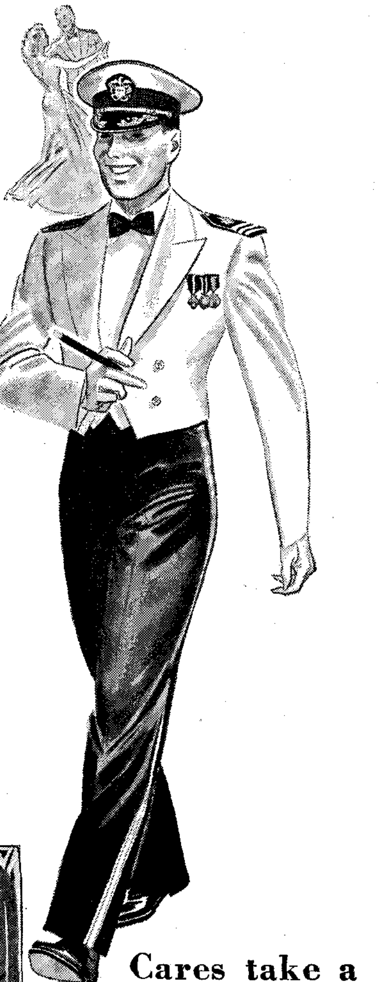
THE harshest criticism you can make of Notre Dame is that it is an almost completely opportunist team, content to play a deadpan, dispassionate sort of football, saving itself partly for a break which will give it a chance to score and partly for next week's game. This unromantic technique has, I think, led a great many people to the opinion that Notre Dame is nowhere near as slick as it really is, an impression heightened by the fact that when the first-string players go on the field to make good an opportunity to score, they carry through with such effortless ease that they look lucky instead of wonderful.

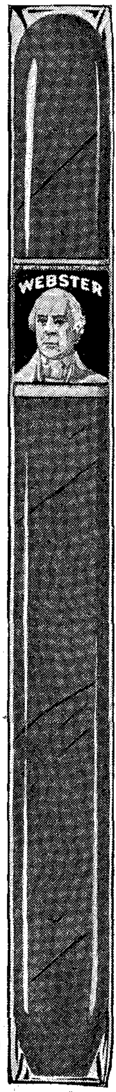
Once in a while, though, Notre Dame has to let the cat out of the bag. Last Saturday, down in Baltimore, the team found itself in a hole when, five minutes before the game with Navy ended, Navy banged out a touchdown and took the lead, 7–6. It looked bad for Notre Dame, holding the ball seventy-six yards from Navy's goal; there wasn't time for anything but passes, and Notre Dame's passing, as you have been reading all fall, isn't very good. Well, Juzwik and Saggau, two of those not-very-good passers, started throwing the ball. In six shots, Notre Dame had a first down on Navy's four-yard line, and in another minute it had the winning touchdown.

Someday a Navy quarterback will put his finger on the as yet undiscovered trigger which will release the full power that team can generate. As matters stand, Navy already has a second team so good that it is indistinguishable in action from the first team. It has a dozen fine running backs, more than any other team in the country. It has, in Busik, practically the best offensive back in the East. All it needs now is someone to tell it what to do. Once, on Saturday, Navy, after having had four cracks at the goal, lost the ball to Notre Dame on Notre Dame's three-yard line; Navy got it right back again through a fumble on the next play, and still, with another four downs, missed the chance to score.

ABOUT this time of year, says my almanac, watch out for real upsets. It usually takes around a month for the scouts to bring back to headquarters enough information to give their coaches an adequate idea of what future opponents are like, and sometimes longer than that to devise the proper defence against them. The neatest defensive job of the season so far was turned in by the Harvard coaching staff last Saturday, when the team met Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. That Harvard could play a 10–10 tie with Penn, on whom you had to give 1–6 if you wanted to get a bet down, was the most unlikely thing imaginable. As it happened, Harvard came close to beating Penn, which would have been considerably more unthinkable. Penn was offside on the play in which Vander Eb kicked the tying field goal for Harvard in the third quarter, and after the team had lined up to kick off on the next play, Friesell, the referee, ran up to notify Brown, acting as Harvard's captain for the day. The offside penalty, if accepted, would have nullified the field goal but would have given Harvard a first down on Penn's two-yard line and, considering the way the team had been playing, an excellent chance for a touchdown instead of a goal. Brown stood irresolute, then refused the gamble.

The defensive tactics devised for Harvard's outweighed, outmanned line were at once ingenious and simple. In the Penn offence, Reagan carries the ball on plays which go to the right, Dutcher on plays to the left. So Spreyer and Ayres, who backed up the Harvard line, abandoned their conventional positions and, when Reagan dropped back to take the ball, shifted far to their left; when Dutcher dropped back, they shifted far to their right. Either way, they were ready for the ballcarrier as he rounded the end of the line, and neither Reagan nor Dutcher got away for one of their usual cross-country gallops. In addition, the Harvard line shuttled constantly between five-, six-, and seven-man formations, so that the exasperated Penn linemen never knew how to play their immediate opponents. It was a bold and risky style of defence, because Ayres' and Spreyer's maneuvers necessarily left a huge hole in the centre of the Harvard line, through which the Penn backs could, and occasionally did, plunge for seven or eight yards at a clip, and it was bold and risky because it relied entirely on the belief that Penn would use exactly the same offence that the Harvard scouts, poring over their past-performance charts, had predicted





Cares take a holiday when WEBSTERS take command

Men who "know how to live" make the most of their leisure. A gay social affair—an unhurried dinner—an hour of relaxation at their club . . . there's nothing like the companionship of good friends *and Websters!* The voguishly slender,

delightfully mellow-mild

Webster Golden Wedding is especially in the tempo of today. It ideally meets the masculine smoking taste, while its delicate bouquet invariably wins feminine approval.

Choice, fragrant long-Havana filler (100%); light-claro wrapper; superb custom-craftsmanship.

WEBSTER

CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS

GOLDEN WEDDING 10c
Slenderized elegance!

KINGS (new) 10c
PERFECTO CHICO 10c
QUEENS .... 2 for 25c
FANCY TALES 15c

First in the Social Register

When friends come to dine...

introduce them to this old Scottish pleasure

Probably the most distinctive cordial in the world is Drambuie. Since 1745 its delightful flavour and warming smoothness have been celebrated both in its native Scotland and abroad.

Thanks to an unique advantage, Drambuie is truly different. It is the only world-famous cordial that is made with a base of the finest liqueur Scotch whisky. Scotsmen say this of Drambuie: "The first sip woos ye: the second wins ye".

DRAMBUIE
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Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE
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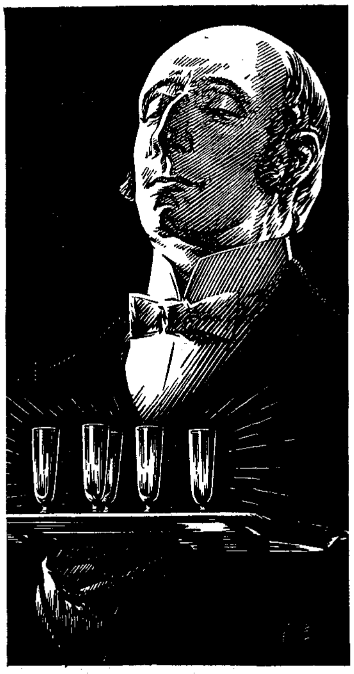

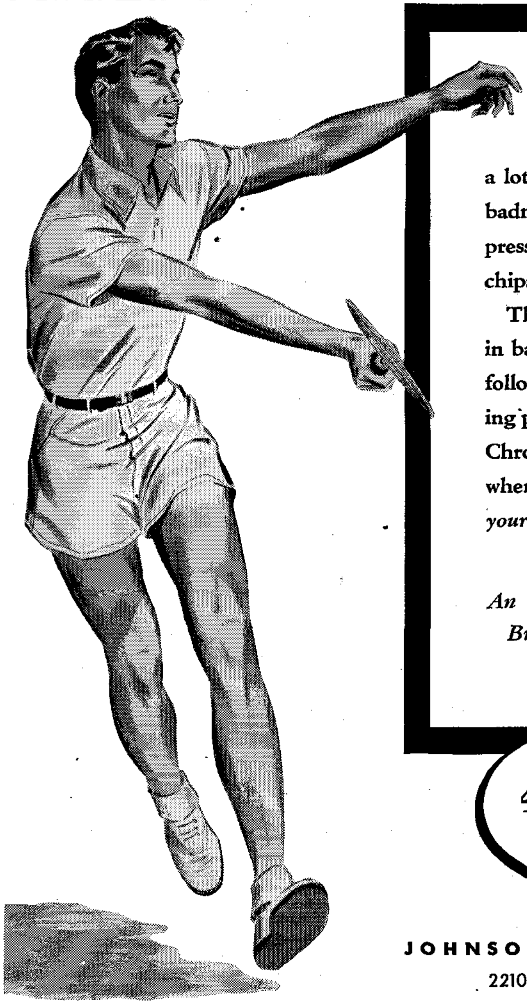

Naturally, there's a whale of a lot of difference in the ability of badminton players, and when the pressure is on, you wouldn't put your chips on an outsider, would you?

There's just as great a difference in badminton strings... and if you follow the advice of most ranking players, you'll choose Johnson's Chrome Twist badminton strings when the pressure is needed in *your* game.

★

An interesting folder "Badminton Briefs" is yours for the asking.

JOHNSON'S
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TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BADMINTON AND TENNIS GUT

JOHNSON SUTURE CORPORATION
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it would. In the light of all this, I'll never stop wondering why Brown declined to take one more gamble and accept that offside penalty.

Sorry to be technical, but it is this type of underdog football which, to my mind, makes a stadium the best place in the world to be on one of these crisp, bright, blowy fall afternoons. Clever coaches, like Harlow of Harvard, and Pond of Yale, and Little of Columbia, can—as they did Saturday—make an underdog team play way over its head, and people who stay at home instead of turning out for the spectacle miss more than they will ever know.

ALUMNI NOTES: A year ago we were all worrying about what was to become of college football. It is too early to begin worrying instead about what is to become of professional football; sooner or later the New York Giants are bound to recover from whatever has been hampering them since the final few games of last fall and to get back to playing the sort of football that made them famous. There have not been as many exciting moments up at the Polo Grounds this year as there used to be; old age and an enormous crop of injuries have seen to that. Even the youngest members of the squad, just up from college—Principe and McLaughry and the rest—have spent most of their time being bandaged instead of playing, and there have been too many visitors like the lacklustre Philadelphia Eagles and the Pittsburgh Steelers, and not enough like the Chicago Bears and the Washington Redskins. I don't think it matters especially that today's Giants can't beat the Bears and the Redskins; those teams just ought to be around oftener to show us what Grade A professional football can be. There are few sights more pleasurable than, say, the teamwork of Turner and Famiglietti as they back up the Bears' line. A fortnight or so ago, watching the Giant ballcarriers taking one painful prattfall after another as Turner and Famiglietti ganged up on them, I liked every bit of it. I could also stand seeing Spadaccini, once a Minnesota quarterback but now with the Cleveland Rams, run back another intercepted pass for a touchdown, the way he did against the Giants last Sunday. Let's have these boys again. —J. W. L.

•

There's a fine harvest, too, of home furnishings, waiting to be brought home by you. We are busy now whinnying it out.
—*House Beautiful.*

Don't give *us* the horse laugh, please.

DON'T TELL ME THE TRUTH

"THANKS, kid!" Bart yelled to the middle-aged customer who was leaving the beauty shop. "Keep sober now!"

"Oh, that's too much to ask for," she said in a pleased voice, before she opened the door and stepped out into the dark street.

At the manicuring table, Grace looked up from Mrs. Bader's hand to giggle. Mrs. Bader ducked her head out of the drier and turned to Bart with an expectant smile. All of them—the customers, and his two girls, Grace and Letty—laughed at anything Bart said.

"You could look like her, too," he shouted to Mrs. Bader over the noise of the drier, "if you got twelve hours' sleep and skipped the gutters!"

Spinning around, Bart looked at himself in a mirror as he ran his fingers through his hair. He was coatless, in white ducks, and his shirt was open at the throat. All he needed was a tennis racquet, he thought. In the old days he wore jackets like a dentist's and silently went about his business of hairdressing. His wife Christine had been the bold, gabby one. But here, in the new place, Bart sauced the customers when he wasn't clowning or reciting brash tales about his private life. He had discovered that the women, prepared for a couple of hours of boredom, could be amused by the stalest gags. And when he delivered himself of personal banter, they seemed to relish it from a man who talked like a rake. Not one of them, not even Grace or Letty, guessed that he hadn't taken a drink since he had opened the new place, named, to spite Christine, Comme Il Faut.

He still called it the new place, although nearly two years had passed since their final row, when he had quit his wife so that she could run the old hairdressing salon and her life as she pleased. He had left the driers, the permanent-wave machine, the steamer, the vibrator, all the equipment with Christine, walking out with only his favorite scissors and comb and Toots, the spaniel puppy. By now Toots had whelped twice, the mirrors in the new place were streaked, and the gold leaf was chipping off the lettering on the window. For the entire first year Bart had waited for Christine to pass by, perhaps to stop in and see the following he had created and the unceremonious way he handled every one. When they had been together, it had been Christine who queened it in the dilapidated establishment she had named Ile St. Tenth Street.

But that was long ago—nearly two years. Christine, downtown on the West Side, and he, midtown on the East Side, might have been living in different cities. She was still in the Tenth Street shop; she had even kept their old apartment. Occasionally, by telephoning Christine's friend, Hannah Spiegel, at her own beauty shop on Eleventh, Bart could maneuver her into volunteering a scrap of news about Christine. That was all. He had never caught Christine passing by, not even now when the paint was flaking off the manicure tables and the customers had learned to think it a lark to stumble over Toots' meat bones. Of course, he knew that he gave his clients value as well as diversion. His fingers and scissors could transform the broad face or the short neck or the shallow brow. He had done well enough; if he wanted, he could have the place repainted or move to larger quarters. He was thinking that one day he might do this when Letty brought Mrs. Colleran over, her hair in a towel, and sat her down in the chair before him. Mrs. Colleran looked at her drowned hair with pain. "Why can't I have hair wavy as yours, Bart?" she asked plaintively.

"Because the Lord gave me that." He stamped out his cigarette and squinted down at her. "The Lord was very good to me."

"Such modesty," Letty said, passing with an armful of wet towels.

"Go to the drugstore, Letty," he said, shaking lotion on Mrs. Colleran's hair, "and get me something to eat. I haven't had sustenance for an hour. And none of those foul sandwiches they try to pass off on you, either."

"Do something to make me look glamorous," Mrs. Colleran said in a pleading voice.

"I'm too busy to perform miracles," he said, sweeping her hair up on one side.

Miss Lauria, rescued from a drier, seated herself in a nearby chair to wait for Bart to comb her hair. With friendly attention she watched him form pin curls.

"I hope you're not going to give me something I'll hate," Mrs. Colleran said. "I hate myself enough already."

"It's because you have a face like a cream puff, darling," Bart said tenderly.

Miss Lauria drew her chair nearer. "Whatever Bart does turns out all right, I find," she said.

"Gracie," he called, "don't charge Miss Lauria today!"

"Goodness, don't tell him that," Mrs. Colleran said, valiantly trying to keep up her end, "or he'll be more unbearable than ever."

"I don't usually," Miss Lauria answered.

"She's in love with me," Bart said in a simpering tone. He tied a net around Mrs. Colleran's head and gave her a gentle push. "Go on, get up and let someone who really appreciates me sit down," he said, and led her to a drier.

Promptly Miss Lauria took Mrs. Colleran's seat. She was scowling at her reflection in the mirror when Bart returned to her. "Lauria, you're so adorable," he said, lifting the net from her hair, "I don't know how I have the audacity to be near you." He uttered a rude whistle.

At Grace's snort, he said loftily, "Anything I can do for *you*, Gracie?"

"Why, no, Mr. Bart," she said innocently.

"Well, there's something you can do for me. Come on, help me take out the pins, can't you?"

"Heavens, look at my face," said Miss Lauria. "There must be something wrong with your mirror."

"Probably just the cheap liquor coming out," Bart said. He turned to Grace. "Wouldn't you say so?"

"I wouldn't know," she answered.

"You wouldn't know. You don't know anything. You're a peasant, Gracie. I wouldn't keep you on here if I thought you could get anything else."

"Well, I can get something else," she said defiantly. "I was offered something else. So there."

Bart gave a shrill whistle and called to Letty, who was entering the front door with a container of coffee and a piece of cake. "Did you hear about our Gracie? They're trying to steal her from us."

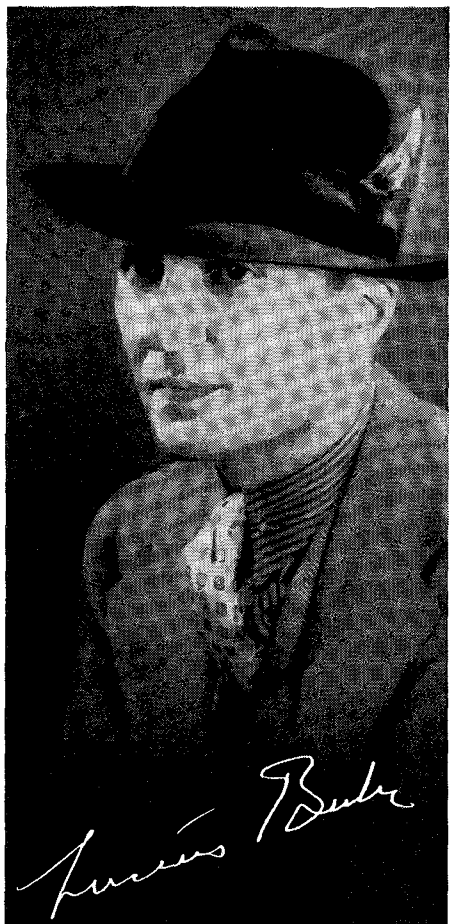
"Well, I *was* offered something," Grace mumbled.

"What were you offered, adorable?" he said.

"Well, it was being hostess in a poolroom," Grace said, still defiantly.

Letty nearly dropped the cake and Toots began to bark at the sound of Miss Lauria's cackle.

"Adorable, adorable Gracie," Bart said, grabbing her around the waist. "I'm just beside myself with this adorable, divine, enchanting poolroom host-



Lucius Beebe

Lucius Beebe, New York syndicated columnist and commentator on urban manners, who is a connoisseur of food and wine, says:

"California is sending us some great wines these days"

Behind the bottle label there's the wine. And behind the wine, the grapes. The California soil and climate can grow the world's finest wine grapes—and each variety ripens perfectly every year. Here old-world skills can be combined with modern methods to produce superlative wines.

Variety for variety, and at comparable cost, many connoisseurs are finding that California wines equal those from abroad. Wines of California are made to strict quality standards. Well developed. True to type. Your wine merchant or importer will gladly help you select the fine wines of California.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California

ess so close to me." He held her until she began to laugh herself.

IN a few minutes Bart was able to sit down and drink his coffee. Mrs. Bader had left shortly after Miss Lauria. It was near enough to closing time to let Grace go. With Mrs. Colleran deafened by the drier while Letty manicured her nails, he wouldn't have to exert himself. Whenever he felt incapable of another flip remark, he burst into song or executed a dance step, but that wasn't necessary, now.

He had half finished his coffee when the front door swung open to admit the new customer whom Letty had attended the week before. Before he could tell her that she was too late, he noticed, as he had noticed last week, that she carried herself like Christine, her shoulders high and her head tipped back.

"Just in time," he said, and, rising, called to Letty, "I'll get her started!" He paid no attention to Letty's expression of surprise; usually he left the shampoos to the girls.

The customer closed her eyes when she leaned her head back on the chair rest. She didn't remind him of Christine now, he thought, and reaching for the soap solution, he began to sing, "On a little street in Singapore." But while he lathered her hair he was silent, thinking: I could call Hannah Spiegel. It's been long enough since I did. I could come right out and ask her, if she doesn't say anything first. I could make it sound offhand enough, say what the hell is my ex up to these days?

Now he couldn't wait to get to the telephone and was relieved when he saw Letty leave the manicure table.

"She's an aristocrat," he said happily, delivering the new customer to Letty's care. "She doesn't tremble when the boss himself washes her hair."

In response to Mrs. Colleran's anguished signal, he hastily tilted the drier up from her head. "A little dampish yet," he lied, feeling her back hair. "Go back in for a couple of minutes while I call up my little baby." He winked at Mrs. Colleran. "Two hundred and forty-five pounds."

But he was too late for Hannah; he knew it the minute he heard her partner's voice. "Well, God dammit, why doesn't she stay at her stand once in a while?" he said testily. "Tell her I said she'll be going out of business if she buzzes around town like this."

He could have called Hannah an hour earlier, he thought, as he used the magnet to draw the pins from Mrs. Colleran's hair; he could have called her yesterday or the day before or the day before that. Only maybe she wouldn't have known anything, maybe all she would have said was "Christine? Haven't seen or heard of her in a blue moon."

"You get younger every day, Bart," Mrs. Colleran said.

"Isn't that the truth?" He performed a few dance steps. "Or do you just think I'm crazy?" When she parted her lips, he held up his hand to silence her. "Don't tell me the truth. I don't want the truth. I want flattery, for me old age." He sighed. "Right now."

"A minute ago," said Mrs. Colleran, "you were showing how young you are."

"I've aged," he said with mock grief. "That last dance did it."

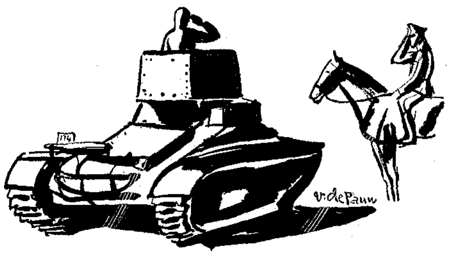
As soon as he had closed the front door on Mrs. Colleran, he turned to Letty. "You'll lock up, won't you, kid?" he said exuberantly. "I'm late as it is."

"Crazy man," Letty said admiringly. "You're getting a head start on them before you've even had a drink." She had Toots on her leash, ready for him when he emerged from an alcove, dressed for the street. He nodded perfunctorily to the girl under the drier; he couldn't remember what had made him think she looked at all like Christine.

BY the time he reached his apartment, he was out of breath from walking so rapidly and he had to take his time mounting the stairs. While Toots made for her saucer of water, Bart stared at the bare floor and walls of his living room. Every evening when he came home, he told himself he ought to take some time off to fix up his rooms. For some reason he couldn't rid himself of the notion that he was only staying there temporarily.

When Toots came toward him, he picked her up. "My darling little doggie," he said. "My wonderful, adorable, darling little Tootsie."

He let her struggle out of his arms and flop onto the floor. Christine would be surprised to see how big the dog had become. Christine would be surprised at his desolate surroundings, too. She would be surprised at a lot of things about him, he thought, and most surprised if, after all this time, she heard his voice. At once



he knew why he had raced home: it was Thursday. Ile St. Tenth Street was always closed on Thursday evenings and Christine would be at home in the apartment. If he called her, he could be as flippant as he had planned to be with Hannah Spiegel.

AFTER he picked up the telephone receiver, he paused. Toots was already asleep; there was no sound in the room but her faint, irregular snore. Talk to Christine just as you talk to Lauria and Mrs. Colleran, he told himself, or to Gracie, who could be a poolroom hostess. But before he dialled the familiar number, he lit a cigarette.

When he heard the first buzz, he executed a dance step, his heels noisy on the uncarpeted floor. Then the receiver at the other end was picked up and a man's voice said "Hello."

Bart's cigarette dropped from his fingers and as he automatically stamped it out, he thought: I dialled wrong, that's all. The man spoke again, impatiently.

"Have I got Spring 7-9398?" Bart asked.

"That's right," the man said. Then his voice was succeeded by Christine's.

"Hello, who is it?" she said in her eager, high-pitched tone.

Bart licked his dry lips. He hadn't thought of another man. Christine spoke again, and then, irritated, hung up. For a few minutes Bart held the receiver at his ear. He had thought of so much else that he just hadn't thought of another man, that was all. Presently he replaced the receiver, softly, as though he didn't want to disturb anyone at the other end. He looked down and, seeing his dead cigarette, picked it up and put it in an ashtray. Then he walked to Toots and nudged her roughly with his toe.

The dog opened one eye and dreamily looked up at him. "Why don't you skip the gutters, get twelve hours' sleep, and stay away from that cheap liquor?" Bart said in a braying, insolent voice.

—LEANE ZUGSMITH

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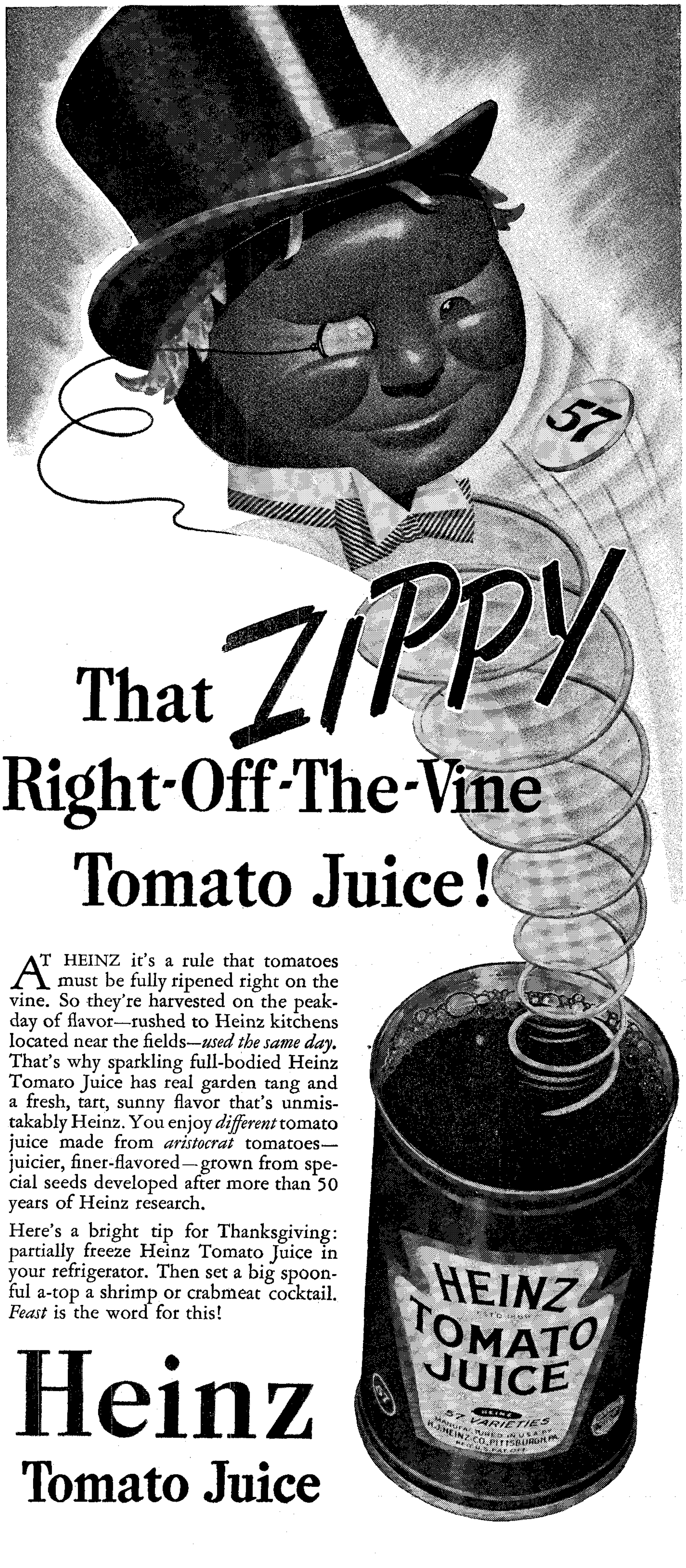
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Providence Journal*]

Arthur G. Thomas vs. Edgar L. Burchell, appellee's motion to dismiss appellee's motion to strike out, appellee's motion for bill of particulars. Appellant's motion objecting to appellee's motion to dismiss, appellant's motion objecting to appellee's motion to strike out, appellant's motion objecting to appellee's motion for bill of particulars, continued to Oct. 7. Stephen J. Casey for plaintiff. Edgar L. Burchell for respondent.



That ZIPPY Right-Off-The-Vine Tomato Juice!

AT HEINZ it's a rule that tomatoes must be fully ripened right on the vine. So they're harvested on the peak-day of flavor—rushed to Heinz kitchens located near the fields—*used the same day.* That's why sparkling full-bodied Heinz Tomato Juice has real garden tang and a fresh, tart, sunny flavor that's unmistakably Heinz. You enjoy *different* tomato juice made from *aristocrat* tomatoes—juicier, finer-flavored—grown from special seeds developed after more than 50 years of Heinz research.

Here's a bright tip for Thanksgiving: partially freeze Heinz Tomato Juice in your refrigerator. Then set a big spoonful a-top a shrimp or crabmeat cocktail. *Feast* is the word for this!

Heinz
Tomato Juice

HISTORY
BASS
BREWED IN ENGLAND
SINCE 1777
GREAT STUFF WITH STEAKS -BASS ALE
THE PERFECT NIGHT CAP, TOO
BILL—Bass Ambassador from England, says:
Bass
BASS & CO'S PALE ALE
W. A. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK

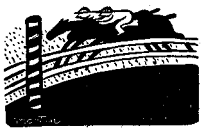
"Order Bass Ale today . . . its distinguished flavor and rich body make it "great stuff" with meals—after sports—or whenever a tall one is in order. Have some sent home, too." *On sale wherever fine beverages are sold.*

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Sole distributors for United States
Importers since 1888

Great Stuff! Bass ALE

THE RACE TRACK

Nice for Christmas



At least I don't have to start off with the complaint that nothing has happened at Pimlico worth complaining about. Not quite so many favorites were beaten as at Jamaica, but the noise of the show parlays blowing up was positively deafening.

The best race of the week was the Riggs Handicap, in which Rough Pass fought off successive challenges by Honey Cloud, Foxbrough, and Burning Star, and finally won with something to spare. Rough Pass, you may remember, is the colt Yancey Christmas bought at the Maryland yearling sales for $275 and developed into a first-rate two-year-old. Last autumn, lots of Marylanders, better partisans than judges of distance, insisted that he came close to beating Bimelech in the Pimlico Futurity, and early this spring he was fancied for the Kentucky Derby and The Preakness. About that time, though, he picked up a collection of ailments which kept him from the races much of the season. Christmas fussed over him (all trainers have a smattering of veterinary knowledge) until at last he found a patent medicine that did the trick. Now, apparently, Rough Pass is as good as he ever was. He isn't likely to run at Pimlico any more, though, and has no stakes engagements at Bowie. The Riggs was worth $10,725 in prize money to Yancey, who now is thinking of giving his whole stable a rest this winter.

The luckiest bettor on the Riggs was the man who picked Foxbrough, and won. As you know, all horses are numbered on the program and you buy tote tickets by number, which is supposed to save time, reduce the margin of error, and possibly avoid disputes over the pronunciation of names like Robespierre, Itabo, L'Odeon, Aethelwold, and Oneechee. Well, Rough Pass was No. 1 and Foxbrough No. 2 on the program, and the seller who served the bettor unintentionally pushed the No. 1 key of the machine that issues the tickets instead of the No. 2 key. If the buyer had noticed the mistake then and there, the seller would have had to keep and pay for the ticket, but the buyer didn't notice—until after the race. Then he found that, though his choice had lost, his $2 ticket was worth $76.80.

THERE was no reason in the world the speed-chart makers and most of the trainers shouldn't have picked Paul Nash's old horse, Burning Star, in the Grayson Handicap last Saturday, but I didn't quite see why, in a mile-and-a-half race, they should have gone so far off the deep end about him. The funny thing was that almost everyone overlooked True Call, who is accustomed to running long races and who led throughout. True Call has been a useful filly all season. She is trained by Dion Kerr, who, as men with long, white beards will recall, once won the Amateur Cup for Al Matthews on a 20–1 chance named Rio Grande.

When Equitable finished second in the New York Handicap at Belmont Park last month, people found fault with McCreary, who rode her, for bringing her up to the leaders too fast. Last weekend, when she was beaten by True Call, her jockey—Meade, this time—was blamed for waiting too long. Oh well, you can't please everybody.

IT isn't hard to explain the tremendous excitement over Crispin Oglebay's colt, Ocean Blue, when he came out the other afternoon. There's always a certain amount of glamour about a two-year-old who makes a first appearance so late in the season, and, besides, Ocean Blue was supposed to have beaten Level Best in a workout. He won his first race easily enough, but the next time out, in the Sagamore Handicap, he was beaten quite handily by Harvard Square, who is no great shakes. I'm sure that even Whirlaway won't have to worry much about Ocean Blue. And speaking of new two-year-olds, Alfred Vanderbilt's $18,000 filly by Bahram, Bukhara II, is still a roly-poly animal with a lot to learn about racing.

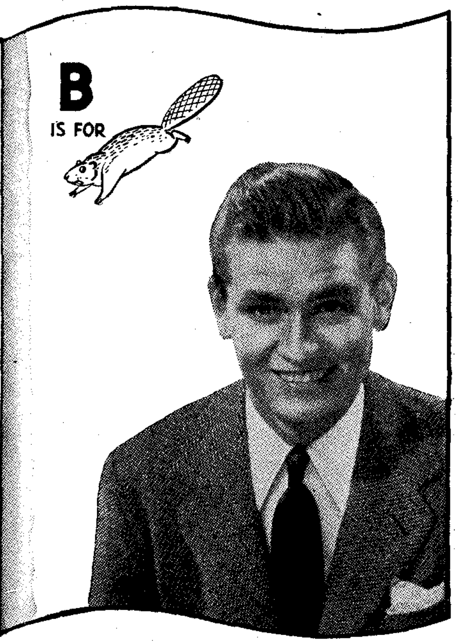
THIS department's prize for the most arresting ballyhoo line goes to a man who has a tiny lunchroom just outside the Pimlico gates. His cry to passers-by is "Look what I've got! Look what I've got!" —AUDAX MINOR

•

Dear Miss Markel: Is there a better method of introducing my mother-in-law than saying: "This Thiserv-socf; axonOeibsMpetngBiit is my mother-in-law?"—*Letter in Francine Markel's column in the Charleston (S. C.) News & Courier.*

Yes, there is.

Lessons for men from a child's picture book



G. MEN WITH LONG NECKS may look giraffe-like in the *wrong* collar. They can side-step this in Arrow's Sussex shirt. Its widespread collar makes necks look shorter, handsomer! $2.

B. MEN WITH SHORT NECKS may look beaver-like in the wrong collar. They can avoid this with the Arrow Bruce shirt. Its low band, long-point collar makes necks seem longer, thinner! $2.

H. MEN WHOSE COLLARS wrinkle like a hippo's neck should get Arrow Dale. Its collar won't wilt all day! Like *all* Arrows, Dale is Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). $2.50.

P. MEN FEEL PROUD as peacocks in Arrow Shirts! Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit is shaped the way a man is built. A big favorite is Arrow Gordon Oxford, with button-down collar. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

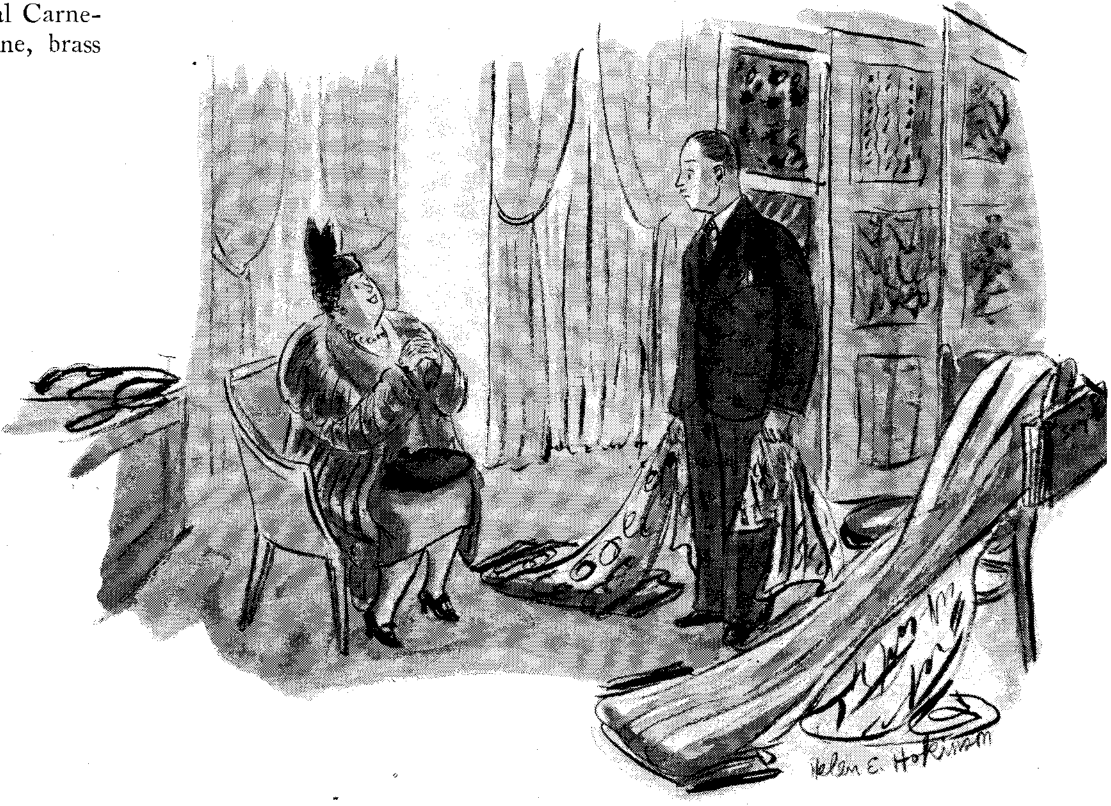
ONLY in flashes does the average mortal get a picture of the ingredients that compose the working wardrobe of a woman of fashion. We may see a "best-dressed" woman wearing the right dress at the right gathering, but what she shrewdly considers important for a useful wardrobe still remains nebulous. Therefore, a visit to Hattie Carnegie's shop is enlightening, for it is on the cracker barrels up there that women like this forgather to check up on one another.

At this time of year the Carnegie Club is interested in light-colored wool suits that are practical because they look well under fur coats now and will be excellent by themselves later on in Palm Beach, where, ballyhoo notwithstanding, there will be plenty of days when wool will be desirable. Among the offerings is a suit of aquamarine-blue wool with a longish jacket that buttons up to high revers; at each side, it has a deep pleat nipped in at the waistline, and the skirt has deep gores in front, giving the semblance of pleats. Other suits here have little jackets that faithfully follow the taut lines of the traditional Carnegie reefer: a collarless neckline, brass military buttons down the front, a seam indicating a shallow yoke that extends around the tip of the wide, rounded shoulders, and a sort of Peter Thomson braid emblem on one sleeve. This appears all around the shop—in wool, for suits; in corduroy, to go with slacks or skirts; in brushed wool (the kind your kids wear for skating hats, but what a difference ninety-five dollars make!) as a separate sweater jacket. It's wonderful, too, in American broadtail, with those brass buttons gleaming on it; in fur, it hangs loose instead of fitting close.

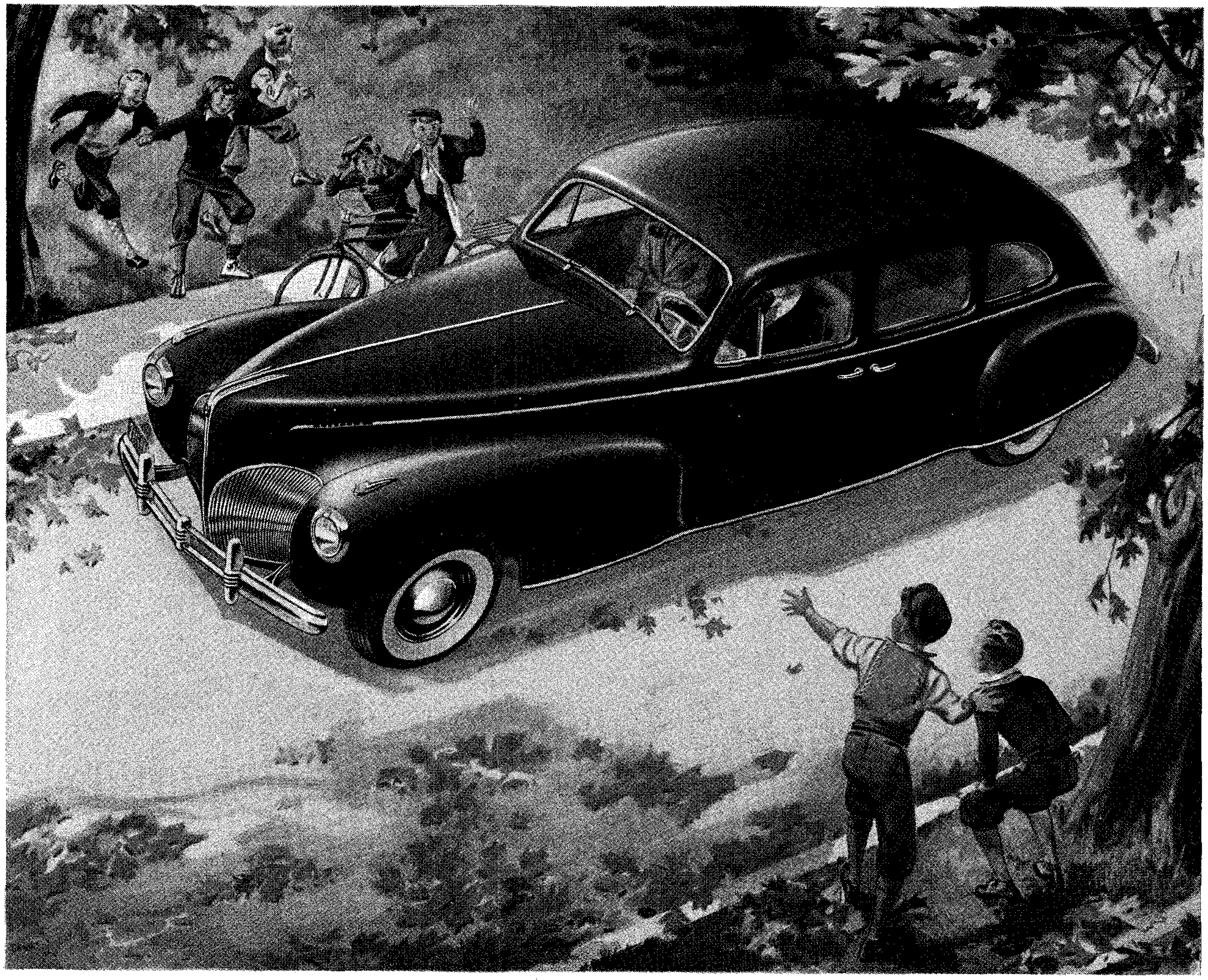
In the evening, the Right People apparently want to look fluttering, helpless, and more than a little suggestive. Filmy dresses are quite likely to have a low, heart-shaped décolletage which leaves you uncovered to the waistline in back. This is voluptuous enough in itself, but, not content, Carnegie loves to edge it with only one layer of chiffon or lace over flesh chiffon. Such arrant femininity is to be found here in many versions, though the great Ford of the collection is a slim, ladylike crêpe affair with tiny cap sleeves—silly ones, which Carnegie adores—starting just at the tip of the shoulder; one side of the deep, square décolletage is dragged down by a bow, and just in front of one hipbone another bow casually gathers up the drapery of the skirt. For boyish informality, her sweater evening dress remains a sensation; the skirt is usually fan-pleated and has crossbars or up-and-down bands of colored sequins; the top may be a round-necked, short-sleeved jersey sweater (her newest notion is to make it a precise copy of a polo shirt, convertible collar and all), and there is always a matching triangular scarf with sequins, to knot around your neck or your hips or to tie over your hair. One final gaiety: look at a hip-length evening coat of electric-blue brushed wool that is embroidered with crescents, made of sequins in fireworks colors, and lined with quilted red satin. To be worn only by a woman with great chic and a sense of humor.

REVILLON'S genius for the manipulation of rare and beautiful furs is so firmly established among his reverent public that we are likely to forget his equal knack with the amusing side of life. Currently, you will see at his shop two models in a brown dyed Alaska seal, a lovely fur for people who are tired of nutria. One is a frivolous, nineties sort of thing—a jacket tightly fitted down to the hipline, with bronze sequins sparkling at each side of its prim, rolled collar; the other is a knockout, full-length, double-breasted reefer coat with two rows of buttons, three to a row, that slant outward as they ascend. A little evening cape of ermine may solve the problems of a rich uncle at Christmas time. A bunch of tails at its neckline may be worn front, back, or on the shoulder, according to the way you turn the cape, which is very short, very adaptable, and flares out perkily however you wear it.

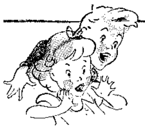
EVEN to those women who profess to have no interest in the career of the Duchess of Windsor, the name of Mainbocher is something to think



"Do you know how a maple tree looks when it begins to turn?"



Approved by the World's Severest Critics



YOU SEE them at the leaf-strewn crossroads . . . their small freckled faces radiant with wonder as they watch America-on-wheels come sweeping down the highway . . .

THESE are the severest judges—the roadside Critics—playing their favorite wishing game. And they'd trade their first pair of long trousers for a ride in the new 1941 Lincoln-Zephyr—the car that looks like a dream in motion.

THERE'S something irrepressibly youthful about the Lincoln-Zephyr—those long, lithe lines, the smart sweep of its sleek hood, the graceful contour of rear deck. It's a handsome, gleaming beauty that promises more fun per gallon than any car you've ever owned.

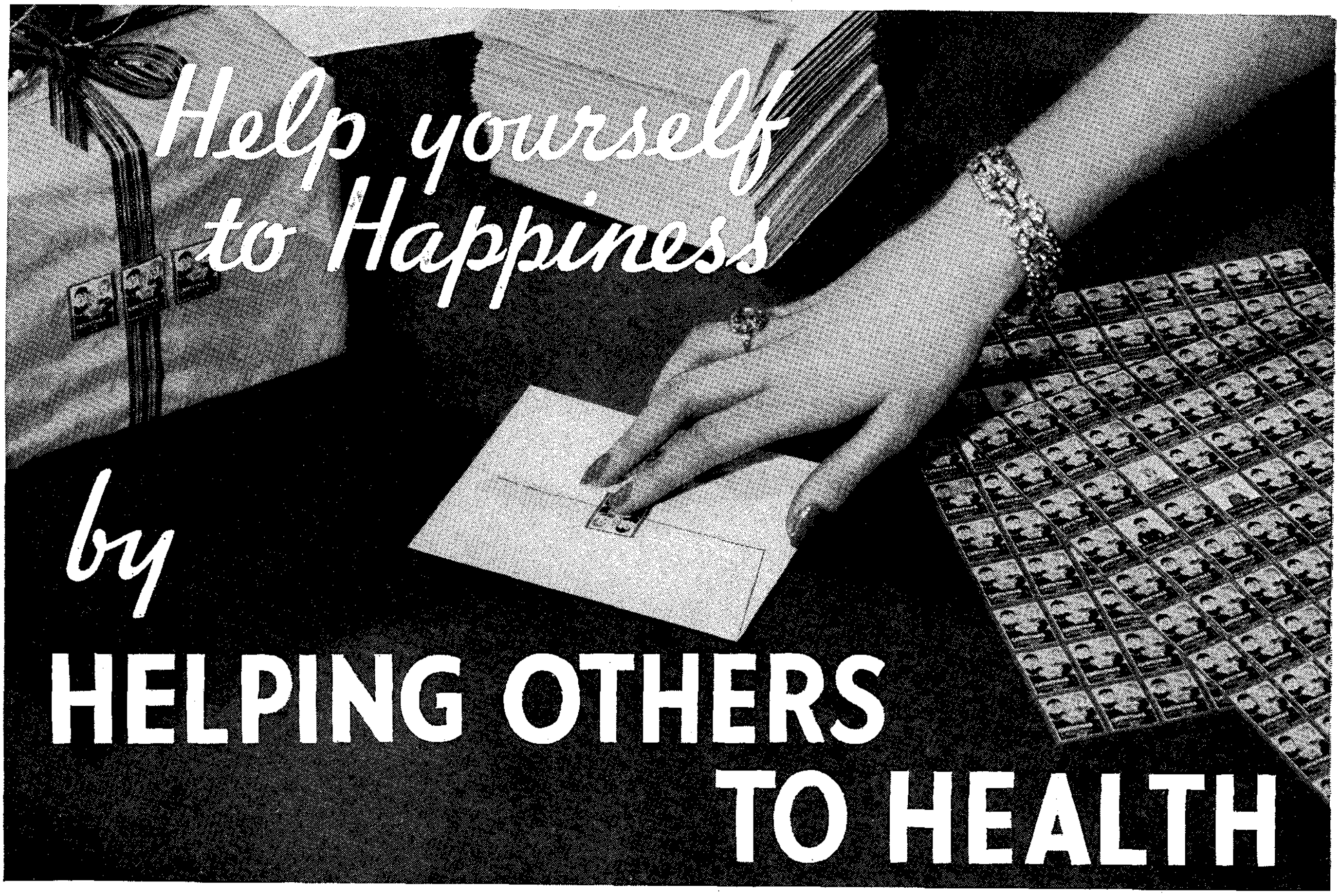
YOU'LL sense this subtle feeling of young adventure the first time you go for a Zephyr *glider ride!* This car is built for skimming over the roughest roads with the quiet smoothness of a glider in flight. Cradled on long, liquid-like springs, cushioned in chair-high seats "amidships", where riding is best, you're billowed along while tremendous V-12 power whispers and flows and surges and recedes as softly and gently as the rise and fall of the tide . . .

PRECISION-BUILT by Lincoln engineers in the great Lincoln plant, these cars are different in motor—different in basic design—different in construction. And their economy is amazing!

STEP into a Lincoln-Zephyr showroom and arrange to drive one of these magnificent new models yourself! You'll be as thrilled as the snub-nosed little schoolboy who leans against the picket fence and wishes . . . fervently . . . he were you.

LINCOLN Zephyr V-12

LINCOLN MOTOR CAR DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY, BUILDERS ALSO OF THE LINCOLN-CONTINENTAL, CABRIOLET AND COUPE; THE LINCOLN-CUSTOM, SEDAN AND LIMOUSINE.


Help yourself
to Happiness
by
HELPING OTHERS
TO HEALTH

This Christmas—be a partner in a great life-saving campaign. Use plenty of Christmas Seals on your letters and packages. They are gay, colorful . . . and what's more important . . . they spread a message of Tuberculosis control and prevention that is vital to the good health of us all!

Since 1907, the annual sale of Christmas Seals has done its share in helping to reduce the death rate from Tuberculosis by 75%! Complete eradication is now in sight! But no one is safe from Tuberculosis until *everyone* is safe. So help yourself—by helping others!

CHRISTMAS
Greetings
1940

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

The National, State and Local
Tuberculosis Associations
in the United States

about. While designing in Paris, with all the finesse that those surroundings could give him, he never lost an American sense of wearability in clothes, a sense that is vital to the ease of the American woman. Few of us are capable of making dramatic entrances, and we are embarrassed at finding ourselves decked out in eccentricities. Now, in his new salon at 6 East 57th Street, he is showing a large and lovely collection which is so charming and so utterly normal that the smart public has been utterly dumfounded by it. Of this, much more anon. —L. L.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WE'RE not crying wolf. One glance at the calendar should convince you that it's really time to consider the Christmas-gift problem seriously; each day that slips by now means just so much more demoralizing hubbub at the end. In the past two issues we've piled up a solid backlog of suggestions on which you can go to work at once, as follows:

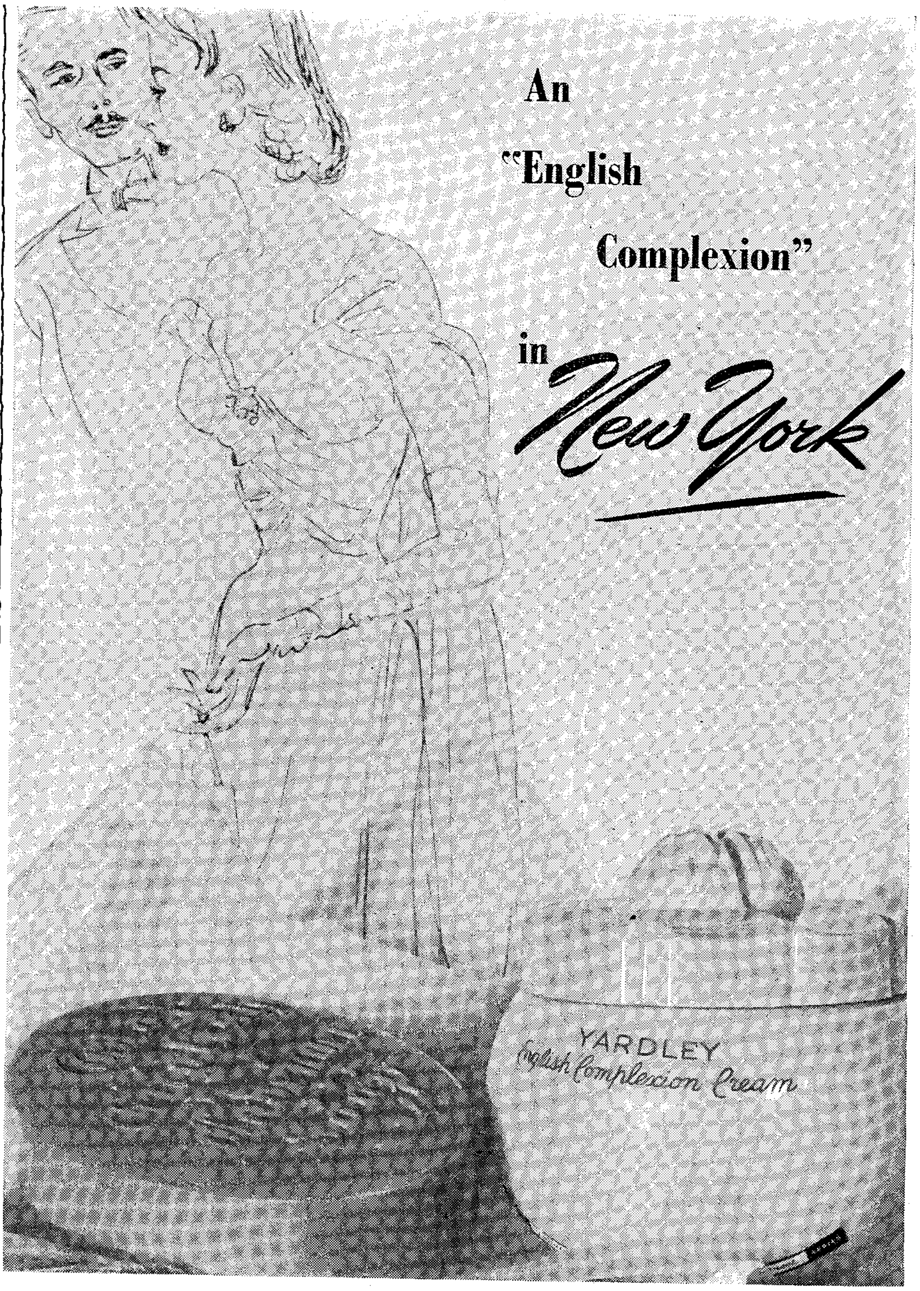
November 2nd. . . . Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs.

November 9th. . . . Custom gifts for men, de-luxe lingerie, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.

Below is a long list of household gifts which anyone with a roof over his head should covet. It ought to give you enough to keep busy on until we come back next week with a whole stack of hints about jewelry and other things.

For the House

IT'S a pleasure this year to report that despite contrary rumors and alarums the only difficulty shoppers are likely to face in finding gifts for friends' houses is the old familiar one of an embarrassment of riches. More European merchandise than you might expect is available, for many New York stores bought heavily last year, and besides quantities of English things keep coming over right along and fine modern wares of all kinds are still pouring in from Finland. Add to this the amazing response of American craftsmen to the growing demand for their work and what you get is a crop of Christmas gifts that can't be called less than bumper. To help you through the inevitably voluminous details of all this, we've divided the list into two parts—first the great big



A lovely American debutante with a glorious "English Complexion"! Since babyhood, Yardley's few fundamental beauty aids have been attendant to her *natural* loveliness.

Debutantes (and their younger sisters) need only the very simplest of Yardley beauty treatments. Start with Yardley's English Lavender Soap . . . the luxury soap of the world. The deliciously creamy lather leaves your skin feeling radiantly refreshed. The single tablet . . . 35c.

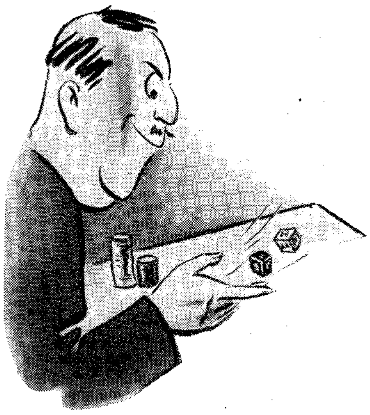
Then use Yardley's "English Complexion" Cream at least once a day. Its benign touch is youth itself, for its texture is rich and soft and utterly luxurious. Perfect for cleansing, and as a powder base, too . . . $1.

You may purchase these famous Yardley aids to complexion loveliness at any finer drug or department store. And at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Write to this address for our book, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street." Quite free.

● *As one gets away from the debutante age, one should cleanse with Yardley's luxuriously smooth Cleansing Cream,* **$1;** *refresh the skin with Yardley's mild Toning Lotion,* **85c;** *and combat dryness with Yardley's rich texture Night Cream,* **$1.**

Yardley

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS



Here's Philpot again! Remember Gus? He was the self-styled mathematical genius who told us that he'd figure out a "system" that would beat the Deadly Double in no time. We still say he's crazy. You simply can't beat the Deadly Double. Try it and see.

THE DEADLY DOUBLE

P.S. If you don't know Gus and if you don't recognize this Double Eagle, it stands for the fastest selling new game on the market, the ideal Christmas gift. (Not for Aunt Hattie, or the small fry, but for every really adult member of the family.)

XX

DE LUXE EDITION $2.50

If, by any chance, this new game is not available in the best stores in your community, please write the Monarch Publishing Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, who will supply your dealer.

Cartier Inc.

Sapphires of different hues, aquamarines and diamonds form this clip brooch, $525; star sapphires with diamonds in rings for him and for her; sapphire and gold cuff links, $190; tie clip, $14. Other exceptional gifts from $1. Christmas cards from 15¢. Our Christmas booklet sent upon request.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

stores, then the small-to-middling-large ones. First part:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Even the house that has everything probably hasn't a doorman's umbrella ($7.50 in standard black cotton with 50-inch spread), or a four-dial desk piece in leather embodying a clock, a barometer, a thermometer, and a calendar that changes the date automatically at midnight ($55). A sterling-silver box for those outsize cigarettes, with a diamond-point stylus which guests may use to autograph it; $25. A small boot weighted with lead makes a doorstop ($7.50), and two make a husky set of bookends. For a sailing family: a mahogany tray with a glass surface covering any one of a number of charts for navigating local waters; $14.

Altman: Mahogany serving pieces, such as unpolished salad bowls, the kind epicures like ($6.95); servers to match ($2.50); Lazy Susan condiment sets with brass railings ($9.95). For a wide-eyed young career girl in her first little flat: a two-drink shaker and two cups on a tray, all in silver plate; $12.50. If you have to find something for a hostess who loves to spring tricks on her helpless friends, it could be tall, footed glasses designed for fruits immersed in champagne; $24 a dozen.

Black, Starr & Gorham: Highball glasses with the squadron emblems (they have them all) of the Army and Navy aviation services. Among small antique silver implements turned to modern uses are marrow scoops, recommended for soft cheeses—and why not marrow? Enchanting silver miniatures: a tiny grooved meat platter makes an ashtray ($3.50); a wee wine-cooler holds cigarettes ($6.50). Traditional silver thimbles couldn't be better for the lady who sews; $5 and up.

Bloomingdale: Few-of-a-kind eighteenth-century English pewter pieces in wonderful condition. A full thirty-six-piece dinner service would be a grand gesture at $295. Beakers, porringers, and egg cups start at $2; pint-sized tankards are $6.98; wine flagons, $29.50. Upstairs in the china shop: really nice dinner services for eight start as low as $12.98.

Flint & Horner, 66 West 47th: For gamesters, a walnut table has a chessboard inlaid in its top, which opens to disclose a backgammon layout; $62.50. A table for the diligent reader—it's fine as a dictionary stand, too—has a top that can be made either flat or slanting; $27.50. Copies of old tambour-front desks are a specialty, and very well done: a lady-sized mahogany one has ivory drawer pulls and inlays; $97.50.

Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th: You need look no further for Lucite, the transparent plastic—it's here in footed trays, standing towel racks, luggage stands, padded stools, wastebaskets, an across-the-tub bath tray with mirror, and lots more. A room thermometer wired to an outdoor attachment tells both temperatures at once; $6. Old-fashioned silver-plated, basket-type holders for beverage and condiment bottles appear in new sizes for ginger ale, beer, Coca-Cola, and so on; from $1.30.

Hathaway, 51 West 45th: An octagonal chair-side table made of well-seasoned yew has a lip edge; the burl in the wood is brought out nicely; $22.50. A drop-leaf table in yew is really a scaled-down Sheraton sofa table; $79. Mirrors styled by Charles of London include a three-foot oval of glass with a pale-gold rope-edged frame resembling old gilt; $35.

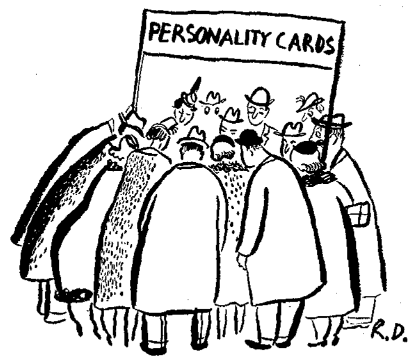
Georg Jensen, 667 5th Avenue (52nd): Beautiful linens—matching pillowslip-and-breakfast-tray sets (first time we've ever seen this idea), embroidered guest towels, gossamer tea cloths with embroideries and appliqué. The nine-inch American crystal candlesticks reflect the flame because of their unusual thickness; $25 a pair. Hammered-copper bowls and boxes have covers of gleaming American enamel; $7 for a nut or candy dish, $6 for a cigarette jar, etc. Jensen silver and Royal Copenhagen porcelain, of course.

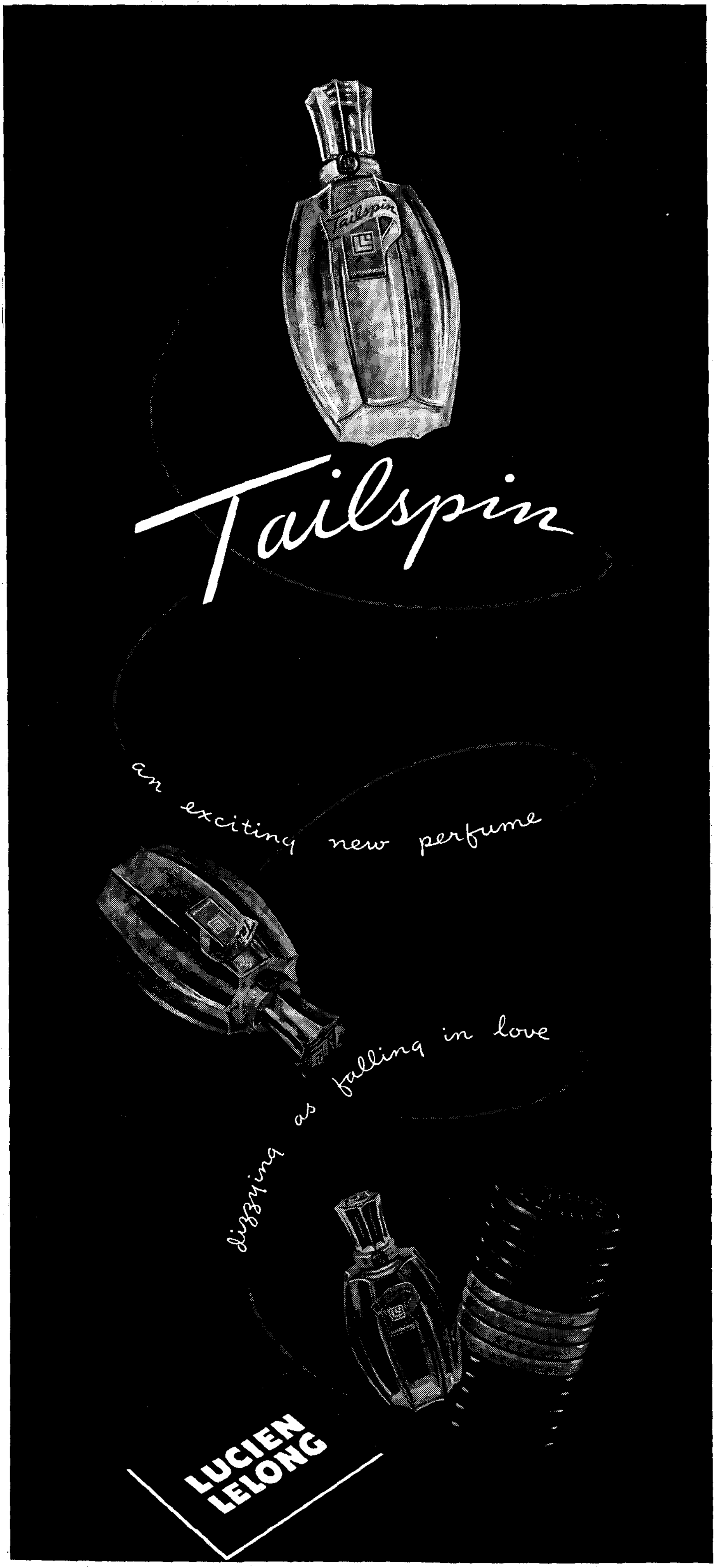
Lewis & Conger: A globe with a revolving rim that tells what time it is anywhere else when it's noon, say, in New York should please a child or an adult in a cosmic frame of mind; $3.95. A trick letter-opener can be used as a scale to show whether the letter you've written needs one stamp or two; $1. A lamp with a "three-way" light (it has three degrees of brightness) contains in its not-bad-looking base a five-tube radio with built-in aerial; especially nice for young ones away at school; $22.95. For the fireplace of some charming farmhouse: a wrought-iron copy of an old footed hearth toaster having a long handle with a wooden grip; $6.

Lord & Taylor: Miniature but practical reproductions of Victorian objects, among them a white-metal carriage lamp to hold kitchen-style matches; $2.95. Handmade silver miniatures: tiny crystal-globed hurricane lamps ($12.50 a pair) and a bain-marie complete to the last small detail ($120). Lamps here, always a joy, now come in pressed glass made from copies of nineteenth-century soda-straw jars; $9.95 with shades.

Macy: American Way, a collection to end all scoffing at native arts and crafts, offers Lucite vases, molded in deep folds to make flower-arranging a cinch ($6.49); giant sugar scoops of ash and birch, to serve popcorn or potato chips ($1.88); informal china, beautiful in moss-rose pattern ($14.98 for a full dinner set); and wood carvings, ceramic wall plaques, flexible plastic fruits, pottery jam jars with fruit-knobbed tops—likely presents every one.

McCreery: Forthright, honest, good-





twin miracle in Wintertime

Wintertime Fragrance. Frost-and-flame sweetness, to accent your feminine charm, skating, skiing, dancing or just being! Use it on your skin, "all over." $1.00.

Wintertime Dusting Powder. Scented, to match Fragrance! Tinted, to match skin! Filmy-fine. $1.00. Both at fine stores... and the salons listed.

B. Altman, New York; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Ritz-Carlton Hotels, New York and Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee; I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

looking, utilitarian Kentucky pottery: traditional bean pots ($1), and a batter pitcher and a syrup jug ($1.50 a set). Franciscan ceramic ware from California, modern in feeling but not arty, makes informal table services—turquoise, ivory, gray, and pink. A Copeland Spode cheese dish in the Blue Tower pattern, for a giant slice of Cheddar; $7.50.

McCutcheon: Their tea cloths in silk organdie with appliqué and stitchery are exquisite. One Christmasy piece has corner designs showing Wise Men, angels, shepherds, and the starlit manger surrounding a garland of mistletoe; $40. More matter-of-fact: a down puff with a rayon-taffeta cover that unzips and comes clear off to be cleaned—one of the inspirations of the year; $18.50. The Williamsburg Shop shows a Colonial gent in heavy brass for a doorstop; $7.

McGibbon, 49 East 57th: Authentic French Empire brass candlesticks wearing etched Baccarat glass shades; $25 a pair. Modern Sheffield candlesticks with old Baccarat hurricane shades are $30 a pair. Things from Haiti—enormous hors-d'œuvres platters in light mahogany; $8. We loved McGibbon's old chimney lamps, now electrified, with flowery hand-painted china globes and bases; $9.50.

Orrefors Galleries, 5 East 57th: Vases of this shop's renowned glass come as low as $5. Clear-glass pitchers with really dripless spouts start at $2.75. That new platina finish—stippled and gray-toned, with a fine, dulled sheen—appears on vases, bar glasses, and decanters. A grand double vegetable dish of hand-wrought silver, with leaf-and-flower decorations, is $65; walnut salad-servers with silver appliqué designs are $10.

Ovington: Whopping chunks of minerals appear here as lamp bases, and they're good. Smoky New Hampshire quartz, with a gray shade ($60); Maine lapidiolite, gray with rosy sunburst markings, and shade to match ($50). Ray Shaw, who models famous hands down on Staten Island, has done a series of white porcelain "hand vases," like the Victorian ones; a bud vase starts the parade at $3. A new Ronson table lighter, resplendent in silver plate and Lucite; $10.

Plummer, 695 Fifth Avenue (54th): New and exotic in Spode china: an orchid pattern, minute in detail; $115 for a tea service for six. A practically limitless supply of English china birds; from $4.50. Prewar French crystal sherry decanters ($7.50); silverplate cocktail-shakers for twosomes, sensibly holding just four drinks ($10, with tray); and trios of ebony-handled silver porringers, welded together in a cloverleaf, for hot hors-d'œuvres ($30).

W. & J. Sloane: Someone's rare flight of fancy has produced a coffee table in the shape of a tiny grand piano with a keyboard cover that rises to reveal space for two cartons of cigarettes; $69.50. A copy of an old Flemish carved chest, fitted with a brass rail, makes a bar ($137.50); bar stools to go with it have backs and footrests ($17.50 each). A copy of an old portable wood bookrack with handgrips, done in an impervious-

He Reads in Bed

Sulka Bed Jackets, tailored by us from fine English Flannels, are warm and comfortable—plain colors or patterns, $25.00 and $30.00—hand-piped with silk in contrasting color, $32.50 and $37.50—monograms additional.

Samples of materials on request

A. Sulka & Company
661 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO — 6 SO. MICHIGAN AVE.

AFTER DINNER
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
LIQUEUR
80 PROOF
"GIFT OF THE GODS"
CHARLES JACQUIN Et Cie, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. • EST. 1884

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Relax... Have fun! Build yourself a Miniature Railroad!

Here's an ideal way to forget your worries. Build accurate scale-models of engines and cars that really run. The new Scale-Craft Catalog and Data Book thoroughly explains this fascinating hobby. It shows the most complete line of model railroad equipment ever offered—suggests track layouts—gives construction hints and tells how to build scenic effects. Get started now. Send 25c for catalog today!

ONLY 25¢

SCALE-MODELS Dept. NY-2, Libertyville, Ill.

to-everything finish, is nice for reference books on a desk or current family reading matter; $7.25.

Steuben, 718 Fifth Avenue (56th): The striking 1940 débutante here is "cased crystal"—clear crystal enclosed somehow in colored crystal of an extraordinary brilliance; the colors are ruby, amethyst, emerald, and sapphire, and the results gleam like jewels. Goblets in this start at $120 a dozen; plates at $130. Square clear-crystal, monogrammed (about ten days for that) whiskey decanters that could scarcely be beaten as a man's gift; $60 a pair. Zodiac symbols, one engraved on each of twelve sparkling crystal plates ($150), or a pair for husband and wife, with the right astrological signs ($25 a pair).

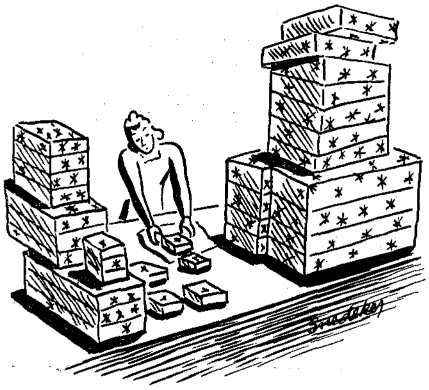
Tiffany, now at 727 Fifth Avenue (57th): A breakfast-tray service designed for men, and about time—a good big coffee cup, hunt-scene patterns; $32, and worth it. For the lady of the house, there's a dainty set in pinkish English china, with pale-green spouts and handles and a nosegay painted inside each open piece; $24. Almost any nice young couple would welcome a pair of silver cocktail cups, gilt-lined and marked with their given or pet names; $16 a pair. Round silver ashtrays, weighty in the Tiffany-silver manner, have handles resembling one or another animal or game bird; $9.

Wanamaker: Highlights in a nice collection of old English silver: caddy spoons, all over a hundred years old (around $5); a Sheffield bedroom candlestick with snuffer and wick-trimmer ($17.50); an oblong Sheffield teapot on a fluted platter ($30); a pair of covered gadroon-edged Sheffield early-eighteen-hundreds entrée dishes ($160); candelabra, trays, and serving and stuffing spoons—this could go on all night.

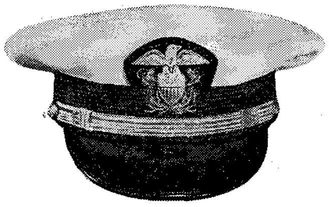
THERE'S less acreage in the following stores, but they're just as opulently stocked with good things:

Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th): They've filled out a tremendous prewar stock with new and good American-made copies. An oblong chafing dish of tin-lined copper, big enough to feed a crowd, is $30, and a dream combination of chafing dish and bain-marie is $38. (You could slip in a can of their wonderful Rub-Less copper polish with either of these.) Stainless-steel plates, tongs, and forks for getting the better of snails; $4.50 a set.

Cauman, 14 East 50th: Unerring taste in



OFFICERS' UNIFORMS



In 1940, as in 1917-18 and other periods of American history, Brooks Brothers are now supplying Officers' Uniforms Ready-made for prompt delivery and immediate service.

Naval Officers' Uniforms, $52
Custom-made, $94
(Gold Stripes extra—according to rank)
Naval Officers' Caps, $14.50
(with extra white covers)
Overcoats, Raincoats and Shirts
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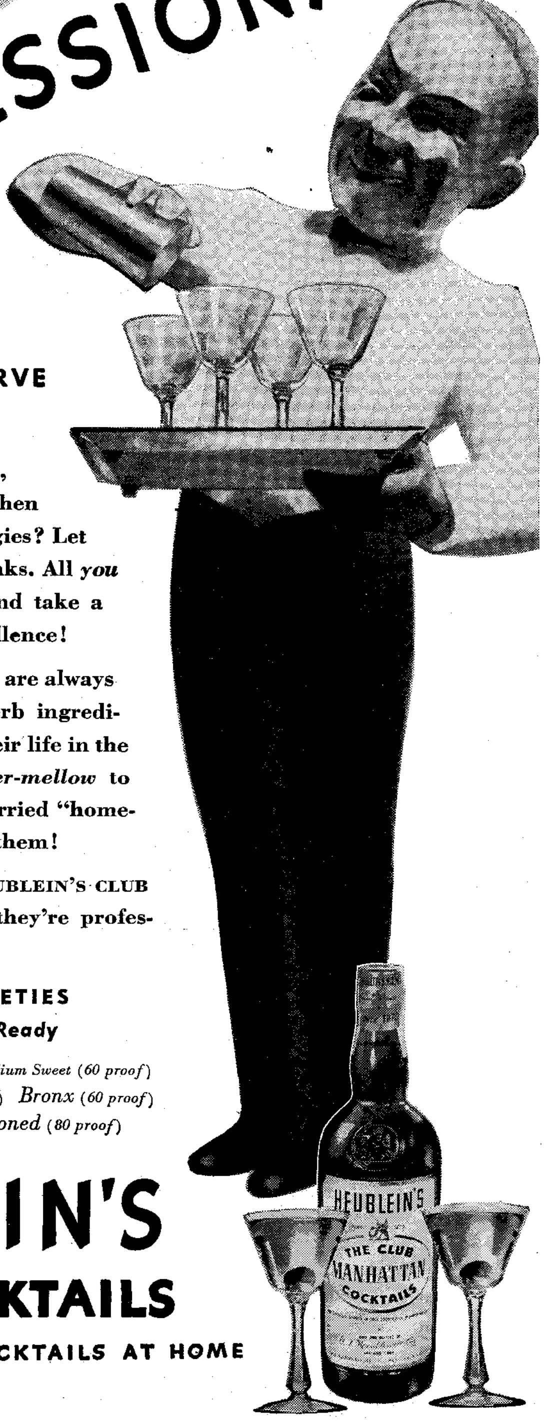
Are your cocktails AMATEUR? or PROFESSIONAL?



THE CLUB BAR-MAN MAKES IT EASY TO SERVE BETTER DRINKS!

Why struggle with measures, gadgets, kitchen tools—and then serve your cocktails with apologies? Let The Club Bar-Man mix the drinks. All *you* need do is add ice, pour . . . and take a bow for their professional excellence!

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS are always perfect. They're made of superb ingredients, skillfully put together. Their life in the bottle gives them *time to inter-mellow* to superb smoothness. Not one hurried "home-made" in a thousand can equal them!

Always serve your guests HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS . . . *better*—because they're professionally made!

BOTTLED IN 7 VARIETIES
Always Right; Always Ready

Dry Martini (*71 proof*) *Martini—Medium Sweet* (*60 proof*)
Daiquiri (*70 proof*) *Side Car* (*60 proof*) *Bronx* (*60 proof*)
Manhattan (*65 proof*) *Old Fashioned* (*80 proof*)

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS
FOR PROFESSIONAL COCKTAILS AT HOME

Copyright 1940, G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROTHER, Hartford, Conn.

everything, from bronze-stoppered vinegar jugs at seventy-five cents to fabulous hand-wrought silver pieces. Enamel-like White Cloud pottery, so fine it's almost porcelain, is glazed in topaz, celadon, Chinese oxblood, and a deep, gold-sprinkled lapis blue; canapé plates start things off at $1. Blue or mahogany-colored pottery cookie jars with bronze dolphin knobs on their wood covers ($2 each); thin, white Finnish china demitasses with scattered forget-me-not designs ($8.50 a dozen).

DAVIS COLLAMORE, 7 East 52nd: Lovely gifts of antique china start, amazingly, at $6 for eight-inch platters of good old Mason's Ironstone. Fifty patterns, no less, of English bone-china demitasses; from $30 a dozen. A crystal floor vase for long-stemmed flowers, with a foot that unscrews to simplify storage; $27 and up. A group of old English china fruit-coolers (covered bowls set in ice containers), to dazzle gourmets and collectors; from $200 a pair.

EDWIN JACKSON, 175 East 60th: Our love this year is a long-handled trident, to replace a whole set of fire tools; its prongs are blunt and perfect for pushing and pulling logs; $6.50. Low fire screens for well-behaved fires—rarities, and only $7. Those chessmen andirons in fireproof enamel: red-knight-and-white-knight set, $54; king-and-queen set, $58.

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd: That early-morning breakfast set of hers, for toast-and-coffee girls, is now out in a sweet, moss-rose pattern; $7.50. A diminutive russet leather boot makes a handsome lighter for a man's office or a horsy household; $10. Old English plant tables have been copied to make knitting tables, with one deep, covered compartment to hold knitting equipment, another for smoking supplies or even a telephone—a grand present for your own living room; $65.

MODERNAGE, 162 East 33rd: Reversible picture frames consisting of two pieces of unadorned glass which pivot on a chromium stand; $4 and $6. Fluorescent desk and bridge lamps designed to light up an unusually large area; $26.50 and $35. A square coffee table with an alcohol-immune checkerboard of rubber squares inlaid in its top is $39.50.

MOSSE, 659 Fifth Avenue (54th): For some happy Savoyard on your list, a linen luncheon set for eight, with "Pinafore" characters and bars of music in cross-stitching; $55. Another set in heavy linen, also for eight, is prettied up with scenes of old New York—Fulton's Folly, the Crystal Palace, Trinity, Wall Street, horsecars; $62.50. A seventeen-piece luncheon set of Irish hand-blocked linen spotted with lush Victorian roses; $13.50. Plenty of organdie tea and dinner cloths with linen appliqué—the season's rage.

ALFRED ORLIK, now at 421 Madison Avenue (49th): English breakfast services for one or two, in the best traditional patterns (from $30); table bells to match; $10. Chintzy-patterned china inkwells, charming for country-house guest rooms; $11.50. Among newly imported decorative figures in brilliant, gold-flecked colored glass, look at a pair of Nubians holding candles; $95 a pair. Hand-cut English lead crystal of incomparable sparkle still abounds—three nested dinner-table ashtrays, $4 up; boxes and lighters, $15 up.

PARZINGER, 54 East 57th: Modern, slender, mirror wall plaques have deep, fluted flower-holders at the base; $65, and they don't have to be used only in modern rooms, either. A set of cigarette cup, ashtray, and matchbox-holder enamelled with a softly colored butterfly motif is $17.25 a set. Another smoker's set offers a brass-covered round jar in white enamel, to be marked with the name of the owner's favorite cigarettes, and a matching ashtray; $12.

PITT PETRI, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd): Those tall, perfectly plain glass cylinders that flower-lovers adore are always here. New bowls and vases of clear American glass, inches thick, start at $10. Just about every known animal in a collection of pottery ($2.50 up) and porcelain ($4.50 up). Big, round, satiny trays of polished cherry ($5); cherry salad plates ($15 a dozen). Fine Jugtown pottery at prices that surprise; a salad bowl in mottled glaze is $5.50, for example.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Mitzi Otten's delicate decorations in enamel turn up on boudoir ashtrays ($4) and match covers ($2) inscribed with a flowing single initial or full name. Shellflex is used in jardinières and dessert services; single pieces start at seventy-five cents. Even lamps are made entirely of this pretty plastic; from $5 to $25. There's a newcomer to the Rosenthal flock of angel figurines—Janet Riza's Madonna-faced, kneeling, young-girl angel, a beauty in soft stained-glass colors; $24.

NANCY SHOSTAC, 137 East 55th: Many Old World *bibelots* gathered through the years are still on hand. Small boxes in old French lacquer and papier-mâché, done by unsung but real artists, cost as little as $5; rare signed pieces range from $50 to $75. Card cases of the Biedermeier period, perfect for cigarettes, are $5 to $10. Lots of fine antique clocks in running order. Last chance—the shop will be closed when the collection is sold.

CAROLE STUPELL, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd): Her newest idea is to put silvered beaded edges on everything—on glass service plates ($72 a dozen), a service for sea-food cocktails or sherbet ($78 a dozen), a glass-covered thermos ice-container ($35). Amethyst, bright-green, and other unusual glazes on red clay are eye-catching in table- and ovenware—large casseroles ($5.25), dinner plates ($31.50 a dozen). Stupell's version of the popular, sheer, appliquéd tablecloths, and place mat sets in organdie with *satin*, if you please.

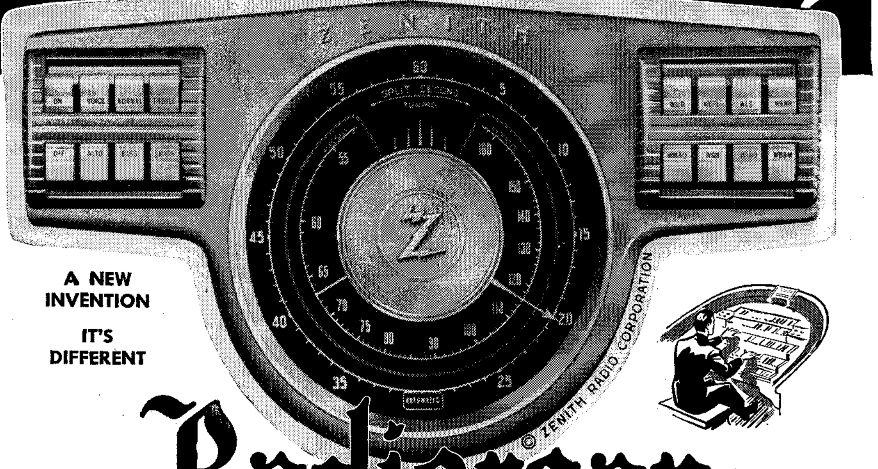
•

ON THE MALE OF THE SPECIES

Fat men in a Turkish bath
Look like God's ironic wrath;
All men look like Death and Doom
In a Pullman dressing room.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS
The Secret of True Tone Mastery



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Unbelievable Tone Mastery Is Yours

You may press in and pull out the "stops" of the Radiorgan to your heart's content. Thus you may obtain an endless variety of "acoustic symmetries." *You* become the master of tone...*you* choose the amazing tonal effects you desire with any kind of music—orchestra, strings, brasses, drums, vocal...as you wish...when you wish, like the conductor of a great orchestra or a mighty chorus! You command . . . Radiorgan obeys.

Radiorgan's brilliant response to your touch is an experience you will not easily forget. You will discover a *new tone faithfulness in radio* . . . a sense of mastery over music not possible with any other radio in exactly the same thrilling way.

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can you obtain a radio with Radiorgan. An exclusive Zenith discovery. Don't buy until you see and hear the new 1941 Zeniths with Radiorgan and many other equally sensational exclusive Zenith features at authorized Zenith dealers everywhere.

73 Models . . . *Prices from $14.95* up*
Radiorgan Models Start at $39.95*

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Powerful superheterodyne, full Radiorgan, automatic radio tuning and record changing, domestic and direct foreign reception, beautiful tone, traditional design. *List Price*..... **$200***

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AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

INTRODUCED BY MRS. WETHERBY

COMPARED to most Europeans, the people of Sweden are unquestionably well-off, and yet I can't help feeling sorry for them. The atmosphere of suspicion and distrust in which they live now must be especially painful to people who are normally so hospitable and polite. I was once the beneficiary of those qualities—thanks to Erik Vänner, a Mrs. Wetherby, and my Aunt Fanny.

My husband and I spent the summer before the war in Stockholm. We had not been there long when I received an air-mail letter from my Aunt Fanny, who lives in West Lake, Connecticut. "I have just learned," she wrote, "that Mrs. Wetherby, who has taken the cottage next to me at the Lake, is an *intimate* friend of Erik Vänner, the famous sculptor. Of course, you know who he is. I have just been reading the most *interesting* article about him in the *Swedish-American Review*, a truly excellent magazine devoted to Swedish culture. Mrs. W. says he is a *fascinating* man and you must not fail to make his acquaintance. In Sweden, she says, it is the stranger who pays the first call. That seems odd, but, of course, you *must* follow the custom of the country. He lives in Stockholm and she has written him that you two *dear people* are there also. Do go *at once* to see him. It seems such an opportunity to meet a *really great man*."

I thought so too, but John, my husband, was skeptical. "Who is Erik Vänner?" he asked.

"He's one of Sweden's best-known sculptors," I said. "That 'Head of a Norseman' you admired in the National Gallery was by him."

John was impressed but not entirely satisfied. "Then who is Mrs. Wetherby?"

I couldn't do so well with that. "You know as much about her as I do," I said. "She's a friend of Aunt Fanny's."

"That doesn't prove anything," John said. "Your Aunt Fanny has some mighty queer friends. Anyhow, you can't just go up and ring his doorbell and say, 'We're relatives of Aunt Fanny, who lives next door to Mrs. Wetherby in West Lake, Connecticut, U.S.A. How do you do?' "

It sounded difficult when put that way, but I still wanted to know Erik Vänner and said so.

"All right," John said. "If you have the nerve to do it, go ahead. I shouldn't have."

Neither did I when it came right down to it. I waited a week, hoping that Erik Vänner, prompted by Mrs. Wetherby, might make some gesture in our direction, but nothing happened. Then I took my courage in hand, looked up his address in the phone book, and wrote him a note. I said that his friend Mrs. Wetherby of West Lake, Connecticut, had asked us to call upon him, that both my husband and myself admired his work tremendously, and that it would give us much pleasure if he were not too busy to see us at some time during our stay in Stockholm.

I put a lot of thought into the composition, and even John said it ought to make a good impression. "That is," he added, "if the man can read English."

After a week had gone by with no response from Erik Vänner, I felt crushed, and I deeply regretted my rashness. Then one morning an answer came, written in Swedish on faintly lined notepaper. The handwriting was involved and hard to translate, but eventually I got it unravelled.

"It's the nicest letter!" I said to John. "He's been out of town and just got home and found my note. He wants us to come to his house for coffee Thursday afternoon at four. And he sends his heartiest greetings. Isn't that exciting? Dear Mrs. Wetherby!"

MANY tourists will remember the imposing white home of Erik Vänner, which stands on a hill in Södra Djurgården, overlooking the blue waters of the Saltsjön. As John and I drove up to it that Thursday afternoon, we had a moment of uncertainty. A number of cars were parked in the courtyard.

"It must be a party," I said.

"You're sure this was the day?" John asked.

I said certainly I was, and rang the doorbell. A pleasant maid admitted us and nodded understandingly when I gave our names with great distinctness. "Yes, yes," she said in Swedish. "Please step in."

She led us down a long hall to the rear of the house and out onto a balcony overlooking a high, square studio. The room was full of people, and a blur of Swedish conversation rose to our ears with intimidating ferocity. As we stood hesitating at the top of the stairs, a short, plump man with curly gray hair and beard came up to meet us—obviously our host. He had bright-blue eyes and red cheeks. He greeted us cordially in Swedish. We replied as best we could in that language as we were escorted down the stairs, and then I ventured to ask, "*Talar ni Engelska?*"

Erik Vänner smiled. "A leetle," he said. "It iss a long time since I haf spoke much in English. Once, but no longer. But again I will try."

"It would be kind of you," I said. "We are studying Swedish, and sometimes we do very well with each other, but not in public."

"I know," he said sympathetically. "Anodder language iss deeficult. I can understand English better dan I can speak."

"It is so nice of you to let us come," I continued, articulating carefully. "We do appreciate it. Mrs. Wetherby wished us to give you her regards."

Herr Vänner listened attentively, but at the mention of Mrs. Wetherby, his glance wavered. "And how iss she?" he asked in a rather formal tone. "I hope she iss well?"

Of course we didn't know how Mrs. Wetherby was. I hesitated, but John risked saying she was in good health.

I felt a little uneasy about our dependence upon this unknown person. "You see," I began, "Mrs. Wetherby lives—"

Herr Vänner interrupted me. "Please," he said, "I should like dat you meet my wife. But I am afraid dat she speak de English not even so good as I."

He presented us to a beautiful woman with snow-white hair and a lovely profile. "Dese here are de Americans," he said, and left us with a little bow.

Fru Vänner smiled graciously. "*Välkommen*," she said.

Aunt Fanny's letter had said nothing about Erik Vänner's wife. I wondered if Mrs. Wetherby had known him before he was married. Nevertheless, I made another effort to get it straightened out about Mrs. Wetherby. As soon as I had spoken her name, I saw Fru Vänner stiffen. "I am sorry," she said, "I do not understand the English."

There was an awkward silence. John came nobly to the rescue and offered us both cigarettes. Just then, Erik Vänner approached with two men. The gaiety returned to Fru Vänner's face and she began to twit John about his American

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cigarettes. "You should smoke Svedish," she said.

Herr Vänner introduced us to the two men and then to many other guests. They were all exceedingly kind. Those who spoke English seemed eager to converse with us. In such a friendly atmosphere, we soon ceased to feel strange.

EVENTUALLY there was a general movement toward the centre of the room, where coffee was being served. A large copper urn stood at one end of a long table and there were trays of open-faced sandwiches and silver baskets of the little cookies and cakes which are the glory of the Swedish coffee hour. Fru Vänner filled our cups and urged a variety of the *smörgåsar* and *kakor* upon us. John and I were happy to be urged. All the guests took their plates to small tables, which had appeared as though by magic around the edges of the room.

Erik Vänner and an attractive young woman whom he called Asta came and sat with John and me. Asta spoke English better than anyone else we had met that afternoon, and I resolved that I would make a final attempt, through her, to find out about Mrs. Wetherby and the Vänners. Herr Vänner's English was growing more fluent the longer he talked, and soon he and John were deep in a discussion of fishing. I began on Asta.

"Have you known Herr Vänner a long time?" I asked.

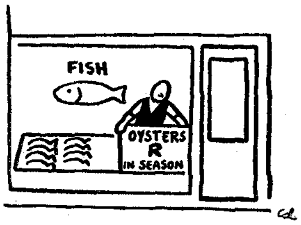
"Oh, yes," she said. "A very long time. My husband is his nephew. We live just next door."

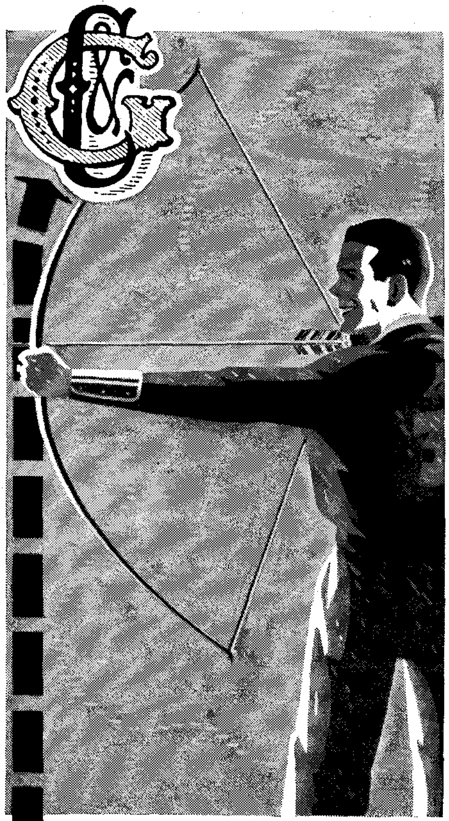
"Did you, too, know Mrs. Wetherby?" I pursued.

She put down her cup. Then she said slowly, "No, I do not remember her. But then, Erik has many friends and I do not know them all. Do you find Stockholm interesting?"

I gave up the subject of Mrs. Wetherby. Whatever she had been to Erik Vänner and whatever Fru Vänner and Asta thought of her, she had done us a great service. I decided to enjoy it.

ERIK VÄNNER kept us after the other guests had departed and conducted us about the studio, showing us some of the work he had under way. When

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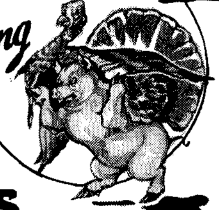

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John admired the marble figure of a small boy fishing, Vänner gave him a photograph of it, signed and inscribed "To a fellow-fisherman." Fru Vänner packed a box of the little cakes for us to carry home. We must come again, they said, and yes, they would be happy to come and see us at our flat. They stood in the doorway and waved to us as we went down the walk.

I could hardly wait until we were in the car to say to John, "Wasn't it wonderful? Now aren't you glad we went through with it in spite of feeling so funny about it?"

"They were certainly grand to us," said John. After a moment he added, "Did it occur to you that they didn't care so much for Mrs. Wetherby?"

"What an idea!" I said.

That evening I wrote a glowing account of the party to Aunt Fanny. At the end I threw in, "By the way, what is Mrs. Wetherby like and *when* and *where* did she know Erik Vänner?" As a reward for Aunt Fanny's interest in us I sent it air mail.

In less than a week I received an answer from Aunt Fanny by cable:

FORGIVE TERRIBLE MISTAKE DOUBTLESS CAUSED BY READING TWO ARTICLES SAME MAGAZINE STOP MRS. WETHERBYS FRIEND HERVID ARVIDSSON NOTED AUTHOR STOP SO SO SORRY FANNY.

—KATHERINE LYON

•

"800,000 VIBRATIONS TO THE SECOND"

This detail from the thesis falls
Without a crash into the air;
The speaker's pointer pauses, crawls
Across the board; the listeners there
Accept the fact that he has reckoned
The doings of this freighted second.

And we, whose coarse-grained hours show clear
On the vacant clock with slow hands turning,
To tell the time of heart or year,
The lover gone, the dry leaves burning,
Jot down vast happenings in a phrase,
Neat understatement of God's ways.

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

•

Miss Freida Johnson has been invited to serve as the representative for the State of Tennessee on the regional contact subcommittee for the Southeast Central Section of the National Association of Deans of Women for the term 1940-41.
—*Peabody Reflector & Alumni News.*

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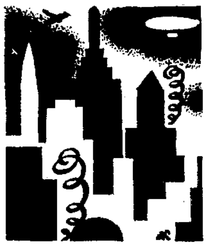
THE SKY LINE

Skyscraper School

THE new sixteen-story Hunter College building, on Park Avenue at Sixty-eighth Street, replaces a pinchbeck Gothic ruin that was gutted by fire a few years ago. The old Hunter building was possibly the ugliest on Park Avenue; the new one is certainly the handsomest modern structure the avenue can show. From across Central Park, this asymmetrical white limestone mass dominates the limestone fronts of Fifth Avenue and fits into what is now the most harmonious palisade of apartment houses in the city, but from nearby, the structure lacks an adequate setting. Like the apartment houses in the neighborhood, the building—though it has a fifteen-foot setback—bulks over Park Avenue and attempts to fill every available cubic foot of space.



When it was going up, the irreverent young ladies of the college called it the Bakery of a Thousand Windows, and there were Park Avenue matrons who said it would look like a factory. Both reactions were a result of the emphatic treatment of the windows, which are set in horizontal banks that protrude from the wall, and both were unintentional compliments. They meant that the classrooms are adequately lighted and that the architects have not attempted the usual hypocrisy of capping their steel-and-stone structure with chicken coops stolen from Rome, Athens, or Siena.

So much for the notion that Hunter College infringes on the dignity of Park Avenue. Almost the best and the worst one can say about this building is that it belongs to its environment and does well what Park Avenue architects have for the most part done ineptly. The façades are as kind to the eye as one could hope in a structure that attempts to accommodate five thousand students, with their classrooms, studios, auditoriums, lunchrooms, laboratories, and whatnot, on a site that might effectively have held at most a thousand.

Such a task practically rules out major aesthetic choices; there is not enough room to turn around in. But the minor choices are excellent; from the inscription on the Sixty-eighth Street wall, designed by Bruce Rogers, to the furnishings of the interior, the architects—Shreve, Lamb & Harmon and Harrison & Fouilhoux—have eagerly responded wherever there has been an opportunity to exercise taste.

The ground floor, with its polished lavender-gray marble walls and handsome white-metal lighting bowls, is surely one of the best interiors in the city—expensive to build, perhaps, but economical in the long run. By using acoustic tiles in all the ceilings, the architects cut down the interior noise, and by keeping the ceilings low, they saved space and avoided the institutional effect high ceilings so often give. All the public rooms are stunning. I like especially the lounging rooms for the students, with their walls and columns of varied colors, their handsome drapes, their well-proportioned chairs, all modern in design. In color and charm, they surpass any similar accommodations at Smith, Wheaton, or Bennington.

The students' lunchroom, which holds a thousand people, is equally good. It might have been a very dull spot, particularly since it is in the basement, but thanks to the light-blue walls, the gleaming tiles, and the yellow-cushioned seats of the chairs, it is about as jolly as such a vast dining place could be. The furnishings of the faculty dining hall are not quite as gay. But suspended from the middle of the ceiling is a horizontal panel which diffuses the illumination of the room so satisfactorily that it turns this windowless space into a sunburst of light.

So happy is the employment of color in Hunter that I regret the architects did not carry it even further. There is no reason uniform color should be used for doors and trim throughout. Even without changing the tint of the tiled dado in the corridors, the floor devoted to music might have had a color scheme quite distinctive from that of the library floors or of the science floors. In a building that must necessarily be so uniform, such minor variations would have been welcome.

One feature calls for special praise—the auditoriums. The building houses both a big and a little one, the first holding nearly three thousand and the latter seven hundred. The larger of these theatres is probably the finest thing of its kind in the city, better in many respects even than the Radio City Music Hall. The stage has a spreading apron that curves out to a stairway at each side, and the noble forms of the great, rectangular columns that meet these steps, combined with the undulating curve of the ceiling above, provide a frame for pageants and academic processions that could not be improved.

What distinguishes the classrooms and laboratories is that the lighting is entirely adequate and that the window units have been worked out to permit the standard room to be halved for a faculty office or doubled for a lecture room. This flexibility gives to a college the same advantages an office building has in meeting the demands of tenants. Hunter is probably better ready to reshape itself for new programs and new purposes than any other college in the country.

Just as helpful for the future is the fact that parts of the building are still unfinished. There is, on Park Avenue, a row of pedestals, now backed only by greenery, that will someday support statues; there are walls that may in time be covered with murals. But nothing has been hastily daubed on the walls or frivolously set in place merely for the sake of achieving a superficial finish. The whole is incomplete, as a garden is incomplete even in the height of the growing season; new flowers are still to blossom and there is work for later generations to do.

Now that I have told the best about Hunter College's new building, I should perhaps explain why the like of it should never be built again. The great fault of the building lies in the program: the architects were called upon to accommodate too many people and to fit in too many functions on a site far too inadequate for them. One cannot make such an attempt without in some way paying for it. To facilitate the change of classes within a limited time, the architects were forced to give up no small part of the structure to elevators and corridors. Indeed, the core which provides for horizontal and vertical circulation dominates the whole plan. As in every part of our congested city, the functions of living are sacrificed to those of transportation. Result: cramped quarters, high upkeep costs, extravagant investment in mechanical utilities.

I hope our city fathers will understand that in designing this addition to Hunter College the architects had to make the best of a bad situation. That they made the best, or nearly the best, is, I think, plain, but that the conditions imposed could not possibly be solved in a rational and economical fashion should be equally plain. If there had been any city-planning intelligence in the municipal government before 1929, it would have sold this expensive Park Avenue site at the top of the market to a commercial investor and have purchased out of the proceeds four or five blocks with a good East River frontage to accommodate the thousands of prospective students.

But when, in 1937, the sudden demand came to rebuild Hunter, there was no time to pause or look around. That mistake should never happen again. Call in your city-planners and your Board of Higher Education right away, Mayor LaGuardia, and get hold of the new sites City College and (presumably) a Staten Island College and a Jamaica College will need five years from now.

COMPARED with its old building, the new Tiffany's, at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, is an improvement. That is not saying much, because it is hard to think of a stiffer and duller piece of classic architecture than that old pile; it hadn't even a glimmer of the life that Louis Tiffany's *art-nouveau* jewelry and his glass had in the period when the structure was designed. But somehow, though the new building, with its vertical panels of windows, is simple enough, it doesn't come together. The small, square windows of the private rooms that separate the store floor below from the store floors above only emphasize the break in the continuity of the façade, and the effect of this is made even worse by the bulgy molding that accentuates the separation.

Wherever ornament has been attempted on the exterior, it is curiously graceless and trivial. The curved-over edge that serves instead of a cornice at the top is ineffective from the front, and from the side it looks like the artificial deckle edge on cheap writing paper. Perhaps the most satisfactory element in the building is the great, rectangular windows on the ground floor, with their pinkish marble frames looking very like picture frames. These windows perform a double function. The upper part lets light into the showroom. The lower part, framed in metal, serves as a display window. The transition is, I think, happily managed. But in sharing a block with the Bonwit Teller building, Tiffany's had a high standard to meet, and the architects, I am afraid, failed to rise to the challenge. —Lewis Mumford

•

IF HE COULD RISE
FROM HIS GRAVE,
HE'D BE GREAT

—Headline of an article about a late trombonist in Down Beat.

To put it mildly.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

More Ballet Russe— Old Masters and Songs

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo has moved out of the Fifty-first Street Theatre; the Original Ballet Russe, of which Colonel de Basil is director general, has moved in; and patrons of Ballet Russe continue to be certain of their favorite entertainment through the first of December, when the Originals complete their season. Unless you have some factional reason for being tremendously pro-Original or pro-Monte Carlo, you'll discover few fundamental differences between the two companies. The Monte Carlo troupe apparently had a more ambitious repertoire, a superior group of male dancers, and an edge in orchestral conducting. The Originals seem to have a better lineup of principal ballerinas and a good margin of superiority in stage lighting. Among the many things the two organizations have in common is the management of Mr. Hurok.

Of the three new productions that the Originals brought to town, two were all-round successes. “Graduation Ball,” devised by David Lichine, with neat orchestrations by Antal Dorati of unhackneyed Johann Strauss music, is a skillful, well-paced, and amusing sketch of the goings-on between the graduating class (time: approximately 1875) of a proper girls' school and the youthful alumni of a decorous military academy. Mr. Lichine turns out to be a grand young comedian in “Graduation Ball,” and in addition to the delightful Tatiana Riabouchinska, there is Tatiana Leskova, who tosses in a fetching impression of what used to be known as a *Backfisch*. The production could be improved by trimming off the last minute or so.

“Paganini,” set to Sergei Rachmaninoff's rhapsody for piano and orchestra, is a striking presentation by Michel Fokine, who had the composer's collaboration in getting up the story. As a study in imaginative movement, grouping, continuity, and reflection of music in action, the ballet is superb. Those who have not built up an immunity to the representation of forces of good in white and evil in black or green will find this motif developed handsomely in “Paga-

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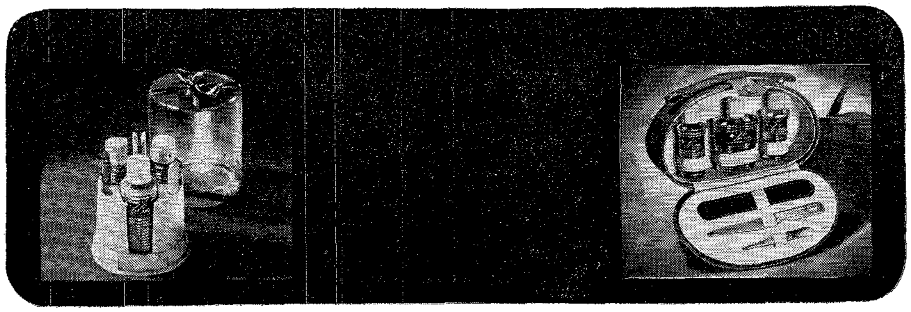

IN the best homes and in the finest bars, Angostura is invariably used to make good drinks better. For these long-famed bitters add a dash that is a "must" for particular people. Indeed, it's the Angostura that brings out the flavor—develops a mixture into a mellow drink.

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nini." Eric Landerer deserves a special award for his playing of the difficult piano music.

The third of the novelties, "Protée," is an exercise in Grecian postures topped with a graceful dive by Mr. Lichine.

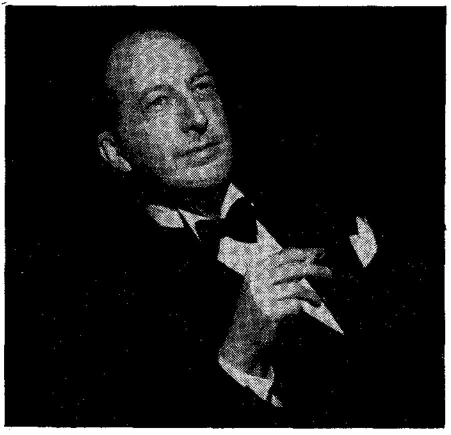
THE old masters provided most of the excitement in the concert halls last week. Josef Hofmann, opening this season's Town Hall Endowment Fund series, played Schumann, Beethoven, and Chopin sonatas in his best manner—or, more accurately, one of his best manners, because Mr. Hofmann always seems to offer a fresh view of the music he presents, and can't be said to have any one manner. That's what makes his interpretations as inimitable as his pianism. Sergei Rachmaninoff devoted his Carnegie Hall concert to many excellent composers of piano music, one of them being himself. He played with the sanity and sensitivity that make his recitals such satisfying events.

To refer to Mme. Kirsten Flagstad as an old master won't, I hope, be regarded as disrespectful. Her recital demonstrated once more the command she has over one of the most remarkable voices any of us have heard. As usual, she began tentatively, but before the concert was over, she was showing how well a person can sing—if that person has the equipment of a Kirsten Flagstad.

IT isn't too early to think about Christmas shopping, and you might note "A Treasury of American Song," by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. This is a large assortment of musical Americana, with piano accompaniments and historical commentary. Mr. Siegmeister's arrangements, which won't be troublesome to the family pianist, attempt, he writes, to "fit the special environment in which each song arose." If you don't care for all of these environmental harmonizations, you are welcome, says Mr. Siegmeister, to doctor them up as you please. At best, they're fascinating, and at worst they're easy to doctor.

There would have to be disagreements about the choice of songs for the book because everybody has his own pet ditties. Well, you know your favorites anyhow, and the "Treasury" will introduce many fine burthens you may not yet have encountered. It's a big job, and a good one; you might start your Christmas purchases by investing in a copy for yourself.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



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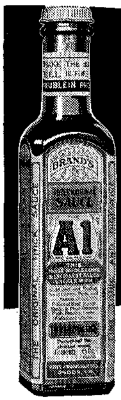

THE FLAVOR
blends
WITH
CHEESE
A•1
SAUCE
"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES
. . . AND AT HOME TOO"

OUT OF TOWN

A Continent or Two

THERE are some undeniably good reasons for biding at home these days, but lack of places to go is not one of them. Drop in at the nearest travel agency and see for yourself. The agencies, poor things, have missed you and will welcome you with open arms, even if you're just looking. Ten to one you'll get the bug to go somewhere after you've chatted a while about ships and planes and red tape and whether or not people are nervous about submarines. (They're not; that was last year.) "Somewhere" is very likely to be South or Central America, once you discover the change that's come over the countries down there. They used to think their fine new office buildings were what we wanted to see, when all the time what we were really after was a comfortable glimpse of some local color and a chance to join in their Continental way of having fun. Now that they realize it, they're building roads and hotels and polishing up their fiestas like mad. Furthermore, it's easier getting there than it used to be. The boats that carry you nowadays on regular year-round cruise schedules are better planned for nosing about in tropical waters than those haughty transatlantic liners which once ferried us down, and they're being improved all the time. Outside cabins only—most of them with private baths—and permanent outdoor swimming pools are the rule. Also, there are plane cruises now. Any real cruise, whether by air or by water, is all-expense and partly "conducted" (not too abhorrent if it's your first trip), but the management leaves you enough time to see your own sights in your own way, and if you prefer to travel by yourself, all right, you can.

TICKETS
TICKETS
TICKETS

If the very memory of a boat makes you reach for Mothersill's, you should be a setup for the air cruises, which stress the time you spend in a place instead of the time you spend getting there; you'll be in the air fantastically little of the time on any of them, and all the flying is done by daylight, so you sleep every night in a cozy already-paid-for bed on solid earth. The Strato-Clippers of Pan American Airways, oldest of them all, coöperates with Eastern Air Lines to fly you to Mexico, and with Pan American-Grace Airways to send you humming down the west coast of South America. Pan American copes with the east coast single-handed and entirely Strato-Clipperwise. Air cruises to Brazil are planned to take, severally, eleven days, eighteen days, and nearly a month. They all give you time in Rio (the shortest stop is four days) and the longer trips include visits to the industrial capital, São Paulo, and to Santos, where the wonderful coffee comes from.

Pan American-Grace (Panagra for short) has three air tours weekly, all very new-born indeed, and all out of Miami. One of them ($665 and up) takes thirteen days, one twenty-two, and the longest just under four weeks. The first, to Peru, gives you six days in and around Lima, as well as several shorter stops on the way down; the longest takes a round-about route through Bolivia to Buenos Aires, then back over the Andes (purple, you know) for a leisurely look at Santiago, Viña del Mar, and Valparaiso before you head for Miami.

If you should decide to go to Mexico, Eastern Air Lines will whisk you down to Brownsville, Texas, from which point it's only a trivial hop to Mexico City. That's your base, and you have eight days for sightseeing by motor out of a ten-day trip and fourteen out of a sixteen-day one. Yucatán and Guatemala are pie to reach from Mexico, and you can stretch your holiday five days to see the former and another six to see the latter. Cruise planes leave New York daily and prices start just under $350.

SPEAKING of Yucatán, the New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Company provides the only boat-cruise means of getting there. Its Mexico-bound ships, leaving here every Wednesday, will drop you off at the Yucatán port of Progreso, if you say the word, and pick you up a week later to take you on down to Veracruz; for some reason best known to the line, the ships don't call at Progreso on the way back. A region full of Mayan ruins, which has the wonderful name of Chichen Itzá, is where you may want to spend the greater part of your week. The Carnegie Foundation has been at work there, excavating and restoring some of the glorious temples, and an enterprising Spaniard has put up quarters which will add the rose leaf to your brimming cup. Primitive? Nonsense! You stay in a thatched forest hut with modern plumbing and good beds. I submit that the majesty of a Mayan temple is enhanced by such thoughtfulness.

The United Fruit Company's fine, yachtlike boats are as good a way as any of getting to Guatemala. The twenty-six-day cruise gives you a substantial stay there, and the line has shorter trips if you must. Twelve days on board ship—which include a twenty-four-hour squint at Havana on your way down and another at Puerto Cortes, Honduras, as you come back—and two weeks in Guatemala are what you'll get, and I call it about right. People who have been down that way a lot seem to like the Antigua and the Talamanca best of the line's six sister ships, one or two of which leave here every Saturday.

You can do the west coast of South America all by ship, or you can vary things by flying part of the way; the Grace Line cruises there are comfortably flexible, so you can use both plane and ship if you wish. The twenty-four-day one to Ecuador is necessarily somewhat sketchy, but the thirty-eight-day cruise to Lima couldn't be finer. It includes a satisfactory look at Arequipa, which is three hours by air from Lima and has gone festival-crazy because it is four hundred years old and pleased with itself. In addition to that, there's a thirty-eight-day cruise to Chile (which you will hear me pronouncing "Cheelay" any moment now). Finally, you can take fifty days and see the whole overwhelming continent. The Grace liners' larders are garnished with such tropical fruits as papaya and Ecuadorian pineapple the very day such delicacies become available; you'll have strange fish, too, such as congrio, corbina, and so on. Shipboard cafés, where you can dance, open aft onto swimming pools that are lighted at night for people who can't stay out of them no matter what time it is, and the whole atmosphere is genially loungelike.

The Moore-McCormack Lines will take you down the east coast of South America in style and comfort. Either the Brazil or the Uruguay or the Argentina—sturdy girls of 33,000 tons each—sails every other Friday on a thirty-eight-day cruise that's arranged to give you nice, chunky stays in Rio, Santos, and Buenos Aires. Moore-McCormack are planning two special cruises (leaving here January 24th and February 7th) to give you the full three days of the Mardi Gras carnival in Rio. It's as high-riding a carnival as you're apt to see anywhere, so make a note of the dates: February 23rd, 24th, and

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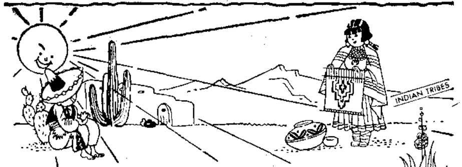

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25th. Besides the longer calls I've mentioned, there are short ones at Montevideo and Trinidad.

Re Passports: Air cruisers should have them, although none are needed for Cuba, for Nassau, or (naturally) for Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands. Mexico lets you off without one if you're there on a ship cruise, but you'll have to have one if you're there on business or hanging around on your own. The Grace Line, which is an old, old hand at cruises, has things arranged so that you need a passport on hardly any of its trips, provided you don't stop over; you can spend the night ashore, when the schedule calls for it, but you have to leave when the ship that brought you leaves. Bermuda is the only fly in the Grace ointment. If you're going ashore, even for a day, you'll need your passport, and no exceptions will be made. It might be simpler to wave from the ship's rail to your cycling friends and avoid the whole problem, unless you succumb to the Grace Line's inviting proposal that you add a week in Bermuda to its twelve-day Caribbean cruise. In Brazil, if you're on a Moore-McCormack cruise, you won't require a passport, but otherwise you will; Argentina insists on one in all cases; United Fruit can get you by in Guatemala, provided you're a bona-fide tourist and stay on one of its planned trips. Ship and plane offices are glad to go out of their way to help you with your visas and sundry other credentials. —K. C. B.

•

Joan Dupont sports the most unique hairdress in town. Across the back of her head—from ear to ear—is spelled AMERICA by twisted locks of hair. Readable, too.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Readable and right-minded.

•

After viewing the headless, armless, and legless torso, Coroner Marvin Rogers and Coast Guard Captain Willie E. Midgett both voiced the opinion that the 65-year-old real estate agent had been slain.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

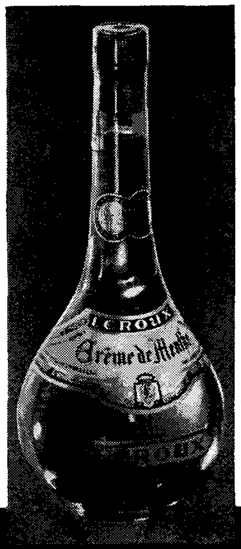
A sixth sense must have told them.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a sketch of John Hoysradt in a theatre program*]

Fancying that he was cut out for teaching, he became, after being graduated from Yale, an instructor in history at Groton, where he had as his pupils two of the sons of President Roosevelt, Elliott and Franklin D., Jr. He found, however, that teaching bored him, and drifted into the summer theatres.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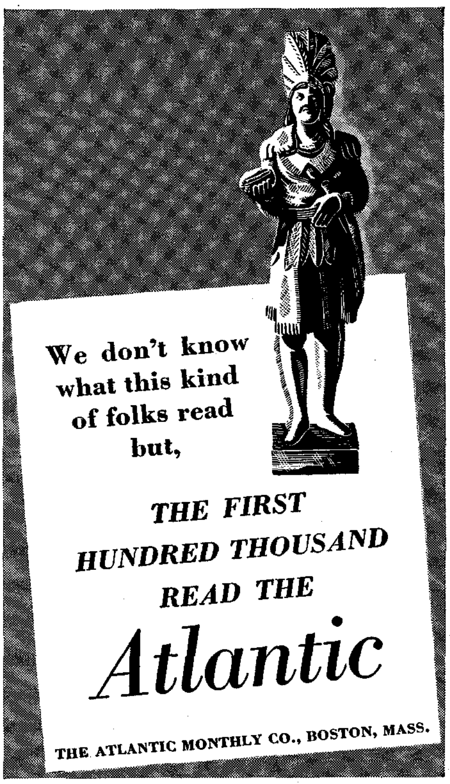
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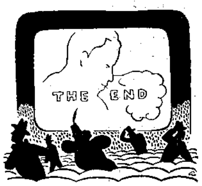

WITH the almost entirely discredited ideal of simple entertainment at heart, the movie industry just shyly shuffles along through an occasional off week like the past one. "Fantasia," with its Stokowski and the mystery of its "Fantasound," is still a thing of the future as I pen these reminiscences, and current metropolitan life is almost adjusted to the radiance in its midst of Mr. Chaplin's encyclical. We can't live always on the heights, however. Perhaps we may even welcome some slight items, some lapses into earthy diversion.

"Angels Over Broadway" is quite an exuberant and stimulating lapse. Earthy, to be sure, may not be just the word for this sketch of New York streets, night clubs, and underworld citizenry. The characters don't harbor any longing for the great open spaces, even if they have heard talk of them. They are busy enough as it is, right here in town. They are, indeed, rather busier than real people in town ever manage to be, for this is melodrama, seasoned high and lifted, in fact, beyond any earth we are likely to know. Ben Hecht has done the whole thing—written the story, directed it, and produced it. It's another of those one-man films like Preston Sturges's "The Great McGinty" and his "Christmas in July"—and "The Great Dictator," too—and it seems another proof that a faculty of writers isn't actually needed for a picture. These one-man pictures bear the stamp of an individual; they have a character, possibly an audacity, one doesn't often get in pictures to which one writer has contributed the love scenes, another the humor, and so on. To people not in the profession, anyhow, the idea seems very sensible, and the outcome indicates that it is practicable.

In "Angels Over Broadway," Mr. Hecht has not been occupied with any great theme. It's a ribald story of a poor clerk (John Qualen) who thinks he must kill himself unless he can get $3,000, a sum which seems absurdly trivial to an alcoholic playwright (Thomas Mitchell) who takes him in charge and thinks poker is the solution, since gamblers always let you win before they trim you. The point is to leave a game early. This isn't the whole story,

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2. A leader in his walk of life for 120 years. Often to be seen in the company of kings and well known persons, yet a democratic spirit. All continents praise his rare qualities. In fact, he has been honored with awards at Sydney, 1880; Paris, 1885; Melbourne, 1881, and at Adelaide, 1887. (*Answer below.*)

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but it may suggest the reason for a beautiful poker game and for a desperate escape, which are very exciting scenes indeed. A couple of youthful scamps (Rita Hayworth and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) meet, wrangle, scheme, kiss, complicate the adventures of the befuddled clerk, and bore the playwright to death. Mr. Hecht has been free with his own verbiage and has gone the limit in the way of preposterous drama and wild incidents, and the piece is lively, as a result—a fast, original night-life story.

"THE MARK OF ZORRO" has been revived. It may serve to draw from oldsters their smug, mean shrug toward the younger generation. Tyrone Power, for all his display of skittish energy, is no Douglas Fairbanks; maternal types may even wonder if the boy eats enough, he seems so wispish, especially in a group of peon extras. There's a tendency to long, leisurely talk, conversations between Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, Gale Sondergaard, and Eugene Pallette. Yet there's a quaint, rather pleasant tone to the whole innocent business, and the interpolated spasms of activity—the swordplay, fast riding, holdups, and the like—lull one along in a fair humor.

Half a dozen writers are credited with the labor on "The Golden Fleecing," as slight and misty a snack as you will find anywhere. It wouldn't surprise me even to be told that legions of other writers were involved and that none of them were disturbed at not getting credit. A gangster buys life insurance from a clerk (Lew Ayres), with very odd results and involvements for the clerk. The plot gets hilarious and may be described as burlesque or as a parody on gangster pictures. Lines may tickle you at times, lines presumably concocted by S. J. Perelman, who is among those successful enough to win credit. Eloquent persons may feel that the substantial word "goofy" best defines the general temper of the piece.—JOHN MOSHER

•

REMARKABLE REMARKS

I may truly say that London torn by bombs today would be a better place than Bangor-Brewer without a community chest.—*The Reverend Frederick M. Meek, speaking at a solicitors' meeting in Bangor, Maine.*

The present European war is comparatively unimportant when placed alongside the issue of whether vivisection shall continue as the major factor in medical research.—*Clarence E. Richard, managing director of the National Anti-Vivisection Society of Chicago, in an address to the presidents of men's and women's clubs.*

RESTAURANTS

Promptly at 8:40

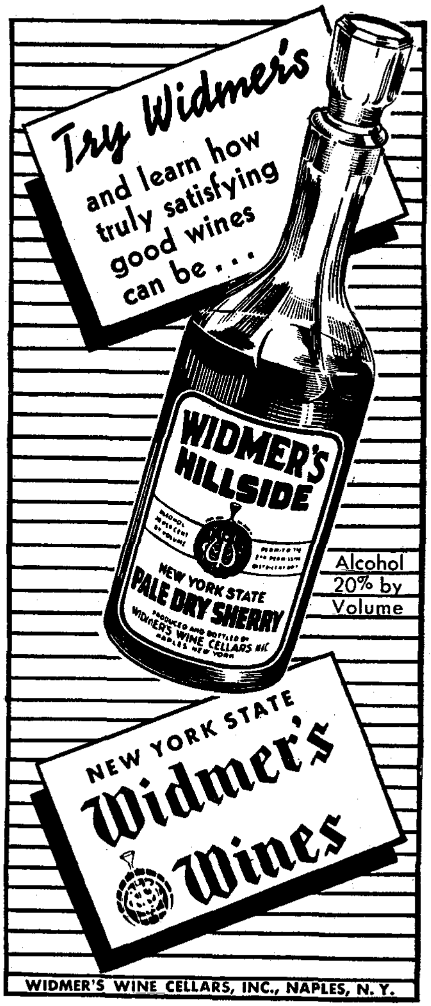
AFTER all, the difference between a restaurant that specializes in dinner before the theatre and one that doesn't is pretty much a question of who hurries whom. If the final say in the matter is yours, you may start off by rushing the staff into a spasm, but you're almost sure to relax as you work your way through a good meal and finish with the feeling that the curtain can go up or not, as it chooses. Staffs that rush *you* are undeniably safer when it's a question of getting to the theatre on time; you may resent their technique, but you'll be thankful later on for having been kept on your toes. Knowing human frailty, they urge you along at a fast trot, whipping the plates away as fast as you put down your tools and bringing the bill with the coffee. Even such martinets, of course, can do with a little coöperation on your part, like being on hand at seven-thirty or ordering in advance.

Sardi's, at 234 West Forty-fourth Street, is well up near the head of the move-right-along class. Going back after visiting places that think any dinner becomes a theatre dinner just by calling it one, you realize how scientific the approach is here. They start by asking if you're making a show, and if you are, that's the last time you'll have to mention it. Do you care for the idea of whitebait and oyster crab with Boston brown bread, or would you rather stick to whole broiled lobster? All the familiar things are good, and so are such delicacies as quail *en casserole* with white grapes that are really made to taste like something. By the time you're working on a green salad or a deep-dish plum pie, your coffee is there, and you're expected to prove your good faith by paying the check, finishing up quickly, and scuttling off.

YOU might not think it, but the Iridium Room, at the St. Regis, is almost as firm as Sardi's about seeing that customers who order the theatre dinner don't dawdle—quite essential, too, because a little dancing, a little wine, and plenty of good food incline the normal weak-willed person to stay on for a brandy and the ice show. The dinner is wisely planned—three courses with an auxiliary salad. The breast of guinea hen *à la Tsar* is a noble shell of fowl filled with what is either *foie gras* and truffles or something that tastes as good. If you prefer forthright victuals, the boned saddle of lamb might suit you better, and if that seems too much to tackle in a hurry, try the minced sweetbreads and Virginia ham Newburg. I enthusiastically recommend the lemon sherbet with rum; the rum is ordinarily poured on in the kitchen, but they'll do it at the table if it pleases you. Men who never know what theatre the damn show is playing at will be won over by the list printed on the menu, which gives the essential facts about Broadway productions—what, where, and when.

Mascotte, at 19 East Sixtieth Street, is a new hand at this theatre-dinner stunt and it's doing fine; the coffee comes less than an hour after you get there. To begin with, there's that famous hot appetizer—tuna fish, Russian dressing, and a lot of secret clauses. Then, although this is an ideal place for luxuries like terrapin, the simpler things, like thick sirloin steaks and English lamb chops, will make you just as happy if you have to dash along. Don't overlook the *cœur à la crème* should you have time, and if you're undecided about wine, try the one they serve in tall, stoppered carafes that are as beautiful as those gleaming things you still see in our more conservative pharmacy windows.

Lots of people wouldn't dream of going anywhere except to Twenty-one for a theatre dinner, and usually, I admit, the place turns you out on the dot. The only possible exceptions are the nights of stylish openings, when you'd be wise to telephone beforehand and give an outline of what you want to eat; if you don't, you'll find *you* are doing most of the hurrying, and I think that's unfair to the digestion. The Nova Scotia smoked salmon is as good as you'll get, and it's sliced by a master hand. The breast of mallard duck sautéed with wild rice and served with a raisiny sauce is a dream; you hardly know whether it's beef or game. Hazel hens, with jelly and all the bread sauces that matter with game, are good right now; they're fat, white, and delicately gamy, and (warning) demand quite a lot of your time and attention. If you want something familiar, there's always some friendly dish ready—veal with *cèpes provençale*, for instance. Good salad, good coffee, and,



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naturally, good wine. All you lack at the end of the meal is the urge to leave.

AND BESIDES: Somebody should have told me before about what the Sherry-Netherland has to offer a theatregoer in addition to its high windows and gay, well-bred chintz. It's all very nice, and I might never have known about it if I hadn't been persistent. The buffet at the end of the dining room during the so-called curtain-dinner hours gives you ideas when you need them most: stuffed squab guinea hen, larded pounded veal chop *sauté paysanne*, sea food *mayonnaise*, or cold duckling with fruit salad (you could probably get a green one). You can choose a sassy dessert like *coupe andalouse*—don't ask me what it is—or a solemn one like rice custard pudding with raisins. They have peppermints, and there's a theatre schedule down the centre of the menu, and I don't see what more anyone could ask. . . . The Café Pierre doesn't have anything called a theatre dinner, but you'll be served quickly and driven out on time if you speak up when you order. Pay no attention when they suggest the Pierre's big dining room; the café is much gayer, just as it has been ever since it opened. The table-d'hôte dinner offers reliable dishes like double lamb chops or *suprême* of chicken with eggplant and tomatoes, and there's just one dessert, not a half-dozen to confuse you when you should be eating up and getting along. . . . In case you're trapped after late cocktails with someone who insists on a bit of solid food before he will set foot in the theatre, there's always Hamburg Heaven, at 696 Madison Avenue (62nd), which has pushed back the wall so you now have room for your knees while you perch at the counter. —SOUBISE

●

LITTORAL IN A TIME OF WAR

Above the sea
the planes roar low,
and on the froth-flecked shore
the startled pipers run with matchstick
legs
and silver cries of fear,
and olive crabs
scuttle sidewise into their sandy holes.

Above the tide
the birds of steel
with geometric wings
follow a lucid track of charted air,
and, with gleaming bodies flung
in crazy arcs,
the sea gulls scream their terror to the
sky. —FRANCES FROST

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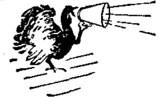

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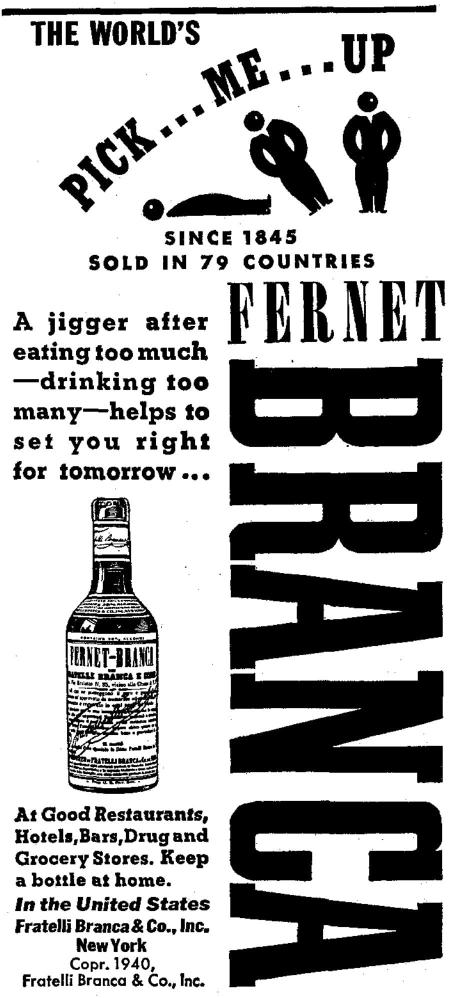
DESCENDANTS OF PETER COOPER, PLEASE NOTE

EVER since learning, two or three years ago, that a man I know had received an application blank for the inclusion of his family in the projected American section of *Burke's Landed Gentry*, I have been awaiting the latest edition of this volume with ill-concealed impatience. "What are you tapping your heels for?" my friends would ask, and I would reply, "The new edition of *Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry, Including American Families with British Ancestry*, founded in 1837 by Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms 1853-1892, illustrated with heraldic color plates and published in London by Burke's Peerage, Limited." Now that a copy, weighing twelve pounds two ounces and containing 3,058 pages, is actually on my desk, I am in a position to report that Merlin Hall Aylesworth ("Merlin Hall, of whom we treat," to quote the *Landed Gentry*) is a Counsellor-at-Law; that Dr. William Whitehead Gilfillan, of 470 Park Avenue, Visiting Oculist to Sailors' Snug Harbor, is a Life Member of the New York Athletic Club; that Frederick Coudert Bellinger, the man who, wearing his army helmet and with a shotgun at his side, ran his apartment-house elevator during the elevator strike a few years ago, is every half-inch a Bellinger, being a brother of Major John Bellinger Bellinger and a son of the late Brigadier General John Bellinger Bellinger; that Nicholas Murray Butler is the grandson of a Mr. Buchanan, who, coming to this country at the age of thirty, "assumed the surname of Butler for family reasons;" and that the family motto of Roderick Tower, of East Hampton and Charleston, who was divorced from a daughter of the late Harry Payne Whitney several years ago, is "Love and Dread." These nuggets of information have given me pleasure.

Nevertheless, several aspects of the *Landed Gentry's* American section, which occupies 1,529 pages, have baffled rather than enlightened me. My chief source of confusion is the fact that I cannot understand the criterion of selection, which is nowhere explained in the book. For example, I do not see why this volume, which lists rather exhaustively the families of J. P. Morgan ("Morgan of Wall Hall"), Henry Ford ("Ford formerly of Clonakilty"), Otis Chatfield-Taylor ("formerly . . . with *News-Week, Town and Country*, and *The Mirror*"), and Laird Shields Goldsborough ("Goldsborough, formerly of Goldsborough, Chief Foreign Representative of Time, Inc., Publisher of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* from 1934, attended the Coronation of H. M. King George VI. Arms—Azure, a cross flory argent. Crest—A pelican, wings endorsed, vulning her breast proper. Motto—Non sibi"), does not include—to name an American family of British extraction at random—the Cooper-Hewitts of this city. Both the Cooper and Hewitt lines have been mentioned, in various American works of reference, considerably further back than the earliest date (1826) which *Burke's Landed Gentry* mentions in connection with Henry Ford's family, and as far as being landed goes, Mr. Edward Ringwood Hewitt owns an extensive place in the Catskills, his son Abram has property in Virginia, where he raises thoroughbred horses, and his brother, the late Erskine Hewitt, occupied until his death the old Peter Cooper estate at Ringwood, New Jersey, not to mention the old Peter Cooper house on Lexington Avenue, which had a pretty big back yard.

I cannot believe that a 103-year-old publication like the *Gentry*, which has the coat of arms of Ulster and all Hibernia on its cover and starts off with the coats of arms of the King and Queen of England, can be a guinea-pinching affair requiring the occupants of its pages to pay for the privilege, but I can think of no explanation, other than sheer caprice, to account for its arbitrary inclusion of certain families and its omission of hundreds of others, equally landed and equally genteel. "Perhaps the most notable stimulus the Editor of this volume has had to cut by nearly half the period usually required for research and preparation," the Preface states, in explanation of the fact that the book was prepared in three years instead of the usual five, "is that he has been dealing to a very large extent with families of the New World to whom action is life and delay anathema." The Editor goes on to hint that this rush may have been responsible for some omissions, but I doubt this, and if I were Fulton Oursler, editor of *Liberty*, I think I would resent the imputation that my breathless anxiety to see my name on page 2850 had made it impossible to include that of Ogden Reid, publisher of the *Herald Tribune* and a man with British ancestors and a sizable place at Purchase.

INDEED, even the term "landed" is a mystery to me as interpreted by *Burke's Landed Gentry*. I can see



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that Lowell Thomas, of Clover Brook Farm, Pawling, N.Y.; Aymar Embury, of East Hampton; Percy MacKaye, of Cornish, N.H.; City Council President Newbold Morris, of Lenox, Mass.; Juan T. Trippe, of East Hampton; Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, of Newport and Palm Beach; and Walt Disney, a descendant of Lambert De Isney who has several acres in Hollywood near his studio, are all landed gents, but I am worried by the inclusion of Mr. Charles Edward Traquair Stuart-Linton, Insurance Broker (Arms—Quarterly, 1st, Or a fesse chequy azure and argent, for Stuart; 2nd, Azure three garbs or, for Comyn; 3rd, Argent an orle gules in chief three martlets sable beaked of the second, for Rutherford; 4th, Sable a mullet argent, for Traquair. Crest—a crow proper. Supporters—Two bears proper armed argent. Motto—Judge nought), who is listed as residing at 66 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York, and at the Union Club, 10 Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W. 1., neither of which are particularly landed addresses. I am equally worried about the *Gentry's* inclusion of Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, president of the Body and Mind Foundation, of 591 Park Avenue; Laurence Bevan Eyre, author of the play "Merry Wives of Gotham," of 1010 Fifth Avenue; Frederick Mortimer Clapp, director of the Frick Collection, of 1136 Fifth Avenue; Judge Hulon Capshaw, of 90 Morningside Drive; and Albert Morris Bagby, of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, all of whom are listed in the American *Who's Who* without any mention of country places. But I have singled out Mr. Stuart-Linton because it happens that I am acquainted with a girl who lives at 66 East Fifty-sixth Street, and know that the building is a walkup and that Mr. Stuart-Linton lives on the second floor, presumably without access even to the back yard. The girl I know there comes of English, Scotch, and Irish ancestry, and her parents own a summer camp near Camden, Maine. Her family, like those of Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Reid, is not represented in the American Families with British Ancestry department of *Burke's Landed Gentry*, and I would like to know why.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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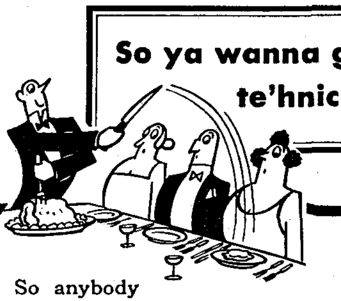

So anybody can write *one* book? So you remember *Tales of a Wayward Inn* was good? Haw! *Now* look at

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BOOKS

From England—The Garden of Confucius

BOOKS
ETURNED
HERE

Howard Spring's "Fame Is the Spur" resembles his popular "My Son, My Son!" in that it contains what appears to be a great deal of life without ever actually exhibiting any central vitality. Here are seven hundred and twenty-six pages of a social novel dealing with English people and events from about 1880 to almost our own day. Here is the history of the Labour Party from its puny beginnings to its absorption in the National government. Here is the woman-suffrage movement, complete with detailed and effective descriptions of the tortures undergone by the early militants. Here is a picture of the Welsh colliers and their fight for security. Here are the pre-first-World-War social idealists and the post-first-World-War Leftist intellectuals. Here are Friedrich Engels, Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald.

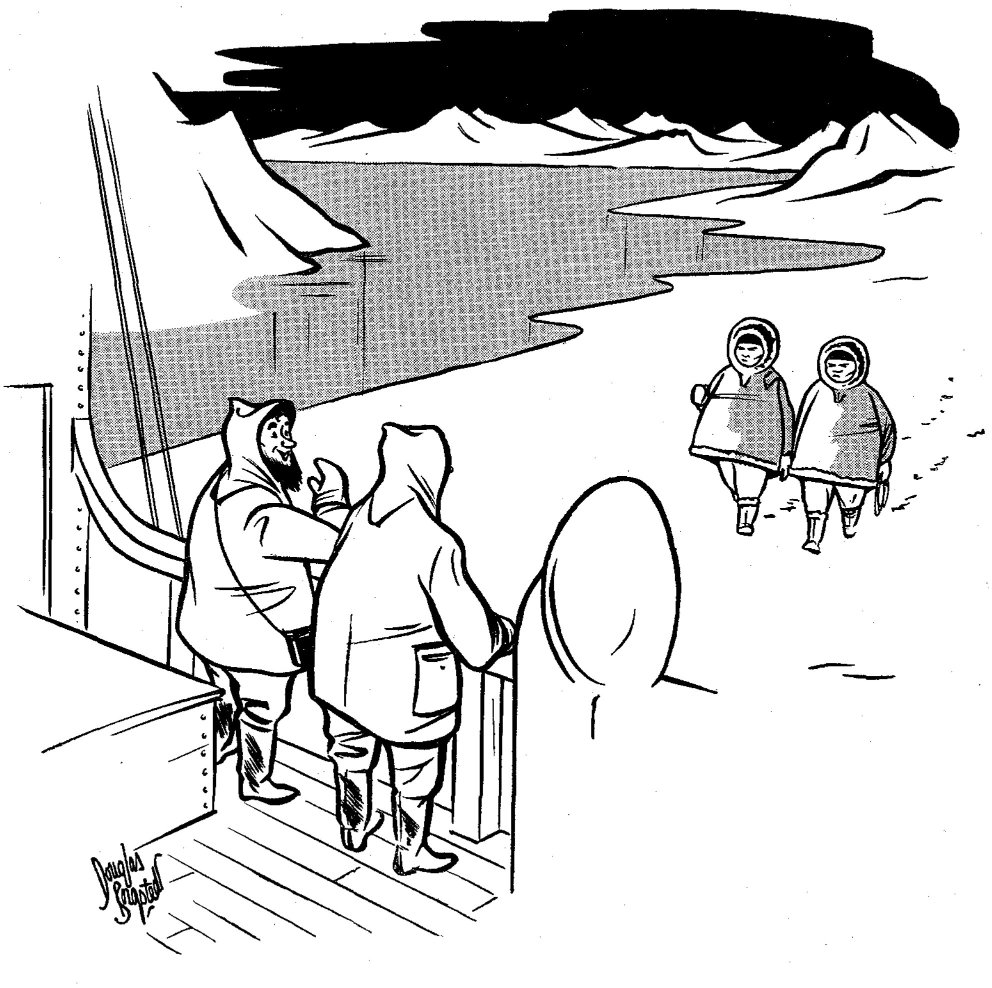
And threading this maze of characters, movements, incidents is a carefully conceived central character—Hamer Shawcross, the Manchester boy who began life in lowly Methodist-chapel surroundings, used the emergent Labour movement as a ladder upon which his ambitions might mount, and ended as a viscount, a skeptic, and a stuffed shirt.

I keep trying to figure out why all this—and there's plenty more—doesn't add up to anything beyond a second-rate social novel in the Arnold Bennett vein, with a pleasant touch of Dickens, the whole topped off with a thin layer of "social significance," or, rather, of simple humanitarianism. The major theme would appear sound enough—the betrayal by a labor leader of the cause of his own people. One remembers Snowden and Ramsay MacDonald. As a matter of fact, one doesn't have to look across the water for salient examples of the same political degeneration. The type is important. Why doesn't the novel seem important?

I would suggest that Mr. Spring has not really grappled with what underlay the failure of the Snowdens and the MacDonalds. His Hamer Shawcross, though an interesting character, is interesting only because of his "actable" qualities—his flamboyance, energy, and picturesqueness. His success and his failure are depicted as functions of these qualities. Hence he has almost no real relation to the complex social struggle in which he is involved. MacDonald, though he was vain, did not fail because he was vain. He failed because he and his party were unable to see that their autonomy had been subtly destroyed and that they were being used by the Tories as lightning rods down which mass indignation might harmlessly release itself. What I'm driving at is that in this book, which is confessedly a chronicle of important social and political events, the social and political insight is never proportionate to the depth and range of the events. Mr. Spring gets everything in, writes energetically, has humor, much power of observation, and a very keen sense of the lives of the poor, yet he does not, with all this, tell us anything we do not know.

It is an extraordinary thing that such long, careful, detailed novels as this and Upton Sinclair's "World's End" should, for all their quality, make so meagre a final impression upon us. Their failure is not so much a matter of defective craftsmanship. It is, I think, due to the fact that their authors are mentally not much in advance of their audiences. When the early Shaw and Galsworthy and Wells were educating us, they were *really* educating us, if education, as has been well said, is the elevation of one mind by a better mind. But Spring and Sinclair and a dozen others easy to name, though serious, sincere, and on the side of the angels, don't seem to have much more understanding of their material than any intelligent reader. All they have is more familiarity with it, and familiarity is not enough.

After reading Lin Yutang's collection of essays, rather mawkishly entitled "With Love and Irony," one aches for just a little fanaticism. I thought the firm of Love & Irony had shut up shop after the death of Anatole France, but apparently it just shifted its location to China. Here is all the sweet and mellow reasonableness of the author of "The Garden of Epicurus," given a droll twist by the fact that Dr.



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Lin looks at things through Oriental eyes. Thus, Dr. Lin and Gilbert Seldes have pretty much the same notions about Mickey Mouse, but Dr. Lin sounds more original (though he isn't), simply because he's Chinese and sees comic strips in a perspective somewhat alien to our own.

Of these miniature essays (Dr. Lin used to sign himself "The Little Critic," which would be a better title for this book), I like best those dealing entirely with Chinese themes. The discourse on the Chinese and the Japanese, for example, gets a great deal said in ten pages, and, by the way, should convince you that the Japs, as Dr. Lin has put it, haven't a Chinaman's chance. The essay on Peking is charming, as are "Buying Birds" and the solemn examination of the question "Do Bedbugs Exist in China?" and the discourse on "The Calisthenic Value of Kowtowing."

Dr. Lin is fairly well convinced that "too much thinking will bring about man's destruction." There is nothing destructive in "With Love and Irony," and one can well understand why intransigent Young China, whether Right or Left, should feel that Dr. Lin is just a fraction too urbane for these unurbane times.

THE talented Irishman Frank O'Connor has applied a Chekhovian technique, not too successfully, to an overbrief novel of middle-class Irish life called, for no very good reason, "Dutch Interior." He touches his people so glancingly that one never really gets to know them, but the effect is to give an impression of the hopelessness and dreariness of contemporary Ireland. As a matter of fact, everything O'Connor is trying to say was said better long ago by James Joyce. Still, there are certain fugitive pages of quiet perception that give the author a place of his own, though he has yet to write a book genuinely worthy of him.

IN "The Tide of Fortune," Stefan Zweig offers twelve historical miniatures, dramatic retellings of some critical and/or famous moments in the life of civilized man. He begins with an account of the death of Cicero in 43 B.C. and ends with a description of the failure of Wilson in 1919. In between are careful, occasionally too solemn narratives of such events as Balboa's discovery of the Pacific, Rouget de l'Isle's one-night inspiration which gave the world the "Marseillaise," Sutter's discovery of gold, the laying of the Atlantic cable,

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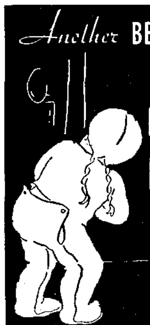

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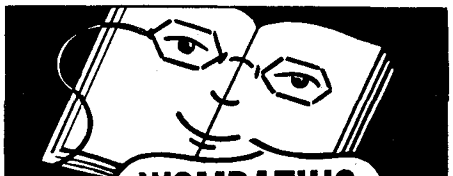

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BECKONING RIDGE, by Emerson Waldman. What war means to the little fellow who wants merely to be let alone. The time is 1860; the place, the mountains of Virginia. Four years of guerrilla warfare leave a trail of burned cabins, trampled crops, plundered farmyards, and dead farmers. With a tone and temper that suggest the earlier novels of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Mr. Waldman describes the bewilderment and despair of a group of simplehearted men and women. Applicable as well to our own brand of war.

THE HORNET'S LONGBOAT, by William Roos. When the clipper ship Hornet burned at sea in 1866, the survivors—the captain and fourteen men—sailed four thousand miles and forty-three days in the longboat, with provisions for less than a fortnight. The story is comparable to the voyage of Captain Bligh, but Mr. Roos tells it amateurishly. Occasionally he quotes from the captain's log; he should have done so oftener, for he makes the captain, who appears to be quite a fellow, a better writer.

RENNI: THE RESCUER, by Felix Salten, translated by Kenneth C. Kaufman. The story, sometimes sentimental, sometimes touching, of a shepherd dog trained to rescue soldiers wounded on the battlefield. Sympathetic and well intentioned, but not in a class with the memorable "Bambi."

GENERAL

MY BOYHOOD IN SIAM, by Kumut Chandruang. A twenty-four-year-old native of Siam (or Thailand) who went to school in the United States gives us what is probably the first intimate description of Siamese life in English, plus a few comments on our own country. A likable and colorful book, in which the author manages to be rather witty at the expense of his own ingenuousness. Several chapters have appeared in *Asia* and other publications.

I CHOSE DENMARK, by Francis Hackett. A keen and lovely book about the Denmark that was. A travel diary, in a way, and a good one, but also a sympathetic appraisal of the hard work and intelligent good will that made Denmark a successful democ-

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racy. Mr. Hackett, being Irish, has a talent for digression that brings in some entertaining sidelights on Ireland, England, France, Norway, and the United States. You'll like this.

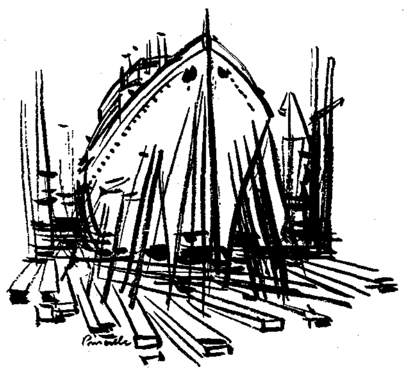
FOREIGN DEVILS IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM, by Carl Crow. The author of "400 Million Customers" tells the rich and eventful story of the foreigner in China, from Marco Polo's discovery of macaroni to what Mr. Crow calls the end of "the era of the foreign devil" in 1937. Mr. Crow, as you probably know, is an old China hand who writes with humor and authority. Neatly illustrated by Esther Brock Bird.

NEITHER LIBERTY NOR BREAD, edited by Frances Keene. A symposium on Fascism in Italy from its beginnings to 1940. Sixty articles, nearly all derived from already published work, by forty-two distinguished Italians in exile, among them Borgese, Ferrero, Max Ascoli, Salvemini, Nitti, and Silone. Contains a detailed chapter on Mussolini's propaganda in the United States. Valuable contemporary history.

BLITZKRIEG, by S. L. A. Marshall. Readable and apparently competent technical analysis of Germany's victories in the war, by the military critic of the Detroit *News*. He argues that our land forces must be equipped mainly to repel tanks, armored cars, and riflemen, since these are "the supreme weapons of today." From the author's newspaper articles. Maps.

THE LIFE OF MY MOTHER, by Oskar Maria Graf, anonymously translated from the German. Semi-fictionized biography and autobiography by the exiled German novelist, a long and generous chronicle of a Bavarian peasant family between the reign of Ludwig II of Bavaria and the second year of Hitler's reign, centred on a full-length portrait of Tessa Heimrath, Herr Graf's mother. Simply and movingly written.

SCHOLASTICISM AND POLITICS, by Jacques Maritain, translated and ed-



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A Winter in Arabia, by Freya Stark. One of the best of modern English travel writers describes a journey in southern Arabia, from the Gulf of Aden to the north, then back to the coast through a difficult part of the country. Miss Stark's work has a brilliant precision that appears to be both scientific and poetic. Photographs.

Do Not Disturb, by Frank Case. The narrator of "Tales of a Wayward Inn" is back with more stories and bright sayings about the Hotel Algonquin and its guests, not to mention a nostalgic little shuffle-off-to-Buffalo, where Mr. Case grew up. Witty, and goes like a breeze. Illustrated by Otto Soglow.

The Expense of Greatness, by R. P. Blackmur. Distinguished but somewhat technical literary essays on Melville (very searching), Yeats, Hardy, T. E. Lawrence, Henry Adams, and others. All but two have appeared in the *avant-garde* literary magazines.

Mind Through the Ages, by Martin Stevers. Popular 500-page history of the growth of human intelligence as viewed through the lenses of present-day scientific knowledge. Conclusion: that Man has a great future once he learns to behave himself. Illustrated by the author and by Hal and Jean Arbo.

Slava Bohu, by J. F. C. Wright. "Slava Bohu" means "Praise God." It is the conventional greeting of the Dukhobors, a religious sect that sprang up in Russia late in the seventeenth century and in 1898 emigrated to Canada, where it has led a stormy existence. An amazing story, told by a Canadian newspaperman who collected much of his information at first hand.

VERSE

Time for a Quick One, by Margaret Fishback. Minor matters having to do with Manhattan, love, marriage, nature, and sundries, considered rhythmically by a sound light-versifier. You may have read some of these easy-footed rhymes in these pages. Decorations by Vera Bock.

The Face Is Familiar: The Selected Verse of Ogden Nash. This turns out to be a substantial volume of the dizziest rhythms and rhymes of the day, abundant with

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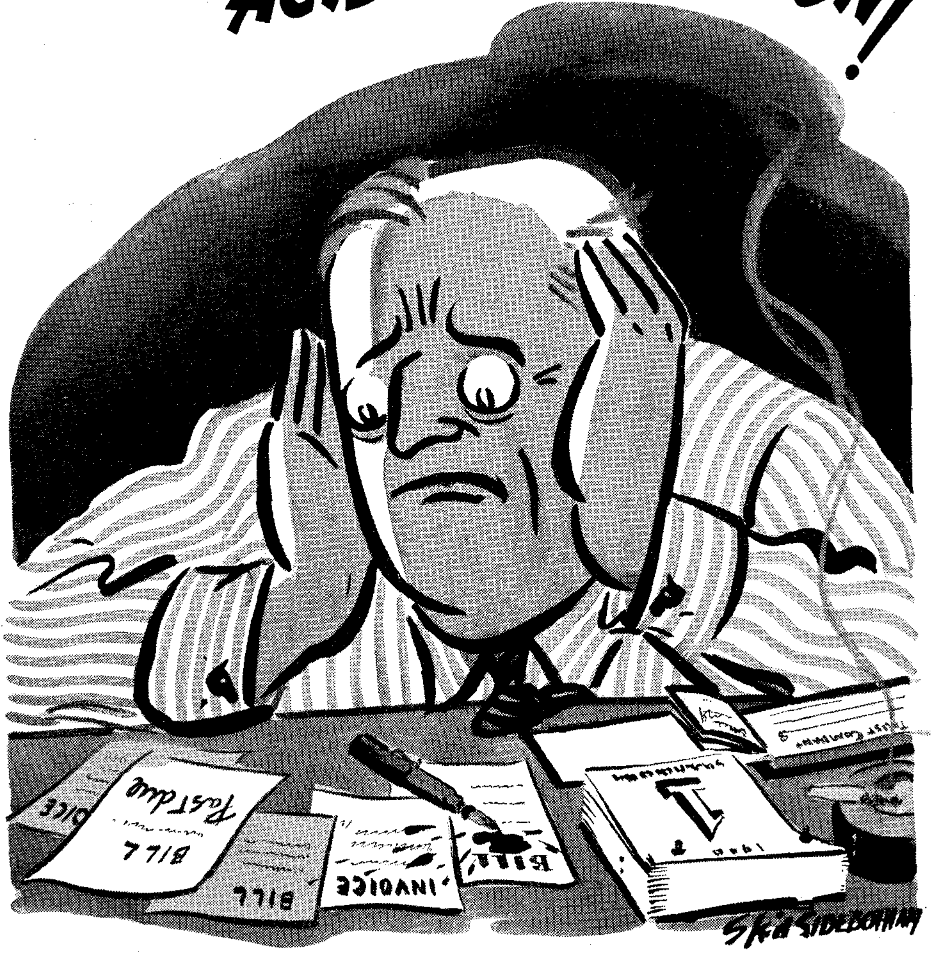

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lyrical wisdom and insight. Quite a few first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GREAT MISTAKE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. A social secretary, employed by a generous mistress, and the generous mistress's attractive son are among those involved in a confusing story. The killings take place in what might be California and then again might be Connecticut. Rinehart followers will be sadly disappointed.

FRACAS IN THE FOOTHILLS, by Elliot Paul. Indians and cowboys are strewn by the wayside when Homer Evans and his friends move from Paris to Montana. The murderer is one of the friends this time, and you are in on the facts from the start. The whole thing is cleared up by Evans' usual crowd. More of a Western than a mystery; better not attempt it unless your brain is clear.

•

SIGN IS DAMAGED

The archway over the roadway leading to the Plattsburgh Garage was damaged Saturday when struck by a motorist while attempting to avoid striking two girl pedestrians. The operator of the vehicle was Ruth Douglas, who proceeding north on Margaret street, pulled to the right to enter the garage just as the two girls started across the sidewalk. The driver veered sharply and struck the side of the archway, but the damage was not severe.—*Plattsburgh Press, Sept. 16th.*

CORRECTION

In an account of an automobile accident, relative to the damaging of the archway over the roadway leading to the Plattsburgh garage, carried in yesterday's Press, it was stated that the operator of the vehicle was Ruth Sorrell. The Ruth Sorrell referred to is a resident of Keeseville and is not Ruth Sorrell, proprietor of Ruth's Beauty Shop, 139 Margaret St.—*Plattsburgh Press, Sept. 17th.*

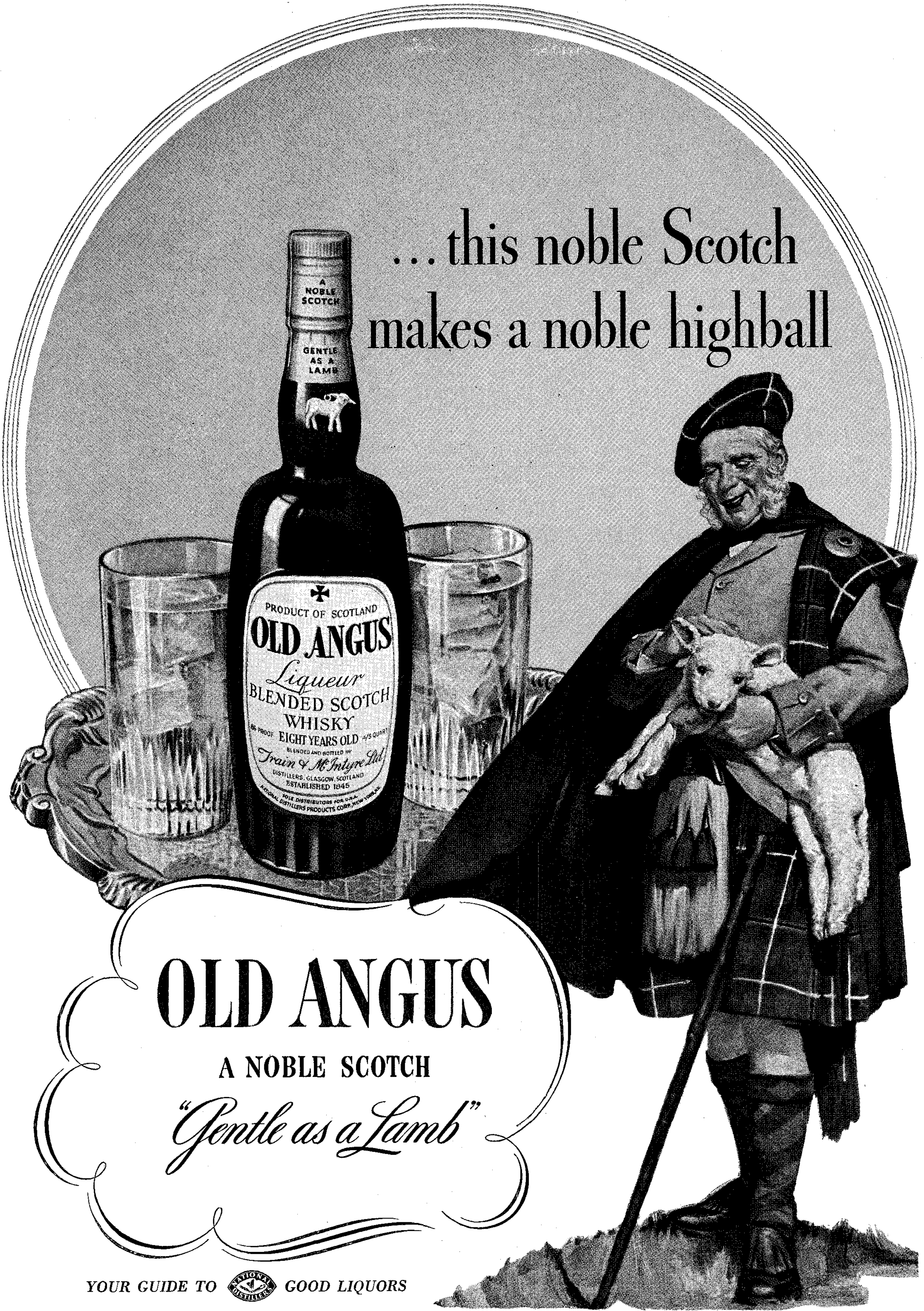
CORRECTION

In Tuesday's Press the name of Ruth Sorrell was arroneously used in an article relative to an automobile accident which occurred here Saturday night. The driver of the car, as given by local police, was Ruth Douglas of Keeseville.—*Plattsburgh Press, Sept. 18th.*

IDENTITY CLARIFIED

In an account of an automobile accident relative to the damaging of the archway over the entrance to the Plattsburgh Garage, carried in Monday's Press, it was stated that the operator of the vehicle was Ruth Douglas. The Ruth Douglas referred to is not Ruth Douglas, manager of Ruth's Beauty Shop, 139 Margaret St.—*Plattsburgh Press, Sept. 19th.*

Let's pick out another archway and start all over again.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